



John Howard.

FAMOUS CHRISTIAN WORKERS

BY

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WITH ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS
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Christian Workers.

JOHN HOWARD,

THE PIONEER OF PRISON REFORM.

CHAPTER I.

THE MODEL VILLAGE.

ACCUSTOMED as we are, at the present day, to hearing of the comforts of prison life, we can scarcely realise the horrors in which prisoners of all classes about one hundred and thirty years ago were compelled to exist.

Then, as now, there were town prisons, county gaols, and bridewells, or houses of correction ; but there were also "spunging-houses" and debtors' prisons, the unhappy tenants of which were in even worse case than the felons and convicted criminals in the gaols.

In some towns the houses of detention were kept for private profit, and in these the prisoners were, if anything, worse off than those in the state prisons.

The idea of the three first-mentioned prisons was a good one, but it was not properly carried out. Persons found guilty of the gravest offences and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment were supposed to be confined in the gaols ; others, whose offences were less grave, were to be

committed to the town prisons to serve their shorter sentences; while any one convicted of some minor crime, or misdemeanour, possibly for the first time, should have been detained in the bridewells for the purpose of kindly correction.

But, unfortunately, the persons to whose care all prisoners were committed had each some personal profit to gain from the unhappy people, and hence arose many of the evils which made a prisoner's life one of torture almost incredible in these days of properly managed and supervised state prisons.

How long such evils would have continued, but for the fortunate appointment of John Howard to the post of high sheriff of the county of Bedford, we know not.

His acceptance of the office was really unlawful, inasmuch as being a dissenter he was excluded from public service by the provisions of the Test Act; but, recognising only the fact that he could and would do great service to his fellow-creatures, John Howard saw no reason why a little difference of religious view should prevent his undertaking the office.

The son of a successful trader, he was originally intended for commercial life, but, on the death of his father, he bought out the remaining time of his apprenticeship, and travelled on the Continent for the benefit of his health. On his return to England he went to stay with an elderly lady in the country, whom he ultimately married, in gratitude for her kindly attention during a long illness.

Mrs. Loidore had not accepted him without first pointing out all the obvious objections, especially in point of age, there were to the marriage. Howard insisted, however, and the union proved to be a happy though not a long one.

Always a deeply religious man, John Howard was, however, very broad in his views. Though he favoured the Independent body more than others, he never confined himself to any one Church, sitting as often among the Episcopalians as anywhere, and holding that the actions of a man's life were far more important in God's sight than creed or doctrine.

To live as nearly in accordance with the teachings of Christ as possible was his aim. To be just and merciful, meek and lowly, pure of heart, kindly and sympathetic, to covet no man's goods, to live in peace with all men, to do good with the means given him—these were the rules by which he endeavoured to guide his life.

Though he had been sent to school at an early age, John Howard was not well educated in book learning. The master with whom he was first placed neglected his duties sadly; but this want of book knowledge was more than made up for by the education he obtained by travel and by keen observance of all and everything that met his eye.

No detail, however small, escaped him. Science was his favourite study, and, perhaps because he was a man of wealth and leisure, with the opportunity to aid in the spread of knowledge, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal

Society, in the year 1756. Three short papers that he afterwards contributed to the organ of the Society are still in print.

John Howard's first introduction to the misery of prison life was through the capture, by a French privateer, of the ship in which he was making a second tour through Europe. Brutally treated on board this ship, he, and his companions in distress, also suffered terribly in the French gaol, in which they were afterwards confined.

On his release and return to England he reported the condition of the crew, who were still captive, to the Commissioners of the Sick and Wounded Seamen's Society, who took immediate measures for their relief.

After his second marriage in 1758, Howard resided for a time in the New Forest district of Hampshire, where his kindness and sympathy made him a great favourite with the poor. Returning to his home at Cardington, Bedfordshire, four years later, he continued his interest in the working-classes and formed numerous plans for the improvement of their way of living.

At the suggestion of his wife, who also possessed a kindly sympathetic heart, he built a pretty cottage, surrounded it with a good garden and every convenience then known, and offered it at a low rental to any working-man who would promise to refrain from visiting any public-house or place of vulgar amusement, and who would agree to attend a local church regularly.

He further offered to supply the tenant with employment until he was too old to work longer,

and then to allow him to remain in his cottage, rent free, and to provide for his maintenance, instead of his having to seek shelter in the workhouse.

The offer, as may be supposed, was readily accepted, and in course of time Howard's cottage homes formed quite a village—a model village, indeed—inhabited by a contented people, who regarded their benefactor with profound affection.

The conditions of tenancy were well known; no man was compelled to become subject to them; but, once he did so, he found that they must be strictly adhered to or he must at once move right away.

John Howard was a great foe to injustice and oppression. He worked as hard to put down a bad scheme as to promote a good one. Independent of spirit himself, he thought it but right to allow others the same freedom; yet, if they agreed to fulfil certain conditions, he considered them bound in honour to do so.

But provision for their bodily and spiritual comfort was not all he thought necessary to the well-being of his people. He instituted a system of education for the children, not only in his own village, but for all in the district, by which they were taught reading, the rudiments of arithmetic, needlework, and, in some instances only, writing, on condition that they attended a place of worship with their parents on the Sabbath day.

Wages in Bedfordshire at that time were very low, and much distress prevailed among the labouring people. This fact soon became evident

to John Howard, who, with his usual generosity, did a great deal toward their relief. Like many of our philanthropists he paid careful attention to economy in the general expenditure of his household, begrudging nothing, withholding nothing, but keeping all within the limits of comfort and plenty with simplicity; yet, when distress and misery met his eye, he gave lavishly, so that many outside his own estate learned to thank God for so generous a friend.

After the death of his second wife, who left him with a little son to rear, John Howard became very unsettled. A great void seemed to have come into his life. None of his old interests could fill it. The garden that had been his hobby, the village that had been his delight, the people he had never tired of benefiting, all seemed powerless to restore his usual fixity of purpose.

With grave affection he, for a period, devoted himself to his little son, but when the time came for the child to be sent to school the old restlessness seized him. Happily, his appointment as sheriff about this time came as a relief. He entered on his new duties with a firm resolve to fulfil them to the best of his ability, and thus it was he found the particular niche in the world which he afterwards so ably and notably filled. Henceforward, John Howard became the benefactor of a class of people for whom no friend had as yet been found.

CHAPTER II.

PRISON LIFE A CENTURY AGO.

SEVERAL points almost immediately struck John Howard as being in urgent need of reform; notably, the injustice done to prisoners through the extortion of certain payments, called fees, by the keepers of prisons, gaolers, clerks of the peace, and clerks of the assizes, and the misery caused to all classes of prisoners by their being brought into court in irons.

Determined to act with perfect fairness and thoroughness, as well in the interests of the prisoner as in the maintenance of law and order, Howard at once applied to the local magistrates to abolish these evils. To this they could not agree, as they knew of no county in which such an alteration had been made. If there were any, they would act upon his suggestion; if there were not, the state of things, wretched though it was, must continue.

When it is remembered that the time of which we write was long before the introduction of railways, when travelling was done by means of coaches or on horseback, and the circulation of news was very meagre, the ignorance of the magistrates on so important a matter will not be wondered at. John Howard, however, had the time and the means at his disposal which would enable him to find out the truth on the subject, and he determined to use them.

With unwearying zeal he traversed county after county, visiting every prison, gaol, and bridewell to which he could obtain admission, and gathering all the information on their condition possible ; but never finding one in which the evils of which he complained had been abolished.

Others, and far worse than these, he discovered to his dismay, existed wherever he went. That such could be he had never dreamed, and he felt morally certain that they needed only to be made known to be at once redressed. Yet, before he dare bring public attention on himself in the matter, he must thoroughly master every detail, and be able to prove beyond doubt the truth of his assertions.

To this end he spared no effort, though the task might have taken the energy out of many a stronger man. To begin with, the stench in the prisons was so vile Howard was obliged to carry a small bottle of vinegar to prevent sickness ; to disinfect his note-book by holding it before a very hot fire for an hour or two ; and to travel on horseback, when a coach would have been more comfortable, because of the intolerable smell remaining in his clothing after each visit.

Even the most simple laws of health were utterly ignored. There were no proper sanitary arrangements, no provision for the washing of the prisoners or their clothing, no ventilation in the majority of cases, owing to the window tax which must be paid by the gaolers ; the people, herded together in numbers far exceeding the space for accommodation, reduced by starvation, foul air,



Photo by Warren Hartley A.S.M.
C.W.

Colston's Statue, Bristol.

dirt, and often by excessive drinking, fell victims to a loathsome disease called gaol-fever, and from this arose a dreadful stench.

Often they were kept in prison for many months awaiting trial. In the town of Hull there was but one assize in seven years, and a murderer was obliged to be acquitted because, during the interval, the chief witness against him had died! The assizes were afterwards held once in three years. The reason given for the infrequent visits of the judges was the expense of entertaining them and their retinues.

After waiting so long for trial, persons acquitted of the crime for which they had been arrested were dragged back to gaol because they were unable to pay the debts they had incurred during their imprisonment. These debts were chiefly fees for the gaolers, who were paid no salaries by the government, and also for the clerks of the assize and of the peace, who added to their incomes by imposing these taxes, in spite of an Act prohibiting the practice.

On first entry into a place of detention of any kind each person was supposed to "pay his footing" in whatever way was most convenient. This was called "garnish," and if the unlucky man had no money he was stripped of some necessary garment to supply the wherewithal for a carousal said to be given in honour of his arrival.

No bed-clothes were allowed in any prison, and often not even a bundle of straw to lie upon, so this taking of an article of clothing meant less

power of resistance against the searching cold of the fireless rooms. Even where straw was allowed, it was renewed so seldom that only a heap of chips remained as a pretence of keeping the hapless bodies from the damp and filthy floors.

No water 'at all was allowed in some prisons, while in others three pints a day for all purposes were considered an ample allowance for each person. The common drink of the period was, of course, beer, while wine was freely taken by all who could afford it. Each prison, therefore, contained a taproom, which was kept by the gaolers for personal profit as much as for the convenience of their charges. The greater the amount of liquor consumed, the greater their profits; therefore it was to their interest to encourage excessive drinking, and a very rigid account of all debts thus contracted was kept and enforced.

The law allowed to each person confined in a gaol, before and after conviction, twopenny-worth of bread a day, but they rarely received more than seven or eight ounces in two days. This diet so weakened them that when liberated, they were unable to work for months, while that of which they had been robbed went to swell the perquisites of their keepers.

After conviction many of the felons were transported, but while awaiting trial they became so thoroughly diseased that they tainted the very ships that carried them. Skin diseases were common, while the feet of many were so bad that mortification of the toes often set in.

One firm of shipowners sent to the gaoler at

Salisbury to say, "Sore feet proved very fatal. The mortality we met with in our last ship, if repeated in this, will so surfeit us, that we shall never take another. We lost an immense sum by them (the convicts); and our ship is detained to this moment in quarantine."

The poor creatures acquitted, or liberated at home, were such sickly, miserable objects, that no one would employ them, even when they felt fit to work.

It will readily be understood that gaol-fever and other infectious diseases were thus spread most effectually both in America and at home, and whole families sometimes fell victims to the dreadful maladies. More prisoners died of disease in gaol than suffered death by execution, even in those days of promiscuous and frequent hangings.

Some of the buildings were in so ruinous a state, or so totally unfit for their purpose, that, to ensure the safe-keeping of the inmates, iron fetters were put upon their ankles. In some instances prisoners were fastened to rings or bars in the walls by chains, barely long enough to allow of their lying down with comfort.

Many unfortunate persons were confined in underground cells, or dungeons, the floors of which were always damp, and often covered with an inch or two of water. There were no separate apartments for males and females, and, before trial, all classes of criminals, from the young and hitherto innocent to the oldest and most hardened in vice and crime, were massed together in one apartment, reeking with filth and disease.

Of this sad state of things John Howard said, "If a prison pays no debts, it as certainly mends no morals;" and he further asked, "Shall these irregularities, the sources of misery, disease, and wickedness, be endured in a nation celebrated for good sense and humanity?"

Even the insane and persons of weak intellect were dumped among the company of common felons, who used them as butts for their brutality and petty wit. But, perhaps, the chief source of mischief was the utter lack of employment. Though sentenced to hard labour, the prisoners could not work, even had they wished, for neither tools nor material were given them. So they passed their time in drinking and gambling, in throwing the dice, and playing skittles and billiards, filling in the intervals by teaching the younger ones crime, and planning various villainies to be indulged in immediately on their release

CHAPTER III.

BRIDEWELLS, DEBTORS' PRISONS, AND FOREIGN GAOLS.

THE bridewells, intended in the first instance as houses of correction or penitentiaries, struck John Howard as well planned; but from neglect of proper supervision and management, they had fallen into the same disgraceful condition as the prisons and gaols, and had become rather a nuisance than an advantage to the public.

Here, as elsewhere, idleness was the bane of the prisoner's existence, while the herding together of all sorts and conditions had diverted the bridewells almost entirely from their proper use. Young criminals and first offenders, who should have been detained in them, were, probably from the mistaken kindness of those responsible, sent to the prisons and gaols, because there they would at least be sure of receiving some, if not sufficient food.

This question of a proper food supply was one on which John Howard bestowed a great deal of thought. The utter injustice of the law as applied to persons imprisoned for debt filled him with amazement. Although there were proper places for their confinement, they were frequently sent to those originally meant for felons only. Many, for such trifling debts as a few shillings, were thrown into gaol among criminals of the very worst class, with whom they must at least be sociable, or subject themselves to insult and brutality.

Often they were tradesmen or skilled mechanics, with wives and families either starving outside the gaol or sharing their own miseries within. By law they were allowed a groat a day—fourpence—for the purchase of food, but as this had to be found by the creditors who had caused their arrest, it was more often forgotten than paid. The wives of these men frequently worked outside during the day and so supported the family within. Sometimes the man himself, having been allowed to take in his own tools, was able to continue his

trade, and thus in time obtain his freedom by the payment of his debt. In other cases, as with the felons or persons awaiting trial, the relatives or personal friends of debtors sent food, or money with which to obtain it, to the miserable people. These, however, were only very exceptional cases, for the majority of persons arrested for debt just lay in their bare rooms, and from sheer weakness caused by starvation and hardship, took gaol-fever and quietly passed away, or eked out a lingering existence for years till some pitying friend at last released them.

Private owners of debtors' prisons were not obliged to keep them in proper repair, and, as a consequence, many brutal methods were used to prevent the escape of the unhappy inmates. John Howard held it a crime to deprive a man of his life, as was frequently the case, because he was unable to pay a small debt, though to the wretched people themselves, perhaps, a speedy end to their miseries was more merciful than the long-drawn-out agony many endured.

Even when liberated, a man's hand, from long disuse of his tools, had so lost its cunning that he was not able to follow his trade, even if his strength allowed. And again, when a chance of paying the original debt arose, he was not able to obtain his freedom because of others he had incurred during his confinement.

The "*spunging-houses*," in which richer debtors and other offenders were confined, were also kept for private profit, and the unhappy inmates were often detained long after the law had given them freedom.

Some gaolers, more humane than their fellows, did actually apply for an allowance of food for their charges, but each appeal was met by the brutal response, "Let them work, or starve!" And this, although the hard-hearted speaker well knew that no means of work were provided for debtors any more than for criminals sentenced to hard labour.

On visiting the hulks, Howard found the same deplorable state of things; men in irons, bare-footed, half-clothed, and almost reduced to skeletons by starvation and sickness. The shackling with irons was always a source of grief to Howard, from the first time he saw the misery caused. Men, and women too, in some cases thus fettered, were often obliged to walk, or rather drag themselves, ten or fifteen miles to the town in which they were to be tried.

All were treated alike; the man or woman unjustly accused and thrown into gaol by malicious persons, was fettered and dragged into court as if a criminal of the deepest dye; and even when acquitted, was dragged back to gaol on the plea of having the fetters removed, but really to be detained till all the fees had been paid.

To satisfy himself that such conditions were not a necessary part of prison discipline, Howard travelled through Scotland, Ireland, and the principal countries of Europe. Admission to the gaols was not always a simple matter. Very unpleasant incidents occurred, but John Howard was not easy to turn from his purpose. Even when admission had been gained, it was only by

liberally bribing the prisoners and warders that he could gather the information he desired as to their conduct, or even gain access to the more private portions of the buildings.

He was specially pleased with what he saw in the Dutch prisons, where the inmates were made to work for their own support. The discipline was good, and the behaviour of the criminals, male and female, altogether satisfactory. The separation at night especially appealed to him, as he felt that every person, criminal though he be, has a right to some privacy and time for quiet reflection.

In many of the gaols he was pleased to find that some of his own ideas for the reform of prison management were already in use, notably separate wards for men and women, and solitary confinement in cases of very incorrigible felons. In the "galleys," or floating prisons like our own "hulks," steady employment was provided, while order and precision were everywhere evident, with the result that large numbers of criminals were managed with ease.

Having thus found the disease and its remedy, so to speak, John Howard returned home to write a full account of his experiences. Having dwelt upon the miseries of prisoners, their causes, and their cure, he drew up very clear plans for the erection of proper gaols, prisons, and bridewells, introducing into them all that he had found best in foreign prisons, as well as additional improvements of his own invention, and suggested an admirable code of rules.

His work had gained public notice even during

the first year, and he was requested to communicate the result of his investigations to the House of Commons, the members of which failed to understand the motive of his efforts, and pointedly asked who paid his expenses. Justly indignant, Howard explained that his motive was common humanity, and his expenses were met by his own very ample income. When his book was published, fearful that again private profit might be imputed to him, he gave away to personal friends and the leading public men all but a very few copies, which were sold at a loss.

The result of his first year's efforts was the passing of two Bills, one relieving prisoners of the pernicious fee system ; the other providing for certain measures towards their health. Copies of these Acts were printed at Howard's expense, and sent by him to every keeper of a county gaol, or prison, or bridewell, so that none should have an excuse for not being guided by them.

John Howard held that every man's life is of value to his country, and that even felons, if tactfully treated, might be reclaimed. At any rate they should be given a chance to reform. He believed that we are all sinners, and differ only in degree ; that no man goes through life without doing some good action, and that when he does wrong, he should not be punished from a spirit of vengeance, but rather with a view to make him see his error and to fill him with an earnest desire to amend his life.

"Reform," not "Revenge," should be our motive in dealing with our erring brethren, and

in order to render this possible the whole of our prison system, he advised, should be replanned and readjusted.

Prison reform was often spoken of, he said, but he asked all his readers to decide "whether a design of reforming our prisons be merely visionary, and whether idleness, debauchery, disease, and famine be the necessary attendants of a prison, or only connected with it in our ideas, for want of a more perfect knowledge and more enlarged views."

The matter was at length taken up by the House of Commons, and Howard was asked to resume his inquiries and researches, and present to the members a statement of the results.

CHAPTER IV.

FURTHER TRAVELS.

OF course John Howard made 'a great many enemies; every pioneer of good does; but this carried no weight with him. He had set out to redress one or two wrongs, and soon found himself in a perfect maze of others even worse; but, once having begun, he would work his way out unassisted as far as possible, in the hope that all would ultimately be set right.

For three years he never ceased his endeavours to discover every evil connected with prison life, and to devise some plan for their remedy. His name was now known in continental countries,

in several of which every facility was given to aid him in his research, though, as a rule, he preferred to visit the prisons unexpectedly and unknown, lest he should not see them in their ordinary working order.

As every building in which human beings were confined became an object of interest to him, he visited the hospitals erected for the sick poor, a humane movement in which he had been largely interested, and was much pleased with the general order, cleanliness, and attention to the comforts of the patients.

In Vienna he was greatly shocked by the sight of a sufferer from the dungeon system. "In one of the dark dungeons," he said, "down twenty-four steps, I thought I had found a person with gaol-fever. He was loaded with heavy irons, and chained to a wall: anguish and misery appeared with tears clotted to his face. He was not capable of speaking to me; but, on examining his breast and feet for spots, and finding a strong, intermitting pulse, I was convinced that he was not ill of that disorder. A prisoner in an opposite cell told me that the poor creature had desired him to call for assistance, and he had done it, but was not heard."

This was the sort of thing that made Howard more resolved than ever to spend his whole life, if need be, in obtaining justice and mercy for prisoners, not only in his own country, but in every country where such evils existed.

On the whole, he was well pleased with what he saw in Italy. The houses of detention were

fairly well kept and managed, and the condition of the inmates was satisfactory. In one Roman house of correction he was astonished to find one of his own theories scratched on a wall. It was written in Latin, and read as follows: "It is doing little to restrain the bad by punishment, unless you render them good by discipline."

England and France being at war during his travels at this period, he made a point of visiting the English prisoners of war, noted their complaints, and strongly dissuaded them from enlisting in the French service as they were wanted to do.

His second tour through the United Kingdom and Ireland gave him great satisfaction. Many of the old abuses had been done away with, and the condition of the prisoners was more satisfactory. His visit to the hulks on the Thames, too, was attended by much gratitude for the evident attention paid to his suggestions for their improvement. The old *Justicia* had been converted into a hospital ship. On the two decks were twenty-five single cots for the use of the worst patients; and the weaklier ones had no irons on their limbs. All was beautifully clean and well ordered, and reflected credit on the keeper.

The second *Justicia*, on which were two hundred and fifty-six prisoners, and the *Censor*, containing two hundred and fifty, were also in good order, the men on the former, particularly, looking healthy and well.

There were one hundred and fifty men employed in the warren, all dressed in a brown uniform, with shoes and stockings, and looking rather better,

though not so well nourished as they should be. He suggested that an extra blanket should be added to the bedding allowed each man, and a rather larger ration of bread; also that the food of convalescent prisoners on the hospital ship should be of a more suitable kind.

On his third visit he found all his suggestions carried out, even to the hanging up of the diet table for the men's meals in a conspicuous place. He attributed their healthy appearance to the prohibition of strong drinks, but still was inclined to think the association of so many criminals in such a confined space destructive to morals.

Though impressed with the general progress made, John Howard was by no means satisfied. His visit to Scotland resulted in his censuring many of the keepers and gaolers for their mismanagement; and in Ireland he drew public attention to the really deplorable state of the Protestant Charter Schools.

The notes made during this tour were issued as an appendix to the new edition of his book, of the suggestions in which it may now be well to learn something. Having recounted the miseries of the prisoners, the wretched state of the buildings, the nuisance and danger they were to public health, he proceeded to show how all the evils could be abolished.

Suitable positions should be chosen for the sites of all gaols. They should be built on high ground, and near a stream of running water, to be out of reach of floods, and for sanitary purposes. Town prisons should be as little surrounded by other

buildings as possible, in order that more and better air might be obtained. He urged that all plans should include separate wards for men, women, and youthful offenders, and that each ward should be supplied with a courtyard, a pump, a bath, a copper for heating water, an oven for the disinfection of dirty clothing, and other necessary conveniences. He desired that each prisoner should be allowed a separate sleeping-room with a little bedstead; that every ward and room should be swept and washed every day, sometimes with hot vinegar, and well scraped and lime-washed twice in a year.

He also advised that all prisoners should be bathed on admission, the weaklier ones in warm, and the stronger in cold, water; that each should be given clean underclothing once a week; that a clean roller towel for the use of the whole ward should be given out every day; that proper utensils for all purposes should be supplied by the authorities, and all refuse should be taken away once a week. As a further incentive to cleanliness among the prisoners, he suggested that coarse washable suits should be kept in stock, and given to them after their bath to wear while their own were being cleansed. For their comfort at night he advocated a coarse covering for each, an allowance of straw, and a sufficiency of bed-clothing.

The courtyards used for exercise he desired should be thoroughly cleansed every day. As an inducement to good behaviour, a Sunday dinner of hot boiled beef and soup should be

given; but the cooking of this should not be allowed to interfere with the weekly attendance at the prison chapel. On other days an allowance of varied food should be given, sufficient to maintain health and strength. Each ward should include a day-room and kitchen.

Every prison should contain an infirmary, well arranged and ventilated, and detached from any other building to prevent infection. Debtors' prisons should be provided with workshops, so that each person might earn something toward the support of himself and family, and be kept from idle habits and from becoming a burden upon the rates after liberation.

He further suggested that no communication should be permitted between the male and female prisoners, to prevent which, sufficiently high walls should separate each courtyard; and while attending Divine service all women and debtors should occupy the galleries, while the basement should be given up to male criminals.

His advice as to the planning and arranging of bridewells, or houses of correction, was equally clear. No prisoners committed to these should be unemployed; all except the sick should be constantly supplied with work, and, owing to the number of deaths among the infants imprisoned with their mothers, certain rooms with fireplaces and chimneys should be set apart for the use of women nursing young children.

Habits of cleanliness, sobriety, industry, and self-control should be taught by tactful management, and firm but gentle discipline, and to

induce the prisoners to behave well, their sentences should be shortened if their record was good. John Howard held that every bridewell should be fairly self-supporting, and, to encourage industry, any work done over the required ten hours a day should be for the personal profit of the worker.

While recognising that the outlay in proper buildings and equipment would be heavy, he believed that the resulting benefit to humanity and the country would more than cover it, as these places were rather for the correction of morals than the punishment of trivial crimes and misdemeanours.

Howard's ideas as to the management of all prisons were equally good. In lieu of fees, he advised that gaolers, keepers, and clerks should be paid fixed salaries; that great care should be exercised in the appointment of gaolers, who should be honest, humane, strong men, and, when possible, masters of some trade. In order that they should be free to restrain drunkenness, no gaolers should be allowed any interest in the sale of liquors, and, as a step toward true reform, licenses, for the sale of liquors in prisons should be forbidden. This had already been done in Ireland, and the resulting benefits were very noticeable.

A gaoler should live on the premises, and be made to understand that the duty of daily visiting each ward must not be done by deputy; he, being the responsible person, must never omit this duty. A gaol chaplain should be appointed, and a sermon preached in the chapel each Lord's Day.

Also, every prison should be daily visited by a properly qualified surgeon, who should report at each Quarter Sessions upon the general health of the prisoners.

In very large gaols there should be a physician, a surgeon, and an apothecary, and a magistrate should visit each prison at short intervals, to inspect the condition of the buildings and their occupants, and report on the same to his colleagues. Finally, no disorderly persons should be allowed to visit the prisons, and no quarrelling among the prisoners themselves should be countenanced.

CHAPTER V.

“HE DOETH WELL THAT SERVETH THE
COMMUNITY.”

HOWARD'S work was recognised, and his plans and suggestions, in a large measure, were adopted. Assizes were held more frequently, and arranged for the greater convenience of those bringing persons for trial, which the obnoxious irons were largely dispensed with, except in the case of vicious prisoners.

In Scotland, it had long been the custom to remove the irons before bringing a person to court, so that, if acquitted, he was set free immediately—and, in any case, much suffering was spared the prisoners—while people were not irritated by the degrading sight of their manacled fellows being dragged through the public streets.

All the reforms of to-day were not made in a short time. They have been brought about during the passing of nearly a century and a half, yet it is but right to say that most of them are due to John Howard's untiring efforts.

In spite of the new regulations and improved state of the buildings, gaol-fever continued to cause a great deal of trouble; plague, too, abounded in many continental prisons, and seemed to defy the efforts made to master it. Why this should be so John Howard determined to discover. In 1785, he set out on another tour through Europe, not taking even his trusty servant with him, as he purposed entering and making a short stay in one or more of the lazarettos, if he could find no other means of gaining his end.

It was a dangerous mission; but personal danger had never deterred him from fulfilling what he conceived a duty.

Travelling as an English physician, lest the now marked jealousy of many officials should hinder his work, he visited the places most affected by the dread disease, inspecting the hospitals, lazarettos, prisons, and poorhouses, and even the homes of plague-stricken people. On one occasion he travelled in a ship carrying several persons suffering from plague, and remained in her during the time she was in quarantine.

In Venice he occupied a cell in a plague-stricken lazaretto for some time, but, although weakened and debilitated by bad air and confinement, the remedies he prescribed for himself kept him

from contracting the disease. While in this low state of health he received sad news from home. His son, and only child, had developed symptoms of insanity and had to be closely guarded. Nothing more could be done for him, however, than had been done. He was in loving care, and surrounded by people who would do their best for him, so Howard decided to continue his self-imposed and perilous task.

He was further distressed, however, by the knowledge that certain of his admirers intended to erect a monument in his honour. Any publicity was most distasteful to him ; the idea of payment, even indirectly offered, was repugnant to him ; he therefore wrote to a friend, saying—"As a private man with some peculiarities, I wished to retire into obscurity and silence. Indeed, my friend, I cannot bear the thought of being thus dragged out."

While thanking his admirers for their kind thoughts of him, he begged that those who were really his friends would have the matter stopped at once ; so many of the subscriptions were returned, and the remainder kept to defray the cost of a memorial after his death.

After being personally thanked by the Emperor of Austria for his splendid devotion to the cause of humanity, John Howard once more returned to England, where, after again visiting the prisons, he wrote a full account of what he had learned relative to plague, its causes and cure and other matter, and published it in book form. On the whole, his tour had been very satisfactory. He

had gained new ideas for his beloved work, and had been able to expose numerous abuses.

On again journeying through the home countries he noted that, while a certain advance had been made, there was still much room for improvement. In Edinburgh, the city prison was now fairly satisfactory, but the county gaols were still neglected. In Ireland, the excessive use of whisky was more apparent, a fact which he deplored, as it created disease, poverty, and suffering in a land where these were, unfortunately, already too prevalent. The state of public institutions, other than prisons, was still bad, while he thought more attention was paid in the chartered schools to dissensions over religious creeds than to the education of the children.

The freedom of many towns had been bestowed on John Howard from time to time, and now the Dublin University presented him with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws; but, feeling that he was too old to assume the LL.D., he remained plain John Howard till his work was finished.

The system of transporting criminals was attended by many evils, and much unnecessary suffering was caused by the length of time convicts were kept waiting before a ship could be obtained to take them. Howard protested strongly against this, and also against keeping the men unemployed during the interval. The hulks, too, he once more pointed out, should be used only as temporary places of detention.

He was much against transportation altogether,

and favoured the erection of penitentiaries at home. He had seen many such abroad worked most successfully, and, though the expense would at first be greater, it was certainly better than colonising new lands with criminals.

The improvements in English prisons were pleasing, but he regretted that so little was still done to reform the inmates. His new code of regulations contained clauses to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks, as he found that this was still a great factor in causing riot and disorder within the jails. This rule should apply not only to felons, but to fraudulent debtors, whom he regarded as of the same class.

Debtors whose imprisonment was the result of real misfortune, however, he contended had no right to be confined, and should therefore be allowed any comforts they or their friends could afford, though he pointed out that an allowance of tea and vegetables would obviate a desire for strong drink.

And now John Howard set out upon what proved to be his last journey. There were still parts of Europe he had not visited in which he might learn something useful, and where also he might suggest benefits for the sick and those confined in the prisons. His work was not wholly for his own countrymen. A man was a man to him, whether he were Jew or Gentile, bond or free. If he needed help, John Howard would help him. Thus we find that during this tour he penetrated into Asiatic Turkey, Egypt, and the Barbary States, accompanied by

his servant, who had begged to be allowed to go.

All suspicion of his motives had now disappeared, and jealousy had given way to profound admiration for the man who thus willingly laboured in the most loathsome pest places for the good of his fellows. All institutions were thrown open to him. He was received with warmth and genuine respect everywhere.

At this time, 1789, there was war between Russia and Turkey, but, during a temporary cessation of hostilities, many officers were given permission to visit friends in Cherson, a town largely infected by fever. Knowing this, Howard went to Cherson to try to stop the influx of soldiers, who, he thought, would bring worse trouble on the town. It was here he contracted the illness from which he died in a very short time. It is said he caught fever from a young lady whom he tended. She was supposed to have taken the disease while at a military ball, and her friends, hearing that he was near, had begged him to help her. It is, however, doubtful that the disease from which he died was the same.

By his own request he was buried in the estate of a friend, eight miles from Cherson, where a monument was erected over his grave. He left directions for his papers to be edited by two personal friends, Doctors Price and Aiken. Dr. Price, however, was not able to assist, so the whole was done by Dr. Aiken, who had helped him with his literary work from the first.

Never a robust man, his extraordinary exertions were indeed amazing. At home he frequently travelled on horseback for several days in succession, at the rate of forty miles a day. Abroad he used a chaise, especially built for him in Germany. Never resting till his destination was reached, he was often many days and nights upon the road. A strict vegetarian, his needs were very easily satisfied. A small kettle, some cups, a pot of sweetmeats, and a few loaves, were all he carried with him. At the post-houses he procured milk or boiling water, fresh fruit and a little butter, while his servant was sent to have a good meal at the inn.

Painstaking and persevering, he examined every detail and assured himself of its accuracy before taking it as evidence. "I am the *plodder*, who goes about to collect materials for men of genius to make use of," he once remarked to a friend, but we, who know what he effected, can form our own opinion as to his ability.

During his travels he never neglected the people in his model village; indeed he seemed to have thought for every one. Even the troubles of the monks and nuns, caused by their expulsion from the convents by Frederick the Great, enlisted his sympathy. He suggested that, as the numbers in each convent dwindled, those remaining should be sent to another and that one closed, a plan which would have attained the emperor's end without causing unnecessary suffering to the people concerned, for whom he had profound admiration.

But now his work was done ; his journeys were over. Many laudatory speeches were made about the man and his work in all the leading European countries, and, at home, it was felt that a true friend was lost to the country. By trying to reclaim its people he had most certainly helped toward the prosperity of the nation, and by leading others to take an interest in the cause of sinful and suffering humanity he had raised their moral tone and made them, too, better citizens and patriots. Perhaps the speech of Mr. Burke to the freemen of Bristol was the very greatest tribute to his memory, while the following lines, written by his friend, Dr. Aiken, may be regarded as a fitting close to this brief memoir.

“ Howard, thy task is done ! thy Master calls !
And summons thee from Cherson’s distant walls :
‘ Come, well-approv’d ! My faithful servant, come !
No more a wand’rer, seek thy destin’d Home ! ’”

EDWARD COLSTON, THE BRISTOL PHILANTHROPIST.

CHAPTER I.

TROUBLED TIMES.

THE ancient city of Bristol, situated on the banks of the Avon, in the West of England, has passed through no more stormy times than those which harassed its people and brought trade and commerce almost to a standstill, during the civil war between Royalist and Roundhead, when its two fortresses, Bristol Castle, and the Royal Fort, on St. Michael's Hill, were destroyed by Cromwell's orders in revenge for the sturdy resistance made by its loyal citizens against the victorious Puritans.

Under the rule of the king the people suffered from heavy and unjust taxation; they fared no better when Cromwell's power became supreme. Religious intolerance was rampant. Under the cloak of religious zeal the Puritans destroyed all that was beautiful in the building and decoration of the churches, offering, as an excuse, their desire to remove everything likely to nurture superstitious tendencies in the worship of God.

The loyal and true among the citizens viewed with horror the sacrilege committed in the name of the Lord. Not content with stripping the outer walls of the cathedral of the exquisitely carved images of the apostles and saints, the Puritans actually stabled their horses within its sacred

precincts, caroused and held high revelry with boon companions, and seriously proposed to erect a furnace for brewing purposes in the chancel, to work in connection with the malt-house already established in the Bishop's Palace!

Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Independents, had long been wrangling among themselves, and now a new sect called Quakers arose, who were much persecuted because of the strangeness of their service. The Puritans worried the Episcopalians, and they, in their turn, disdained all Nonconformists and did much to harass the Roman Catholics.

The extravagance of the Stuarts and the no less extravagant extortions of Cromwell at length reduced the poorest citizens to vagrancy, and the mayor and aldermen met to consider the best means of alleviating the general distress. A goodly sum was voted for the establishment of a workhouse in the Smiths' Hall.

Robert Massinger, Milliner, was given charge of this workhouse, and an order issued that "all such men, women, and children, who are fit to be employed and trained up in work" were to be sought out, "that they may add to their maintenance, and be kept from idleness; and that such orderly courses be taken, both for the willing and unwilling poor, as may best conduce for the better government of the workhouse."

It was further decided that "work should be delivered to such parish poor as cannot, without inconvenience, absent themselves from their families on their giving security for the return of the same."

Orders were also issued for a tax to be put upon all butter exported from the city, to provide further funds; and that all importers of wool should acquaint the mayor with the value of each cargo before landing, so that the price might be kept within the means of the poor.

Yet, in spite of these measures, the state of the people continued to be so distressing that a house-to-house collection was ordered to be made for "the relief and comfort of those that are in much want, and out of the deep sense of the miseries that many now lie under."

This period of trouble was followed by a grievous plague, from which three thousand persons died in one year.

Though many of the actions of the Puritans were anything but godly, they insisted upon a very strict observance of their forms of worship. The Anglican service was abolished; no service was held in the cathedral for fourteen years, yet, if people could not bring themselves to attend the Nonconformist meeting-places, they must remain within doors on the Sabbath day, for all persons found walking abroad during "sermon time" were smartly fined.

And, in order that time for the preparation of food needed on the Sabbath day might be given, butchers were not allowed to sell meat on Saturday after two o'clock in winter and three o'clock in summer. Bakers were not permitted to keep open after eight o'clock on Saturdays, and any persons found carrying bread on the Lord's Day were fined three shillings and fourpence.

Some years later, when the Protestant Church was once more in power, the rules were even more rigid. No hackney-carriages were allowed to ply for hire on Sundays, and no horses were worked, on penalty of a fine. Constables, stationed at the corners of the streets, captured all pies and puddings being carried to the bakers' ovens on Sunday, a proceeding that led to many disgraceful scenes until the enforcement of the law was wisely suspended.

A period of renewed prosperity set in after the Civil Wars. The English Church came to her own again, the old Christmas festivities, abolished by the Puritans, were revived; mince pies and plum puddings took their accustomed places in the rejoicings; but the simple kindliness of the old days never returned.

The merchants, elated by their prosperity, assumed a more pretentious style of living, walking abroad with their families, gorgeously clad, and followed by their lacqueys in equally gay attire. Only the narrowness of the streets compelled them to do without the grand equipages with which the ladies of the time were wont to blazon their husbands' riches.

Nevertheless, the city was frequently much straitened for ready money, and it was at this juncture that Edward Colston, son of a Bristol merchant, and himself a wealthy London trader, came forward with the offer of a loan of £1800 to the Common Council.

William Colston, his father, always a loyal subject and a true Episcopalian, had, under the

Protector, been excluded from public office. On the accession of Charles II., however, he became Deputy-Lieutenant of the City and County of Bristol, and a member of the Common Council.

In his early days he resided in the parish of Holy Cross, or Temple Parish, as it is more commonly known, for there, on the 2nd of November 1636, his son Edward was born; yet that he must later have removed to the adjoining parish of All Saints seems very probable, from the fact that within the church of that parish most of his family lie buried.

Nothing very definite is known of the childhood of Edward Colston, owing, perhaps, to the troubled state of his native city during that period. That he was educated in London, however, is fairly certain, and that he afterwards became a prosperous merchant there we know, though little was heard of him until he exerted himself strongly to get a poor boy placed upon the foundation of Christ's Hospital.

In 1681, Edward Colston had been elected a Governor of this school, to which only the sons of freemen of the city of London were admitted. The boy whom Colston sought to befriend could not claim such birth, but, in consideration of benefits received from the wealthy merchant, an exception was made in his favour.

The steady purpose which marked Colston's action in this matter was characteristic of the man in all his dealings. Even his love of order, observance of rule, and obedience to authority were made to yield to a purpose once fixed in his

mind, if by it some benefit might accrue to the weak and helpless, or the self-seeker and oppressor be defeated.

After the death of his father in 1681, Edward Colston paid very frequent visits to Bristol, in order to comfort his widowed mother. This led to his taking notice of the sad state of the poor, to whom his heart was ever open. Their misery appealed so strongly to him, that, in 1690, he bought nearly three acres of land, situated on St. Michael's Hill, from the Corporation of Bristol, in order to erect an almshouse for the accommodation of twenty-four poor persons, half to be men, half women.

Colston had lived through so much religious dissension and persecution that his early love for the Church of England was greatly strengthened. Every insult offered to her sacred buildings, every sneer cast at her liturgy, every mockery of her clergy, only tended to make him the more resolute to uphold his Church at all costs.

For this reason, when a chaplain was appointed to read morning and evening prayers in the little almshouse chapel, a clergyman of the Church of England was chosen.

Three private dwellings were built to provide part of the income for the maintenance of the almshouse. Any respectable poor person was entitled to apply for admission, and the most suitable of the men was to act as overseer. Each inmate was given an allowance of three shillings a week and a sack of coal, the chief brother being allowed three shillings extra,

and the chaplain ten shillings per annum, as his work was regarded more in the light of an act of charity.

Six years later Colston gave the land and buildings, with certain properties in Northumberland from which part of the income was derived, in trust to Sir Richard Hart and twenty-seven other citizens of Bristol, to be for ever kept as an almshouse, or home, for twenty-four poor persons to be appointed by himself, and, after his death, by the Society of Merchant Venturers. As an acknowledgment of the generous gift, the mayor and aldermen decided that the three private houses on the property should be exempt from rates.

CHAPTER II.

THE COLSTON HOSPITAL.

EDWARD COLSTON had neither wife nor child of his own, yet he was once heard to say, "Every helpless widow is my wife, and her distressed orphans my children." He never could resist the appeal of any one in distress, and once, when rebuked by his sister Ann, who managed his house, for his generosity, "Sweetheart," replied he, "be not troubled; I only lend to the Lord; He will restore me fourfold; riches flow on me surprisingly; I have it from Christ to distribute among his poor members; I neither can, nor will, be unfaithful to my trust."

Though so strict a churchman he never inquired

into the religion of any person he wished to help ; to be a poor, miserable Christian was sufficient to his truly charitable heart. The crews of his ships were all known to him ; their wives and families his special care when death or disaster overtook the bread-winners while in his service.

As in many seaport towns, so in Bristol, there was a home, or almshouse, for aged seamen and sailors' widows, and Colston, wishing to help in this good work, wrote to the Society of Merchants offering to maintain six poor sailors in their almshouses, on condition that they would build the additional rooms.

These almshouses are situated in Old King Street. The wing built at Colston's suggestion is on the left of the entrance, and bears the date 1696 under the City Arms. On a board in the centre of the quadrangle is written the following quaint lines :—

“ Freed from all storms, the Tempest and the rage
Of Billows, here secure we spend our age—
Our weather-beaten vessels here repair, ‘
And from the Merchants' kind and generous care
Find harbour here ; no more we put to sea,
Until we launch into Eternity.
And lest our widows whom we leave behind,
Should want relief, they too a shelter find ;
Thus all our anxious cares and sorrows cease,
Whilst our kind guardians turn our toils to ease ;
May they be with an endless Sabbath blest,
Who have afforded unto us this Rest.”

The money necessary for the support of the six poor sailors, as also for six boys whom he placed in the Queen Elizabeth's Hospital at the same

time, was obtained by the sale of a valuable cargo brought home by a boat that Colston had long given up for lost. Her unexpected arrival after a three years' absence, he regarded as a sign that the Lord intended him to use her cargo in relieving the poor.

Colston never insured a boat and never lost one. Even the valuable warehouses, sheds, and other buildings connected with his trade were allowed to take their chance ; if they were destroyed by fire he looked upon it as a rebuke for the neglect of some good action.

It is said that his generous subscription to Queen Anne's Bounty, a fund for increasing the stipends of poor clergy, was the result of one such rebuke. Colston had long intended to *will* certain valuable property to some charitable institution, but, before he found leisure to attend to the matter, the property was burned down, and its value utterly lost.

The letter announcing the disaster arrived almost at the same time as a gentleman who called to ask Colston to contribute to the queen's fund. He had already given a great deal in a quiet way toward the relief of the poor clergy, and his contributions to other charitable purposes were so numerous that Colston felt he could not give so much to this fund as he would like.

On laying down the open letter to write a cheque, a word or two caught his eye. Asking his visitor to excuse him, he read the letter through. Then, having told the gentleman the contents, he said, " See how the Lord reproves His

tardy steward. I have something still left ; let me endeavour to make atonement while I have to give."

He had intended to subscribe £3000 ; after reading the letter he wrote a cheque for £6000—the largest sum given by any private person to Queen Anne's Bounty.

The school in which Colston placed the six boys was founded in 1586 by John Carr. Some time later a large house in Orchard Street was bought by William Bird, afterwards mayor of the city, and presented, with £500 towards its upkeep, as a residence for the boys, of whom there were about thirty, all sons of freemen of the city.

For the support of his boys in the Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, as it was called, Colston bought certain property in Somersetshire. The income from this was to be given to the Governors as long as the numbers were kept up to thirty-six ; if they were not, he reserved the right to use the income for the benefit of the poor people in his almshouses.

Colston had now a trading interest in the city of Bristol, having a share in a large sugar refinery on St. Augustine's Back. In 1700, he was elected an honorary guardian of the poor in recognition of the kindly interest he took in all questions relating to their welfare. A new workhouse had been built in 1697, towards which he had given £100, and Colston devoted much time and thought to drawing up such rules as should ensure the inmates being kindly treated by those in charge of them.

The following year was a sad one for Edward Colston. The mother to whom he had always

been warmly attached, and to whom, for nearly twenty years he had been a great comfort, passed away. By her will, the interest on £50 was to be given annually to six poor housekeepers in Temple parish, on condition that they were not already in receipt of charity.

Colston noticed during the funeral service that the church was badly in need of repair, and at once gave £50 toward the cost of the same, and £60 to buy a new portal and altarpiece. The sum of £1000, to which he was entitled on the death of his mother by the will of his father, was given anonymously toward the maintenance of the poor children in the School House at Whitechapel, Town End.

This was only one of many such gifts, some of which went to the relief of poor debtors in the Whitechapel, Limehouse, and other prisons. One gift alone, amounting to £3000, was devoted to the yearly release of poor prisoners in these dreadful places, and, during a time of very great distress, in the years 1708-9, he gave privately to the London Committee the noble sum of £20,000.

In the year 1702 he proposed to the Corporation of the city of Bristol, who, at that time, were the Trustees of Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, to give an endowment for the maintenance of fifty more boys, if they would agree to build a school large enough for one hundred and twenty boys. The matter could not be satisfactorily arranged, however, and three years later Colston wrote to the Society of Merchants, renewing the offer of an endowment to support, educate, and apprentice

fifty boys, and to give a site for the building on his almshouse land.

The offer was gratefully accepted, and the Merchant's Society undertook the trust.

In the same year he contributed £500 toward the rebuilding of the Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, which was opened, under the name of the "Free Grammar School," in 1706.

The land on St. Michael's Hill not being considered suitable, a "Great House" on St. Augustine's Back was bought for £1300. The land on which it stood had once been occupied by a Society of White Friars. A great many alterations in the building were necessary, and Colston was so impatient to get these done that he remained in the city most of the time, supervising and hurrying on the work.

One day he missed a man from his accustomed place. The particular work at which the man was employed was very necessary towards the speedy completion of the whole. After seeking him all over the building, Colston found him turning a grindstone to sharpen a carpenter's tools, and at once sending him back to his work, he turned the grindstone himself!

On another occasion, while busily inspecting the work, Colston noticed a labourer without a hat. Giving no thought to his dusty appearance, he set off for the nearest shop to buy one. The shopwoman, thinking him a working-man, was none too courteous in serving him, but her master, recognising Colston, did his best to please his honoured customer. The hat selected, Colston

carried it back to the works and presented it to the man, who was much pleased by his employer's kindness.

This considerate thought for others was shown in almost every action of his life. This it was that made him so anxious to throw open the doors of his school to the poor boys, so that they should the sooner have the comfort of a warm fireside, a decent bed, good clothing, and plenty of wholesome food.

Instead of accommodating only fifty, the school was made to hold one hundred boys, to each of whom Colston gave a suit of clothes. These consisted of a coat almost long enough to reach to the ankles, and strapped round the waist by a leathern belt, knee breeches, a pair of long stockings, buckled shoes, a round cap, and a white linen neckband. Each boy was also given a porringer and spoon.

The school was opened in 1701, under the name of Colston's Hospital, amid general rejoicings. Meeting the boys at the entrance to the cathedral, Colston and his little niece accompanied them to the service that had been specially arranged. A stall had been set apart for the generous merchant's personal use, and, as he sat scanning the happy faces of his boys, his kind heart was gladdened at the remembrance of the poor parents who thus had so heavy a burden removed from them.

At the close of the service each boy was presented with a suitable gift by the little girl, who had won a warm place in her uncle's heart.

She was a daughter of a niece who had married

Mr. Thomas Edwards, a gentleman well known in Bristol, and an ever-ready helper in all Edward Colston's charitable schemes.

The stall used by Colston at that opening service is now occupied by the Archdeacon of Dorset, when attending the cathedral.

The primary idea in the founding of Colston's Hospital had been to provide the boys with a sound elementary education, and a good knowledge of the doctrines of the Church of England. This, he considered, could not be done in less than seven years, but many of the parents, anxious to get what help possible from their boys, wished to withdraw them from the school in a shorter time.

Colston, therefore, made it a condition of their admission that the parents should agree to allow the boys to remain seven years; and, further, they were given clearly to understand that any boy removed within that time would not be apprenticed by the trustees; also that the boys would only be bound to tradesmen who were members of the Church of England.

He further laid a solemn charge on the trustees that the masters and overseers should be good churchmen, and well qualified to teach Church doctrine; and, in order to satisfy themselves that this was so, they were to visit the hospital at regular intervals to examine the boys in Scriptural knowledge and the Church Catechism.

CHAPTER III.

THE TEMPLE COLSTON SCHOOL.

THOUGH a man of high principle and noble thought, Edward Colston was a man of truly humble mind. Never once was he known to boast or even to speak of the numerous charitable actions with which his life abounded. Often, so to speak, his right hand was ignorant of the doings of his left, and any attempt by others to praise him was kindly rebuked.

A poor widow, wishing to place her boy in his hospital, called at his office one day and was admitted. Inquiry into her respectability and need of help proving satisfactory, Colston agreed to admit the boy, and the poor woman, overjoyed at her success, said she would teach her boy to be grateful to his generous friend.

"No," said Colston, "teach him better; we do not thank the clouds for rain, nor the sun for light, but we thank the God who made the clouds and the sun!"

The first master appointed to the charge of Colston's Hospital was a man whose conscientious fulfilment of his duties drew from the founder the following kindly acknowledgment of his work.

"Mortlake, Dec. 8th, 1711.

"To Mr. Mason, Master of the Society of

"Merchant Venturers.

"Your letter was received by me with great satisfaction, because it informs me that the Merchants' Hall have made

choice of so deserving a gentleman for their master, by whom I cannot in the least think there will be any neglect of their affairs; so neither want of care in seeing my trust reposed in them religiously performed, because thereon depends the welfare or ruin of so many poor boys, who may in time be made useful as well to your city as to the nation, by their future honest endeavours; the which that they may be, is what I principally desire and recommend unto you, sir, and the whole society.

“Your humble servant,

“EDWARD COLSTON.”

The boys admitted to the hospital were to be drawn from all parishes in the city equally, but later, Colston wrote to the trustees, “*because it was the place of my nativity*, it’s my will and desire that the said parish (Temple) should enjoy the benefit thereof in as full a degree as any other of the said city (Bristol); and that, in order thereto, there should at no time be less than the aforesaid number of eight boys—if not ten—in my said hospital; and that as often as any boy of the said parish shall die, or for any misdemeanour, or according to the establishment be removed—another, or so many more, shall be taken in continually . . . as shall make up the said number, within the term of thirteen weeks from his or their death and removal.”

The sum of £18,000 was invested in property in the maintenance of the hospital.

A fine public building now stands on the site of Colston’s Hospital, which, in the year 1861, was rebuilt in a more healthy situation at Stapleton, a suburb of the city of Bristol. The clothing of the boys has also been changed to

a more modern fashion, but it is still more distinctive than that worn by the Temple Colston boys.

Edward Colston's business, as has been said, was in London, where he also had rooms to which all business communications were addressed ; his home, however, was at Mortlake, where he had established two schools in the years 1701-2. The endowment was to last twelve years after his death, at which time he hoped some kindly-disposed person would continue the good work. His hope was fulfilled. The endowment was continued by Lady Dorothy Capel, and the schools, still in existence, continue to be prosperous.

In the year 1708 he built an almshouse, containing two storeys of four rooms each, as a Home for eight of the most needy among the poor of Mortlake parish. He did not endow this almshouse, which was maintained by private contribution for over a century and a half, when a small endowment was granted. Each resident in the almshouse was partly supported by the parish, and was allowed to have some of his family to live with him.

During the reign of William III. the city of Bristol was again much straitened for ready-money—allowances to the poor were stopped ; all unnecessary trimmings on the robes of the civic officials were abolished ; salaries were reduced, and orders issued that “no public entertainments should be given, or presents of wine made, until the city debts were paid.”

This sorely hurt the pride of the hospitable

citizens, who held out stoutly for the proper entertainment of the judges, their suites, and horses, and at length a sum of £20 was conceded for this purpose. In this crisis Edward Colston again came to the rescue with a loan of £2000.

In 1710, Queen Anne having dissolved the Whig Parliament, Colston was asked to stand for Bristol in the Tory interest, but, thinking himself too old at seventy-four for such an honour, he courteously declined. Nevertheless his name was put before the electors, who returned him by a very large majority. His charitable bequests to the city, amounting to over £50,000, had endeared him to the people, who, on his arrival in Bristol, after his election, carried him through the city, which was brilliant with streamers and lights and bonfires, and resounded with the joyous pealing of the bells of St. Werburgh.

With his great power of attending to the business of the moment, he worked hard to justify the confidence reposed in him; one of his last acts before the Dissolution being, in conjunction with the second member for Bristol, to present to the House a Bill for giving power to the magistrates of the city to enlarge the grant of money to the poor.

On 31st January 1699, a good woman named Mary Gray, cousin to Edward Colston, gave £50 to the parish of Temple, the profits from which were to be paid for the preaching of a sermon at stated intervals to the orphan children of the parish. It is perhaps due to the story of the squalor and ignorance of these children, told to Edward Colston by his cousin John Gray, that

the philanthropist's kind heart was moved to do something for them.

There were over two hundred poor children in Temple parish, and no means of teaching them anything. On discovering this, he offered an annual subscription of £10 toward the establishment of a charity school. This sum together with the offerings at the monthly administration of the sacrament, and the annual subscriptions of the parishioners, was considered enough. Tucker's Hall was hired at an annual rental of £4, and in August 1709 the school was opened for the instruction of thirty poor boys.

In the month of December following, Colston wrote to the trustees offering to clothe the children ; and, some time later, finding that the boys were making good progress and were being well grounded in the Church of England catechism, about which he was, as usual, very particular, he wrote a second letter offering to buy the land and endow a school for forty poor boys, if the parishioners would defray the cost of the building.

To this the people of Temple gladly agreed. The school was built, and a tablet, placed above the middle window, was thus inscribed :—

“This charity school was erected and endowed by Edward Colston, Esq., native of this parish. Anno Domini 1711. For the educating in Reading, Writing, Cyphering, and perfecting in the Church Catechism as it is now published by law, and also for clothing forty-four boys of the parish for ever.”

It would seem, according to this inscription, that

with his wonted liberality, Colston decided to bear the entire cost himself.

The sum originally allowed for the clothing of the boys and the general expenses proved too small in later years, and, but for the kindness of other charitable persons, the charity could not have been continued on the old lines.

A similar school for the clothing and educating of thirty poor girls of the parish was founded by a few philanthropic citizens some time later.

In 1864 these charity schools were amalgamated with the Temple National School, and in 1868 the present building, occupying a prominent position in Victoria Street, the main thoroughfare into the city from the south-east, was opened under the name of the Temple Colston School, and, in 1904, the trustees of the charity were, by *final order* of the Board of Education, appointed managers of the school.

Each boy receives a complete suit of clothing every year, besides occasional gifts, including the cost of an outfit on leaving school.

The buttons on the clothing bear the Colston crest, said to have been chosen by the merchant because a dolphin was supposed to have got wedged in a hole in the hull of one of his boats, and thus saved it from sinking in mid-ocean with all hands and a rich cargo.

The style of the clothing, at first similar to that worn by the boys in the Hospital, has been changed to the more comfortable fashion of to-day, and, save for the black buttons, the boys are not badged as charity children in any way.

In the original bequest a house and garden was to be provided for the master of the school. There are now two commodious houses attached to the schools, one for the master, and one for the mistress of the girls' school.

CHAPTER IV.

“SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD.”

EDWARD COLSTON was always a deeply religious man, with a strong feeling in favour of a National Church. He believed that no man can live properly unless he rules his life according to God's Word. To encourage and foster the teaching of the doctrines of the Church of England, he instituted a series of Lenten Services, which were so well attended that he gave a sum of money to be devoted to the continuance of these services, as well as for an annual sermon to be preached in the cathedral, at which the boys of his schools were to be present.

In the event of the monthly sermons at the Newgate Prison and the Lenten Services being discontinued, the money was to be given to the churchwardens of the parishes of St. Mary's, Redcliffe, and St. Thomas, for the maintenance of twenty poor children from each parish in a charity school; or, failing this, it was to be given annually to forty poor persons of the said parishes, providing they were not already in receipt of alms, and were members of the Church of England.

The Lenten sermons were discontinued in 1732, and a school in Pile Street, Temple, benefited for some years to the extent of £20 per annum. It is said that Colston always attended service in the cathedral during his visits to Bristol, and that it was his custom to stand at the entrance and give each of his boys a cheery word, and a friendly pat on the head as he passed into the sacred building.

The annual service is still held in the cathedral on what is now called "Colston Day," the 13th of November, when the boys from the two schools, the inmates of the almshouses, the apprentices, and the members of the various Colston Societies all meet together to hear a sermon specially suitable to the occasion.

At the end of the service the school-boys and apprentices adjourn to the Corn Exchange, where, after an address by the President of the Dolphin Society, each is given a new silver coin.

In the year 1713, Edward Colston contributed the sum of £350 toward building the dome of All Saints' Church and renovating the chancel. His crest of the dolphin and a pine-apple—significant of his West Indian trade—was placed on the dome as a vane, but, in 1729, it was taken down and sold.

In addition to the large bequests already mentioned, Edward Colston gave liberally toward the building, repairing, and endowing of many other churches and schools throughout the country.

It is interesting to know that among the many boys benefited by his kindness to St. Mary's,

Redcliffe, was Thomas Chatterton, the ill-fated boy poet of Bristol.

With his usual forethought, Colston kept all his business and private affairs in good order ; so that in the event of his death, which might take place at any moment, seeing to how great an age he had attained, his executors should be in no difficulty as to the carrying out of his will.

The little niece whom he had so dearly loved, her mother and father, his sister Ann who shared his home for many years, all had passed away, and in the autumn of 1721, he was called to join them. During his illness at Mortlake, he was lovingly tended by a neighbour, Mrs. Elizabeth Beavis, to whom he bequeathed £100—"forasmuch as she hath been very helpful and assistant to me in my indisposition."

Little is known of his last days, as of his long life in private. A keen man of business, hard to bargain with, and careful of the smallest sums, he yet was ever just, generous almost to a fault, and infinitely modest. As in his life he had never made any show, but, happy in the possession of a small household, lived a life wholly devoted to the pursuance of his generous objects, so, in his death, it was his earnest desire that no display should mark his passage to the grave.

"As to what relates to my funeral," he said in the written directions, "I would not have the least pomp used at it, nor any gold rings given ; only that my corpse shall be carried to Bristol, and met at Lawford's Gate, and accompanied from thence to All Saints' Church by all the boys in my

Hospital on St. Augustine's Back, and by the six boys maintained by me in Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, College Green. And also by my twenty-four poor men and women (or so many of them that are able) in my Almshouse on St. Michael's Hill, and only to the Church door of All Saints'. Likewise by the six poor old sailors that are kept at my charge at the Merchants' Almshouse in the Marsh. And likewise by the forty boys in Temple Parish, that are clothed and otherwise provided for by me. . . . That the money that otherwise might have been expended in gold rings, be laid out in new coats or gowns, stockings, shoes, and caps, for the six sailors; and the like (except caps) for so many of the men and women in my Almshouse that shall accompany my corpse as above, and are willing to wear them afterwards."

He further directed that the remains of his sister Ann should be taken to Bristol with his own, as it had always been her wish to lie in the same grave. He also left £85, the number of his years, to be given to as many poor people in Mortlake, at his death.

The whole of these instructions were implicitly followed, except as regards the rings. That some were given is certain, as one was purchased by a Miss Watts for £4, 16s. at a sale at Wick Court in 1831.

The funeral procession entered the city of Bristol on a wet and dreary October day, after being a full week upon the road. All flags on church towers and the masts of ships were hung half-mast high, most of the business places were

closed and shuttered, the church bells tolled a mournful knell, and thousands of persons, heedless of the rain, stood to see the last passage of their benefactor through the streets of his native city.

The church of All Saints, in which Edward Colston was laid to rest among several generations of his ancestors, was heavily draped in black. In his funeral sermon two days later, Dr. Harcourt said, in referring to the often expressed desire of Edward Colston for the spread of God's Word, "It was no small trouble to his soul to think that any should be destitute of the blessings of religious instruction, and more especially those in prison; who, too commonly, through the neglect of it, have incurred the greatest guilt, by their violation of human as well as Divine laws."

"What adds to the value of all his works," said another speaker, "is that they were all done by him whilst he was yet alive—he well knew that every good action, which is to take effect after our death, and to be executed after our wills are opened, is giving what we can no longer possess, and doing here what we have but little comfort from, whatever reward we may hope for thereafter."

By his will, Colston left the portraits of himself and his father to his Hospital on St. Augustine's Back, legacies to certain hospitals and workhouses in London; and other sums to be used in apprenticing the boys of the Temple School, in the maintenance of a number of children in charity schools, and to aid young men, members of the Church of England, in starting businesses for themselves

No relative or friend was forgotten, and when all legacies, funeral and other expenses, had been paid, the large sum of nearly £50,000 remained.

The tributes to his memory in the city of Bristol are many. In the year 1726, a Colston Society was formed, on the anniversary of his birth, at which a collection was taken amounting to £34, 4s. This sum was devoted to the preaching of an annual sermon in St. Mary's Church, Redcliffe, and to the maintenance of the boys in the charity school.

From this Parent Society, as it is now called, sprang others—the Dolphin, the Grateful, and the Anchor—all of which meet annually on Colston's birthday (new style) for the purpose of commemorating his memory by the giving of subscriptions towards the charitable schemes with which his name is associated, and any others which it is felt would have won his favour.

Colston Day in Bristol is ushered in by the ringing of the bells of Redcliffe Church, muffled at midnight, joyous afterward, a holiday is given in the schools, a service—already referred to—is held in the cathedral, and the Colston Societies, after attending service, dine together in the evening, discuss the business of the year, and give and allocate their various subscriptions. There is, perhaps, no other city in the kingdom, in which one day in every year is thus given up to alms-giving.

In the year 1890, a fine stained-glass window was put in the north transept of the cathedral in memory of Edward Colston ; a Colston Fraternal Association, established in 1853, grants aid to old

scholars in need ; a Colston Society, for furthering the cause of education by liberal subscriptions toward the local university college, was formed in 1899 ; and a fine bronze statue of the venerable philanthropist was unveiled on Colston Day, 1895, by the mayor of the city, in the presence of a large gathering. The statue stands in Colston Street, and was designed by John Cassidy of Manchester.

In the church of All Saints, an altar tomb, bearing his effigy surmounted by a canopy, bears the following inscription under the list of his numerous charities :—

“To the memory of Edward Colston, Esq., who was born in the city of Bristol, and was one of the representatives in Parliament for the said city, in the reign of Queen Anne. His extreme charity is well known to many parts of this kingdom—but more particularly to this city, where his benefactions have exceeded all others. He lived 84 years, 11 months, and 9 days, and then departed this life 11th October 1721, at Mortlake, in Surrey, and lieth buried in a vault by his ancestors, in the first cross alley under the reading-desk of this church.”

It is probable that the cast for the head of the figure on the tomb was actually taken from the body, which, on the removal of the coffin-lid in 1843, was found to be perfect in form and feature.

“Health, length of days, riches, and honour, are blessings promised in the Word of God to those who are religious, and forget not the law of the Lord.”

JOHN WESLEY, THE FOUNDER OF METHODISM.

CHAPTER I.

FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

“ I DO intend to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child, that Thou hast so mercifully provided for, than I have ever been, that I may do my endeavour to instil into his mind the principles of Thy true religion and virtue. Lord, give me grace to do it sincerely and prudently, and bless my attempts with good success.”

This was the prayer of John Wesley's mother on his escape, almost at the last moment, from a fearful death.

The Vicarage stood in the quiet little village of Epworth, Lincolnshire. All within had been peacefully sleeping for some hours when the startling and fearsome cry of “Fire! Fire!” rang through the stillness of the night.

The nurse, with great presence of mind, roused the sleeping children and bade them follow her, as, seizing the baby, she made her way out of the burning house. With frantic haste the children were counted; one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—where was the eighth?

As if in answer, a cry was heard from the window of a bedroom on the second floor. There stood John, white and terror-stricken, begging to be saved. He had not wakened when the others

were roused, but had slept on, unconscious of his peril, till the roar of the flames and the shouts of the frightened people had disturbed him. No escape by the staircase was now possible, so, rushing to the window, he had given forth the piteous cry that drew the attention of the spectators to him.

No ladder was at hand, nothing near enough to be of any use, for at any moment the roof might fall in. What was to be done? Suddenly a labouring man took his stand below the window, another mounted on his shoulders, and the child was brought safely to the ground, just as the house collapsed.

John Wesley was only about five years old at the time, yet he never forgot his marvellous escape, and felt convinced, child though he was, that God had saved him for some wise purpose.

His parents also had this impression, and that is why Mrs. Wesley, one of the most godly and wise of mothers, made the special appeal to Heaven with which the chapter opens.

What this purpose was we know; we will therefore take a brief glance at the events which led to its fulfilment.

Samuel Wesley was the son of that John Wesley who, like his father before him, had been ejected from the Church of England for not wholly conforming to its laws. He was the younger of two sons left orphans by the death of their father when quite a young man.

Having a great wish to enter the Church, and not being able to pay for his education at Oxford,

or even his travelling expenses to the city, he walked the whole distance, entered himself as a poor student at Exeter College, and maintained himself by coaching richer students.

After his ordination, and while holding a curacy in London, he married Susannah Annesley, whose father, like his own, had suffered for his religious views. Ten of their children grew to be men and women, and of these, Charles, and John—the baby rescued by the nurse—are now known as the great Revivalists of their age.

The living of Epworth had been presented to Samuel Wesley by Queen Mary, in recognition of his having dedicated a paper on the Revolution of 1688 to her. This living he held for more than forty years, and it was here that his numerous family was reared and educated.

John was always a thoughtful, studious child, fond of argument, and very methodical in his habits. Like his mother, he loved order in every circumstance of his life; a place for everything, a time for everything, a reason for everything, was a real necessity to him.

At ten years of age, being well advanced in his education, he was sent to the Charterhouse School, through the influence of the Duke of Buckingham. Here he managed to hold his own in spite of the bullying of the older boys, and continued true to the blessed home-training he had received. No sneers, no buffets could turn him from his resolve to read the Bible, to attend church, and to say his prayers regularly.

On leaving Charterhouse, Wesley was elected

to Christchurch College, Oxford, where his ability and studious habits soon won him distinction. As a Charterhouse student he had an income of £40 a year, a sum all too small to pay even the necessary expenses of food and fees ;* but, with a little help from home, he managed to get through his university career without incurring any very great debts, though some were inevitable.

By the desire of his parents he now began to consider seriously his fitness to become a minister. To enter the Church as a means of livelihood was not to be thought of for a moment. He must examine himself rigidly. Unless he felt sure he could *live* his religion, he would not take orders.

Of this period of his life he says, "I began to alter the whole form of my conversation, and to set in earnest upon a new life. I set apart an hour or two a day for religious retirement. I communicated every week. I watched against all sin, whether in word or deed. I began to aim at, and to pray for, inward holiness ; so that now, doing so much and living so good a life, I doubted not that I was a good Christian."

He was greatly helped and influenced by reading the works of Thomas à Kempis and Jeremy Taylor, yet could not refrain from thinking the one too exacting and the other occasionally wrong. Wesley believed that we are well able to judge ourselves whether we are in a state of salvation or not ; if we are, we shall be really sincere in our efforts to live rightly, and, knowing our weakness and liability to fall away from righteousness, we shall watch every thought, every word,

every deed, and constantly and in all humility seek strength from God to withstand every temptation.

Wesley, at length deciding he could conscientiously enter the Church as a minister, was ordained by Bishop Potter on the 19th of September 1725. The following year he became a Fellow of Lincoln College, where his room and a vine he trained to grow round the window still bear his name. Shortly afterwards, as Greek lecturer and moderator of the classes, he began those literary efforts which, later, added so much to his fame.

Wesley's return to Lincoln was marked by greater earnestness in seeking to become wholly a child of God. Being moved to a new college he resolved to make only such new friends as would help him on his way to heaven—a resolve it would be well for us all to follow.

After taking the degree of M.A. he assisted his father for two years, as curate of Wroote, when, as a Fellow of his college, he was obliged to resume residence.

Being now an ordained priest of the Church of England, Wesley began to fit himself for his duties by studying the Bible diligently, not so much to become more familiar with the *Word* as to obtain a closer communion with the *Spirit*, to feel God in him, as it were, that he might be able to preach with greater conviction, and thus win the souls of his hearers.

The good work being quietly done by a band of earnest young students, under the leadership

of his brother Charles, appealed strongly to him. The whole of their leisure and all the money they could possibly spare were devoted to helping the poor and needy. They were called "Methodists" by their fellows, because of the orderly manner in which they divided their time and allotted their duties.

Wesley entered into the spirit of the movement with characteristic zeal, and thus began, with his brother, an almost unconscious reformation in the habits, principles, and thoughts of those around him.

On the death of his father, in 1735, the family removed to London, where, with the full consent of his mother, John accepted an invitation to conduct a mission among the white settlers and Indians in the State of Georgia. Charles had intended to remain a tutor at Oxford, but, hearing of his brother's proposed mission, he at once offered to accompany him, and, to this end, was ordained by Dr. Potter.

During the voyage, both John and Charles occupied their time in preparing themselves for the work before them. They were conscientious, earnest young Christians, and very zealous in maintaining the ritual of their beloved Church; yet they failed to reach the people as they hoped to do.

John was given charge of a mission at Savannah; Charles went to the town of Frederica; but their high-church notions greatly displeased the people, who regarded them as Roman Catholics, and they returned to England in disgust.

Experience and the study of numerous books

on Church government, however, considerably modified these early fancies; for, though they always clung to the Church of England with affectionate reverence, they had never been blind to the abuses that had been allowed to creep in by the sanction of the Ecclesiastical Courts, whose authority they refused to accept.

Taking the rubrics as the only Church laws they were obliged to follow, they refused to countenance any customs, not in accordance with them, that were likely to interfere with the spiritual welfare of the people. Though John had striven to make the settlers in Savannah believe in confession, penance, mortification, and baptism by ordained ministers, he had also introduced the simpler form of worship of the Oxford Methodists.

He held meetings for prayer and praise and mutual help in his own dwelling, and on his departure left behind him a society of some twenty to thirty earnest Christians, which grew in numbers till the Episcopal Church of America was an established fact.

CHAPTER II.

“ONLY BELIEVE, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED.”

SHORTLY after his return to England, Wesley began to be troubled about his soul. Though his preaching had great power among the people, he had ever an inward conviction that he had not been born again, that he was not truly saved, that though he had striven hard

he was still only fighting against sin and not free from it.

Just at this time he became acquainted with Peter Böhler, a German missionary on his way to America. The extraordinary *faith* of this man was a source of wonder to the brothers Wesley, both of whom were greatly comforted by him during the sickness that followed their return from Georgia.

Charles was brought to a saving knowledge of his Saviour in the following striking manner. Weary with pain and racked with doubts, he lay anxiously seeking comfort from the Lord. At last he betook himself to prayer, crying with earnestness, "O Jesus, Thou hast said, 'I will come unto you.' Thou hast said, 'I will send the Comforter.' Thou hast said, 'My Father and I will come unto you, and make Our abode with you.' Thou art God, who canst not lie. I wholly rely upon Thy most true promise. Accomplish it in Thy time and manner."

Suddenly, as if in answer to his prayer, he heard the words, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise and believe, and thou shalt be healed of thy infirmities."

His nurse, an earnest Christian woman, had entered the room, and, hearing the imploring cry, had sought to soothe him with the words of her blessed Master. From that time Charles Wesley found himself "at peace with God, and rejoiced in hope of loving Christ."

But John was not yet given that happiness, though Böhler tried hard to show him how easily

he could obtain it. "I could not understand," he said, "how this faith should be given in a moment; how a man could at once be thus turned from darkness to light, from sin and misery to righteousness and joy in the Holy Ghost. I searched the Scriptures again, touching this very thing, particularly the Acts of the Apostles; but, to my utter astonishment, found scarce any instances there of other than instantaneous conversions, scarce any so slow as that of St. Paul, who was three days in the pangs of the new birth."

Still he was not convinced. While admitting that "God wrought in the first ages of Christianity," he asked, "What reason have I to believe He works in the same manner now?" and at last was fain to throw himself on God's mercy with the cry, "Lord, help Thou my unbelief!"

His prayer was heard, and answered in the following manner. On the Wednesday after his brother's conversion, Wesley went, somewhat reluctantly, to a meeting in Aldersgate Street. "About a quarter to nine," he says, "while the speaker was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, in Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away *my sins*, even *mine*, and saved me from the law of sin and death."

Thus ended the long struggle. His trials and temptations were not over, as indeed they never would be, but now he had "put on the whole

armour of Christ," and had overcome them by the power of the Spirit.

Just before leaving Oxford, Wesley had made a new friend in George Whitefield, who, becoming a warm supporter of the Society of Methodists, gave to it the permanent foundation upon which the whole Methodist Church now rests. Whitefield, too, volunteered for missionary service in America, but, remaining there only a few months, returned to London and joined the Wesley brothers in their work of salvation.

Wesley's friendship with Böhler had led him to join for a time the Society of Moravians, at whose meeting he had found grace. These earnest Christians, whose chief articles of religion were faith and prayer, had certain rules for their guidance which seemed good to him, and by which he began to order his own life, though still remaining loyal to the Established Church.

His preaching and doctrines not being found in keeping with the teachings of the Church, he was very soon denied the right to use the pulpits in the London churches. This was at first a great grief to him, but, taking example from his Master, he at length spoke his message to the people in the open air; a practice adopted already by Whitefield with considerable success, and one he had himself been obliged to resort to while in Savannah, for want of a room or meeting-house large enough to contain his hearers.

He was really driven to preaching thus in Bristol, where he was visiting George Whitefield, who was carrying on a very successful mission.

The rooms of the society were very small, and in Kingswood, a village just outside the city, there was no room at all.

The people, rough and ignorant though they were, were really good at heart. They thronged to hear the words of the revivalists, at first from curiosity, but afterwards from a real desire to be led to Christ. The impression made upon them was very evident in their lives, and soon they were not content to meet only in the open air; they must have a proper place of meeting; so, in May 1739, the first stone of the first Methodist Chapel was laid in the city of Bristol.

Profiting by his experiences among the Moravians, Wesley drew up a set of rules for the guidance of the new body. Classes numbering from five to ten persons, one of whom was called the "leader," were formed for the purpose of mutual help; weekly services were arranged; love-feasts instituted; extempore prayer was encouraged; and a strict examination of their hearts and motives was required before any persons were admitted as members.

Every village in the neighbourhood was visited by the ardent evangelist. Enormous gatherings of eager listeners hung on his words; filling churches, or halls, or open spaces, bowing their heads in reverence when he prayed, raising their voices in heart-felt praise when he announced a hymn.

It was truly a wonderful revival. The whole city was roused, and a great deal of criticism excited. Even Wesley was compelled to question

himself. "If you ask on what principle I then acted," he afterwards said, "it was this: a desire to be a Christian, and a conviction that whatever I judge conducive thereto, that I am bound to do; wherever I judge I can best, answer this end, thither it is my duty to go. . . . This is the work which I know God has called me to do; and sure I am that His blessing attends it. . . . His servant I am, and as such am employed according to the plain direction of His word; as I have opportunity, doing good unto all men!"

It was said, among other things, that Wesley was interfering with the congregations of the different Churches, and drawing the people from their own parishes; but, said he, "I look upon all the world as my parish. . . . God commands me, according to my power, to instruct the ignorant, reform the wicked, confirm the virtuous; man forbids me to do this. . . . If it be just to obey God rather than man, judge you."

From this time he never ceased his journeyings from city to city, from county to county; now in England, now in Wales, now in Ireland; wherever work for the Lord was to be done, there John Wesley found his way. Not in the comfortable mode of modern travel, sheltered from storm and stress of weather, whirled from place to place in the space of a few hours; but on horseback, over roads at times so bad he could travel only at a snail's pace, or was obliged to walk and lead his animal; at others, riding fifty miles a day, without proper food or rest,

in an endeavour to reach a certain place at the time appointed. Mobbed, pelted with stones and dirt, besieged in his dwelling, he yet "pressed toward his high calling in Christ Jesus."

With quiet persistence he won over the fiercest of his opponents. Taking his stand on whatever would raise him to a suitable position, he exhorted the people to leave off their evil ways and take heed of their souls. On one occasion, hearing that a man had threatened to stone him, he preached from the text, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." With shame in his face and wonder in his heart, the man quietly dropped the stones he had gathered, and walked humbly away.

Again, when about to hold a service in Tiverton, he was stopped by the mayor, who said to him angrily, "There is the old Church and the new Church; that is one religion. Then there is Parson K's at the Pitt Meeting, and Parson W's in Peter Street—and old Parson T's at the Meeting in Newport Street: four ways of going to heaven already; enough in conscience; and if the people won't go to heaven by one or other of these ways—they shan't go to heaven at all herefrom, while I am mayor of Tiverton!"

At the village of Roughlea, near Colne, he was attacked by a drunken mob, severely handled, and carried before the magistrate, who tried to make him promise not to visit the place again. On being released he was again set upon by the rabble and forced to take refuge in a house

near by. His followers fared little better, and their meeting-houses were, in many instances, utterly destroyed.

Once he managed to get into conversation with a Yorkshire clergyman who had denounced him from the pulpit as a vagabond. He made so good an impression that he was asked to preach a sermon from the pulpit of the Parish Church. Of course Wesley accepted the invitation, and the vicar, when speaking after the service to his clerk, asked if he knew who the preacher was?

"Sir," replied the clerk gravely, "he is the vagabond Wesley against whom you warned us."

"Indeed?" said the astonished parson; "then we have been trapped; but never mind, we have heard a good sermon."

CHAPTER III.

"MAN CONSIDERETH THE DEEDS, BUT GOD
WEIGHETH THE INTENTIONS."

FROM the very beginning of his self-imposed task Wesley realised the need of help; he had hoped the clergy would assist him and his brother, but, fearing connection with men so unpopular with the bishops, they held aloof, and he was compelled to seek the aid of other good men as lay-helpers.

The first of these, Thomas Maxfield, was really asked only to conduct the meeting of Methodists at Moorfields, London, in 1739, but, being carried away by the spirit, he preached such a sermon as

induced Mrs. Wesley to advise her son to take the first opportunity of hearing him.

This he did, with the result that the employment of lay-preachers became one of his most favoured projects. Of course this meant a further transgression of Church law, though Wesley maintained it was only a *variation* of the law.

And this was perhaps a puzzling position for a man who professed to be loyal to the Church. Wesley never hesitated to *vary* the laws if by so doing he could "rescue the perishing," in spite of the fact that he never would entirely break with the churchmen. And that such a man, many such men, indeed, were needed in England at that time, is a fact beyond dispute.

The Churches seemed to be asleep, the people given up to riotous living, until Whitefield and the two Wesleys began their vigorous campaign.

The Moorfields' Society prospered so exceedingly in the work that, in July 1840, Methodist principles were firmly established there, as they had been in Bristol the previous year. But the Londoners at first were no more favourable to Methodism than the people in other parts of the country. Furious mobs gathered round Wesley's house, threatening all sorts of violence. Yet he met them boldly. Walking calmly into the midst of the crowd, he reminded the people that they could not flee from the face of the great God, and should all join with him in crying aloud for mercy.

Carried away completely by the fervour of his words, they listened reverently while he made an impassioned appeal to the Lord to save them from



John Wesley
1703-1791

John Wesley

their sins ; then, opening out, they allowed him to enter the house unmolested.

Wesley's idea of using lay-preachers when and wherever possible was one of the chief causes of the spread of Methodism, and a step he never had reason to regret. "I know no Scripture which forbids making use of such help in a case of such necessity," he remarked in defence of the practice, "and I praise God who has given even this help to these poor sheep when their own shepherds pitied them not."

The selection and preparation of these men was a matter of grave consideration to Wesley. "Be diligent," he advised them ; "never be idle for a moment. Read the Bible, and any other good books you can get, regularly and constantly." He felt more sure of the success of such men among the poorer classes whom he hoped to reach, because they would use only those words that would be readily understood.

He had once learned a lesson on this point from a poor servant-girl. A sermon from which he had hoped great things produced no effect on his hearers, though he preached it in two different styles. At a loss to account for the failure, he determined to try it once again in the very simplest language he could use, and, in order to do this, he read it over to the girl, who stopped him every time she failed to understand his meaning, when he altered the phrases until she did. It was rather tedious work, but he was amply repaid, as, on preaching the sermon the third time, it was a complete success.

Education in those days was not so general as it is now, and Wesley was astounded at the ignorance of words among persons of all classes, and his wonderful power over them in the end was no doubt largely owing to the simplicity of the language he afterwards used.

Any homely story that would illustrate his point, any practical suggestion that would be of use to his hearers, any sentence, however startling, that would rouse them to a sense of the peril of their position, Wesley never hesitated to use.

Wherever sin was, there he went boldly ; wherever comfort for the soul was desired, and need for rescue was found, Wesley endeavoured to supply them. He was frequently seen earnestly exhorting the people at four and five o'clock in the morning. In the prisons he became a welcome guest ; the houses of his followers were placed at his disposal ; and, in the end, even pulpits were offered where once they had been refused. Persons of all creeds sought his advice, and were greatly helped and cheered by it.

"It is true," he once said, "the love of God in Christ alone feeds His children ; but even they are to be guided as well as fed, yea, and often physicked too."

This matter of guidance was of very great importance in Wesley's opinion. He held it was necessary that God's laws should be taught first ; how to keep them, next ; and afterwards assistance should be given to the weak and stumbling. Such a course of conduct was so new, such effort to

help them so utterly foreign, that it is not surprising people failed to understand it.

Clergymen there were, and ever had been, who were very zealous and earnest and true to their profession ; but they were so few and far between in those old days, it is no wonder they were rarely heard of outside their own particular sphere. *Order and decency* seemed to be matters of far more import to churchmen than the saving of souls. As long as people attended service regularly, and conducted themselves, to all appearances, decently and respectably, what need was there for further effort ?

Surely this man Wesley and his enthusiastic Methodists must be crazy to go stumping the country, stirring up broils and riots, enduring blows and curses and peril of life, all to bring salvation to persons who would have none of it !

Yet it was this very "stumping of the country" that opened the evangelist's eyes to the terrible amount of sin existing, and to the very obvious need of reform.

To this end he resolved, to labour in spite of all opposition. Firm in the conviction that the "Word would not return unto Him void," he endeavoured to reach the hearts of his hearers by such searching questions as : "Which of you will give yourself, soul and body, to God?" "Sir, are you a sinner?" "Why will you be damned?" Then, in tones of tender pity he showed them how to obtain forgiveness and salvation, so that, when he had finished, "many were in tears, and many others were filled with joy unspeakable."

Once, the Spirit so worked within him at a revival in the Potteries, that his words induced from fifteen to twenty of the most abandoned sinners to cry aloud for mercy day after day. It was a glorious work and gloriously blessed.

Societies were formed in all the large towns of England, Ireland, and Wales; those already established increased rapidly, persecution ceased, and blessing took the place of cursing. Methodism was firmly established and grew by leaps and bounds. To-day it stands second to the Anglican Church, in point of numbers, among the Protestant Sects of Christianity.

The work that Wesley did in America, as has been seen, also grew and flourished, to the annoyance of many ministers of other sects. Recognising that a new body was rapidly coming into being, to the peril of their own interests, these men refused to baptise the children of, or to admit to the Lord's Supper, any persons who professed themselves followers of Wesley.

This so weighed upon him that he took a further step in defiance of ecclesiastical law by ordaining certain ministers himself, in order that this wrong should be at once righted.

The American Methodists, however, moved much faster and assumed many more dignities than Wesley approved. Because they adhered to the liturgy, the discipline, and the articles of the Anglican Church, they called themselves the Episcopal Church of America, and their highest dignitaries *bishops*, whereas Wesley was content with the humbler names of Methodist and superintendents.

“I study to be *little*,” he said, in writing to the first American Methodist bishop, “you study to be *great*: I *creep*; you *strut* along: I found a *school*; you a *college*; nay, and call it after your own names. Oh, beware! Do not seek to be something! Let me be nothing, and Christ all in all. One instance of this, your greatness, has given me great concern. How can you—how dare you—suffer yourself to be called *Bishop*? . . . For my sake, for God’s sake, for Christ’s sake, put a full stop to this.”

But though Wesley knew the thoughts of his heart and the motives prompting his various transgressions of Church rule, others, of course, did not, and he was blamed by many who otherwise esteemed him as a man and valued his work as a minister. They even went so far as to suggest that he should declare himself a seceder from the Church, and the founder of a new sect. “But,” he said, in speaking of this at the Conference of Methodists held in Dublin in 1778, “after a full discussion of the point, we all remained firm in our judgment—that it is not our duty to leave the Church, wherein God has blessed us, and does bless us still.”

And this was the conviction to which he had given voice many years before, when those who followed his teachings were but a little band, groping their way through a maze of rites and ceremonies and doctrines in an earnest endeavour to discover a clearer pathway to heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

“LOVE ALL FOR JESUS, BUT JESUS FOR HIMSELF.”

WESLEY'S rules for the guidance of the members of his societies were very simple.

They were fully explained to all persons seeking membership, and any member not keeping them rigidly was expelled as a backslider. The chief cause of this backsliding was the yielding to temptation to drink.

On the subject of drink he felt very strongly. He attributed the scarcity and dearness of bread to the quantity of grain used by the distiller in making what he considered “a bane of health, a destroyer of strength, of life, of virtue.”

His rules on the subject of drink, then, it may be supposed, would need to be rigidly kept. No preacher must for any reason touch drink, and members only when ordered to do so in cases of illness ; while the buying and selling of spirituous liquors was strongly condemned.

Writing on nervous ailments, equally common in those days as now, he boldly asserted that one of the causes inducing them was the use of spirits. “It is amazing,” he said, “that the preparing or selling this poison should be permitted, I will not say in any Christian country, but in any civilised state.” In reply to the argument that it added to the prosperity of the country by increasing the revenue, he said, “Does not the strength of every country consist in the number of its inhabitants?

If so, the lessening their numbers is a loss which no money can compensate. So that it is an inexcusable ill-husbandry to give the lives of useful men for any sum of money whatever."

And as his "mind was set seriously to learn, know, and hence to do, what might be of public good," he carried on, by means of his class leaders and preachers, a stern war against what he called "dram drinking."

Contrary to the ordinary practice of the clergy of those days, Wesley believed in doing himself what he exhorted others to do, and for this reason became an abstainer from wine, spirits, snuff, and even tea. He regarded self-denial as a means of subduing the flesh to the will of God.

"Our duty," he argued, "is to deny ourselves any pleasure which does not spring from, and lead to, God: that is, in effect, to refuse going out of our way, though it may be into a pleasant, flowery path; to refuse what we know to be deadly poison, though agreeable to the taste."

This spirit of self-denial, begun in the early Oxford days, when he lived on £28 a year in order that the poor might benefit by every addition to his income, was maintained throughout his life. He ceased to give only when he had nothing left to give, and any honourable means of adding to his power of giving was welcomed eagerly.

Wesley had always refused to be photographed, saying it would seem an act of vanity on his part; but one day, on calling to see Culy, the

well-known sculptor, on business, he was trapped into allowing a bust of himself to be taken.

Knowing his pockets were often empty, and that his chief grief on these occasions was his inability to help any distressful case brought to his notice, Culy asked if he would like to earn ten guineas in ten minutes, with an additional guinea for every additional minute.

"What," said Wesley, "do I understand you aright—that you will give me ten guineas for having my picture taken? Well, I agree to it."

The likeness was taken, and Wesley left the studio with the ten guineas in his pocket. They did not stay there long, however, for shortly afterwards, when crossing Westminster Bridge, he met a woman and several children crying bitterly. Without hesitation he stopped and asked the cause of their trouble.

"Sir," replied the poor woman, "my husband owed some money he was unable to pay, and the creditors, having sold all our goods and finding themselves still eighteen shillings short, have dragged him away to prison, where he must remain until the money is paid."

"Take this," said Wesley, thrusting a guinea into her hand, "and pay off the debt at once."

The poor family went on their way rejoicing, and Wesley, meeting a friend, asked him how he could best dispose of the remaining guineas.

"There are several debtors in Giltspur Street prison, who would no doubt be glad of help," replied his friend; so to the prison they at once proceeded.

On being admitted they entered a room, in which they found a wretched-looking man, who had been imprisoned for months for a debt of half a sovereign, ravenously devouring potato-peelings. Wesley paid his debt and released him, and the man, thoughtful for the sorrows of others as well as grateful for the kindness to himself, asked his visitors to go upstairs, where, if it was not too late, they would be able to help some persons in deep distress.

Wesley and his friend proceeded in the direction indicated. Their horror at the sight which met their gaze can be better imagined than described. In a corner lay a young woman dying of consumption; by her side lay a dead baby; and sitting at a little distance from them was a man, so emaciated by starvation as to be hardly more than a skeleton.

Wesley immediately sent for a doctor; but it was too late to do any good for the poor woman, who died in a few hours from exhaustion following starvation. Theirs was a pitiful story. The man, once a successful trader, had, by a bad speculation, been unable to pay an account that fell due, and he was therefore imprisoned.

His wife, young, beautiful, and accomplished, having insisted on sharing his imprisonment, had been able to earn sufficient for their needs by giving lessons. After the birth of her child, however, she was prevented by illness from continuing her work, and this resulted in the present sad state of affairs.

The eight guineas and many more were spent before the man was sufficiently recovered to make these facts known. On hearing the exact state of affairs, Wesley went to the hard-hearted creditor to implore him to release the merchant. To this he would not agree until he was paid.

Wesley next went to other creditors, and, by narrating the sad story, prevailed upon them to raise the sum of £250 and set the man free. This was very willingly done, and a sum given him for starting life once more. In less than two years he repaid the sums advanced, and in time not only paid his debts in full, but became rich and prosperous.

As a thank-offering to God in raising up friends for him in his need, he afterwards established a fund for the benefit of men owing small sums of money, and, as "the judgments of the Lord are right," the first person to benefit by it was his own hard-hearted creditor.

Wesley's spirit of self-sacrifice was nowhere more clearly seen than in the long and arduous journeys he took in pursuit of his mission, during which he travelled two hundred and fifty thousand miles on horseback, or in a coach, or on foot, in all kinds of weather, and preached from forty to fifty thousand sermons.

He warmly advocated the building of healthy and sanitary homes for the labouring classes, and the abolition of the burial of the dead in places of worship; he denounced the slave trade in scathing words, speaking of it in a letter to Wilberforce, not many days before his death, as "that execrable

villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature."

The work of John Howard, the prison reformer, Wesley regarded with great favour, and the general improvement of the people was a matter of grave concern to him. He believed the Sunday School Movement could be a good means of winning souls to God; he wrote tracts, books, and papers on subjects of common interest, and published them at prices within the reach of all. His class leaders and ministers were asked to do everything in their power toward cultivating the minds of the members of their societies, and his school at Kingswood, near Bristol, was managed by men of intelligence and special ability.

Indeed, regarded from all points of view, John Wesley was a reformer in the highest and noblest sense. His teachings were based upon the theology of the plain old Church of England, and are to be found set forth in simple language in his volumes of "Sermons," and "Notes on the New Testament."

In the preface to the latter he says, "Nothing here appears in an elaborate, elegant, or oratorical dress. If it had been my desire or design to write thus, my leisure would not permit. I desire plain truth for plain people."

In his early days, Wesley showed a bent for poetry which survives now in many beautiful hymns. His brother Charles, too, has left a rich legacy of such mementoes, some of which were great favourites with John, especially during the closing years of his life.

On 22nd February 1791, he preached his last sermon in the City Road Chapel, and during several more days continued his labours, though his strength was fast failing. Friends gathered round him, speaking words of comfort and being comforted in return, until, on Wednesday, 2nd March 1791, with a kindly word of "Farewell," he set out on his last journey — a journey whose end, unlike that of so many of his earlier ones, was *Peace* and *Welcome*.

A week later, he was buried in the ground adjoining the City Road Chapel, at five o'clock in the morning; but, despite the early hour, hundreds of persons had assembled, and to each was given a biscuit, inclosed in an envelope bearing a photograph of their beloved teacher.

Gifted with great mental power, a thorough master of the classics, a logician of no mean order, a born ruler and reformer, John Wesley might have risen to worldly eminence among his fellows; he preferred instead to use his talents in his Master's service, in his Master's way. He sought the wayward, the sinful, the lost, and compelled them to come in. He loved "all for Jesus, but Jesus for Himself." Oh, that we, following so good an example, might be led to do the same!

LORD SHAFTESBURY,
THE CHILDREN'S EARL; THE WORKING-
MAN'S FRIEND.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY GRIEFS AND HOPES.

WHEN Antony Ashley Cooper was born in Grosvenor Square, London, on the 28th April, 1801, there were the usual rejoicings; but before he had grown past babyhood the calls of fashionable life caused his mother, a daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough, to forget, to some extent, her little son who was left, as were his sisters after him, to the care of servants. These neglected them so sorely that, unlike most children of rich parents, they often knew what it was to be both cold and hungry.

In those old days there were few happy romps in the nursery, or tender embraces, or sweet confidences between parent and child, even where other circumstances were all that could be desired; but in the family of which we are reading there was nothing to render childhood more than just bearable. One person only, in the whole household, showed any interest in the serious little Antony. This was a servant his mother had brought from her girlhood's home to be house-keeper in that of her husband's.

Maria Millis loved the little boy from the first. The quiet, thoughtful child grew into her heart. She taught him to lisp his earliest prayer, and

told him the story of Jesus in such simple yet striking language that he never wearied of hearing it. All that was bright and beautiful in his young life was associated with Maria. To her he told his hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows; and from her alone he received that loving sympathy and tender care that help so much toward making the life of a child happy.

Yet even this comfort was soon denied him, for the kind-hearted woman was called Home when Antony was but seven years old. He never forgot her, however, and one of his most valued possessions was the gold watch she left to him in her will. Throughout his long life he wore no other, and often showed it with great pride to people, remarking, "That was given me by the best friend I ever had in the world."

The death of Maria, the only grown-up person he really loved, was his first great grief. He mourned over it in secret for a long time; but, even in childhood, Antony had a firm belief that God knew best, so, comforting himself with this thought, he at last became resigned to his loss.

The prayer she had taught him he continued to use through life. He often spoke of it as the very best prayer he knew, and his last days were sometimes troubled by the thought that he had never written it down for the use of others.

His father became the sixth Earl of Shaftesbury in the year 1811, and Antony was afterwards known as the young Lord Ashley. The earl was a busy man, much engrossed by public duties, and no doubt thought he had done wisely when

he sent his son to the Manor House School, Chiswick. Had he taken the trouble to inquire, however, he would have discovered that the child's life during the five years of his residence there was one long terror. •

Bullied by the older boys, half starved and neglected, young Ashley had no one to rescue him from his misery. Even in his old age he could not forget those terrible days. "The memory of that place makes me shudder," he remarked. "It is repulsive to me even now. I think there never was such a wicked school before or since. The place was bad, wicked, filthy; and the treatment was starvation and cruelty."

No wonder his face wore a sad, sombre look; no wonder he retired more and more within himself; no wonder he drew nearer and nearer to that heavenly Father whom Maria had taught him to love. These early trials were hard to bear; but in the end they worked good to thousands and thousands of children, who found in Lord Ashley all they had missed in life—pity, love, devotion, never-ceasing effort for their welfare.

At twelve years of age he was removed from Chiswick and sent to Harrow, where brighter days were in store for him. Four years of comparative happiness passed, and then, after two more with a clergyman in Derbyshire, he went up to Oxford, where his career was marked by great resolution and dogged pertinacity.

All that he took in hand he did as well as he was able to do, and nothing could prevent him following up a subject once he had decided to master it.

Thus it was that the neglect of his early education was more than made up for by his own determined efforts, and, in 1822, he brought his university career to a close by taking honours.

An incident that occurred during his residence at Harrow made a lasting impression on the thoughtful boy. Walking one day along one of the country roads, he was horrified to see several drunken men carrying a roughly-made coffin in which was the body of a man. Occasionally they let their burden fall with a crash, while all the time they sang coarse, ribald songs.

"Good heavens!" cried the lad, "can this be permitted simply because the man is poor and friendless?" and then and there he resolved to make the cause of the poor his own. During the years immediately after his leaving Oxford, he frequently took himself to task for not making some effort toward carrying out his early desire to help the poor and the neglected. Still, he felt, if the time had come to begin, God, who knew his heart, would have called him; so he wisely decided to wait yet a little longer.

About this time he entered Parliament as member for Woodstock, his grandfather's place in Oxfordshire. This seemed to him a necessary beginning if the work he hoped to do for the poor was to be of any real use; but his early days in the House were largely overshadowed by sensitiveness and self-depreciation.

His motto was, "Do right, whatever may come of it"; and the whole ambition of his life was to use his rank, his wealth, his position in Parliament,



Photo. by Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

CW Lord Shaftesbury's Monument, Westminster Abbey.

for the benefit of his suffering fellow-creatures ; to improve not only their minds, but to better the conditions under which they lived ; to go among them and to see for himself their misery and squalor ; to help them by kindly persuasion, loving interest, and generosity, to reach something like decent comfort ; and to tell them of that heavenly Father who would surely aid them in every effort they made for good if they would but ask Him.

CHAPTER II.

CHILD MISERY IN FACTORIES.

AS a boy, Lord Ashley had been an ardent admirer of the Duke of Wellington ; now he knew him personally his admiration ripened into a strong friendship, which soon became mutual. In the duke, the thoughtful young statesman saw a good and capable man, and when he was chosen Premier of England, Lord Ashley had no hesitation in accepting office under him.

For two years he was Commissioner of the India Board of Control, a post that enabled him to learn more than he already knew of that vast country, its people, their mode of life and means of living ; and, true to his great ambition, he used this knowledge for their future benefit.

His early dreams of helping the poor of his own country, too, now began to be realised. All the time he could spare from his public duties was devoted to this work. By visiting them in their

wretched homes he discovered their troubles, the causes leading to them, and the means of remedying them. What he failed to see himself at first was suggested to him by the kindly lady whom he had married, Emily, daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper.

The work into which he threw himself heart and soul was many sided, but perhaps the grand effort of his life was the long struggle he made for the good of the workers—men, women, and children—in the factories and mines and collieries of our great industrial centres.

The visions he had indulged in during his early years of one day becoming famous, either as author or philosopher, were soon forgotten in the appalling amount of human misery with which he now became familiar.

His first interest in the Factory question was roused in the year 1833, when what was known as the *Apprentice System* was responsible for a truly terrible state of misery among thousands of poor children in our so-called Christian land.

The introduction of machinery into the factories and mills of Lancashire and Yorkshire did away, to a large extent, with adult labour. The machines were so easy to manage that little hands could do the work quite well. There was, in consequence, a great demand for child workers, and to supply this, numbers of orphans were sent from the workhouses of London and other cities, to be bound apprentice to the owners of the mills for a long number of years.

Packed, like so many cattle, in wagons, they

were sent on a long journey occupying several days without any provision for their comfort, or protection from the weather. On reaching their destination, they were taken to the 'Prentice House, checked off like so much merchandise, and passed into the mills.

Sometimes the small apprentice was but five years old, and so tiny as to need lifting on to a high stool or chair in order to reach the machine. But age did not count so long as the little fingers were nimble, and the strength in the little body fairly good for a start; and from the moment of beginning work, there was no time for anything else, day after day, until the age of twenty-one was reached.

Sleeping, when allowed to leave the machine-rooms, in filthy beds reeking with oil, working in hot, airless apartments filled with dust and flue from the yarn, fed on black bread, coarse porridge, and occasionally a little rancid bacon by way of a treat, their hands never idle save for the short time allowed for dinner, the poor children worked from early morning till late at night, and sometimes, in busy seasons, to the lasting shame of all concerned, even continuing throughout the night.

Is it surprising that the weary mites often fell forward on the machines, receiving such injuries as rendered them cripples for life; or, sinking in sheer exhaustion to the ground, lay there till the overseer, keen of eye and hard of heart, roused them with kicks and blows?

They never saw the sun except when it happened to shine on the Sabbath; they were never bathed

or washed from one week's end to the other ; the name of Jesus was unknown to them ; and no one thought it worth while to teach them anything but how to earn money for their masters. .

They were just little beasts of burden. If they fell out of the race from neglect, want of proper nourishment, close air, or overwork, as many thousands did, they were hastily put into roughly-made coffins and graves, and their places quickly filled. If they managed to escape from their martyrdom, large rewards were offered for their capture ; if they were disabled by accident, a sum of money sufficient to starve on was allowed them ; and if they contrived to reach maturity, they found they had been duped by their employers into thinking they had learned a trade when they had only been taught to run machines †

Sir Robert Peel had taken up their cause many years before, but, though he got an Act passed compelling the employers to provide for the proper feeding, clothing, and instruction of the children, as well as a twelve hours' limit to their work, and proper inspection by authorised visitors, the little workers were hardly any better off.

The owners, to relieve themselves of this burden, erected new mills in the most populous districts, and, by promising good food, plenty of money, and a trade, induced many children to *volunteer* their services, or their parents to do so for them. And even these *volunteer* workers were deceived ; they were no better off than the apprentices except that they went home at night.

Sir Robert, himself a manufacturer of cotton

goods and a large employer of labour, but a man whose humanity was not crushed by self-interest, in no way daunted by this new move, next got an Act passed to exclude all children under nine years of age from working in factories, and to provide that none under sixteen should be allowed to work more than twelve hours a day.

He was largely aided in these efforts by Mr. Nathaniel Gould, and the self-same conditions being found to exist in all mills where textile fabrics were made, Mr. Sadler, and other good men, joined in the work of emancipation for the little slaves.

It was at this time that Lord Ashley, with the full consent of his wife, to whom he pointed out how little leisure he would have at home, threw himself heartily into the good cause. Mr. Sadler was trying to get another Act passed for the factory hands, and Lord Ashley publicly declared his intention of helping him to carry it through. As long as God gave him health and a sound mind, no efforts, he said "should be wanting on his part to establish its success."

The Bill, as it stood, was not passed, but certain concessions were made that, if observed, would render life a little more tolerable to the children. But this was not the intention of the owners. By various means they managed to evade the law, and, discovering this, Lord Ashley avowed his determination to obtain justice for the children of the empire.

His character for steady persistence in anything he undertook was beginning to make itself known

in the House. By a certain section of his fellow-members he was regarded as a faddist, one likely to be led astray by sentiment; but Lord Ashley, strong in his sense of justice and right, heeding neither open sneers nor innuendo, steadily and untiringly pursued his object.

At length an Act was passed making it unlawful for a child to work in more than one factory or mill on the same day, or more than fifty-eight hours a week. It also ensured that no age certificates should be falsified, and that every child should receive two hours' schooling each day.

The passing of this Act, including as it did what was known as the *Ten Hours' Movement*, gave the children's friend keen satisfaction.

"Let no one ever despair of a good cause for want of coadjutors," he said. "Let him persevere, persevere, persevere, and God will raise him up friends and assistants! What man ever lost in the long run by seeking God's honour?"

CHAPTER III.

MORE CHILD MISERY.

"**W**HERE ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Even so; but in many instances ignorance, due to a desire *not to know* lest we should be called upon to exert ourselves or to put our hands into our pockets for the benefit of others, is a crime.

Feeling this, Lord Ashley determined to save the British people from such crime by calling attention in plain, unvarnished statements, for whose truth he vouched, to the appalling amount of neglect and suffering, existing among child workers in all trades throughout the kingdom.

The mill children, wretched as they were, had by no means a monopoly of suffering. There were thousands more little white slaves engaged in the mines and pits, in the making of pins, needles, pottery, lace, hosiery; in the printing of calico, and the manufacture of tobacco; while the sufferings of the *climbing boys*, or chimney-sweeps, were distressing beyond measure.

On 4th August 1840, Lord Ashley moved, "That an humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying that her Majesty will be graciously pleased to direct an inquiry into the employment of the children of the poorer classes in Mines, Collieries, etc."

The petition was granted and a committee appointed, of whom Lord Ashley formed one.

"The first step towards a cure is a knowledge of the disorder," he said; so, wherever children were employed, he went, making searching inquiries and many notes.

The sad plight of the little chimney-sweeps had long been known to a few earnest workers, among whom we find the names of Jonas Hanway, Robert Raikes—the founder of Sunday schools—Sir Thomas Baring, William Wilberforce, Stephen Lushington, Jowett, Low, and others, all of whom had done their best to aid the poor

children, but it remained to Lord Ashley to bring their efforts to a successful issue.

A brief glance at the conditions under which they worked will abundantly prove the need for their immediate alteration, though this was rather much to expect at that time.

Hundreds of children, babies, one might say, from four and a half to eight years of age—as long as their little bodies were not too big to pass through the narrow vents then in use—were sent naked up the flues to cleanse them of soot. To render their skin tough and less likely to graze, their bodies were rubbed with brine before hot fires. This choked the pores, and induced a painful disease called “sooty cancer,” from which sooner or later scores of the poor mites died.

If they were too timid to make a bold start on their repulsive task, they were forced on with cruel blows; if they turned faint from weariness or foul air, or got stuck in the flues, a lighted straw was applied to the soles of their feet; if this failed to bring them round, or to move them, they were hauled out by measures so brutal that they were killed in the process.

Often when their work was done they were so utterly spent that they fell exhausted on the heaps of soot, and no one thought it worth while to move them, or even to shield their wretched bodies from the cold of the long nights by throwing a covering over them.

There was no redress, for they were either the property of their masters, to whom they had been sold by their wicked parents, or apprentices of whom

the Poor Law Guardians, once having disposed of them, took no further care. Unloved, untaught, and ill-used, they filled Lord Ashley's kind heart with the tenderest pity and indignation.

Though a comparatively poor man, he spared no expense in trying to right this wrong. Finding his appeals to the masters of no avail, he prosecuted a few to test their right to the children. Some of the small sufferers he rescued, and provided for their future.

"It is God's cause; I commit it altogether to Him," is an entry made in his diary at this time; and for twenty-four years he doggedly worked at this one cause alone, being amply rewarded in the end by the passing of the *Chimney-Sweepers' Regulation Act*.

1st November 1840, was called "The Chimney-Sweepers' Emancipation Day," for on and after that date any master chimney-sweeper who employed an assistant under sixteen years of age, was liable to be imprisoned with hard labour without option of a fine. This was good as far as it went, but it was not until ten years later that all the evils were really done away with.

The troubles of the young workers in our mines and pits were hardly less terrible; indeed, that such things could be in *Christian* England was matter for the gravest thought.

The sufferings of these children, when brought to light, could scarcely be believed, and would probably have been regarded as imaginary had the witnesses to the facts not been men above reproach.

The children began work, often when not more than five years old, as trappers. Their duty was to open and shut the traps, or doors, placed in the passages to prevent bad air getting into those parts of the pits where people are at work.

Close to these doors they must keep, through all the long, weary hours, alert and ready to open for the passing of the laden wagons, and to close again immediately. Woe betide any poor child caught napping from sheer weariness, for a wagon must not be missed or the strap was felt.

Alone in the pitchy darkness, terrified by the numbers of rats and mice and beetles and other loathsome creatures, by which the pits were infested, with nothing but a small portion of coarse food with which to stave off the pangs of hunger, these mites sat from twelve to fourteen hours each day, with the result that in a few years many became hopeless imbeciles.

As they grew older they were put to harder tasks. Boys and girls, clad alike in smock and tattered trousers, carried loads of coals, weighing half a hundredweight; strapped to their foreheads, and kept in position on their backs by a bending forward of their bodies, up steps or ladders as high as St. Paul's Cathedral. This journey was done fourteen times each day, the children moving one before the other with the regularity of links in a huge, revolving chain. One false step meant disaster to those below, who were often injured badly or killed outright.

Another fearful task was the drawing of small

wagons through tunnels or shafts, whose roofs were so low that the children's backs were often grazed terribly, while their knees were in a chronic state of soreness. They were harnessed to these wagons by straps passed between the legs, and fastened, the one to the wagon, the other to a belt round the waist of the worker.

Not only were children set to this awful work; women of all ages, married and single, wearing only trousers, shared in it, as they did in the loading of the wagons.

Like the mill-slaves, they were without teaching of any kind, and, being in the pits all the hours of daylight, they, too, saw the sun only on the Sabbath day. No joy ever entered into their lives; their whole existence consisted of working and sleeping, and feeding on coarse food bought on what was known as the *Truck System*, by which they were forced to take their wages in the form of goods supplied much above market price by certain traders in the neighbourhood.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HELPING HAND.

ARMED with such facts as these, Lord Ashley repaired to the House of Commons to make his First Report. Taking his stand beside the table he faced his hearers unflinchingly, for, flashing through his mind came the words, "Only be strong, and of a good courage." From that

moment, he afterwards said, he was as easy as if sitting in an arm-chair.

Every eye was turned toward him, every ear alert, as, in vivid word-pictures, he poured forth the tale of woe. One member was so touched that he hurriedly left the House lest his tears might be noticed, while many, when the speaker had finished, crowded round to grasp his hand and to thank him heartily for his interest in so just a cause.

The Prince Consort wrote warmly congratulating Lord Ashley upon his speech. "God's blessing will rest with you," he said, "and support you in your arduous but glorious task."

And God's blessing did rest upon it, for, as the great-hearted philanthropist had written in his diary, these children were "as we ourselves, created by the same Maker, redeemed by the same Saviour, and destined to the same immortality."

The Bill ultimately passed, and better conditions were secured for the little pit workers. Their hours of labour were shortened, an age limit was fixed, and provision was made for their education and religious instruction.

Occupied as Lord Ashley was by the sorrows of the little workers, he longed to be still further occupied in helping to free all children alike from their burden of ignorance and suffering. Seeing an appeal for help and funds toward the support of a ragged school at Saffron Hill, founded by a city missionary named Morrison, Mr. S. R. Starey, a solicitor's clerk, and two small tradesmen named Moulton and Locke, he said, "I never read an advertisement with keener pleasure. . . . I could

not regard it as other than a direct answer to my frequent prayer."

He replied at once, offering personal help and money, and followed this letter up by visiting the school.

It was situated in Field Land, one of the most notoriously bad spots in the whole of the city. If ever sound moral teaching was needed anywhere, it was needed there; if ever the kindly, loving hand of a trusty friend was needed, it was needed there, in "Jack Ketch's Warren," as it was commonly called, from the fact that the district supplied more work for the hangman than any other part of London.

Lord Ashley devoted all the time he could possibly spare to this new interest, and henceforward became the leader and champion of the movement which later developed into the well-known Ragged School Union. Among the public men associated with him in this work were Robert Southey, Bishop Heber, Charles Dickens, Lord Palmerston, and Dr. Arnold.

Throughout the whole of his long life Lord Ashley was a deeply religious man. He held rigid views as to the training of children in Bible knowledge, views which he practised in the rearing of his own numerous family, views which he sought to practise in the Sabbath and day schools in which he now became an active worker.

In his home he was a loving father and devoted husband; in his schools a tender-hearted, pitying teacher; in the slums and alleys of the great city

he was the friend of the working-man ; in the dismal cellar or the wretched garret of the sick and helpless he was the generous helper and comforter. No man ever more truly lived his religion than 'did Lord Ashley.

Many people were amazed at the amount of work he got through, but "Where there's a will there's a way!" was as true then as now, and as the years passed each became fuller and more crowded than the last.

He found no time for holiday or rest, except occasionally to take his wife for a visit to the Continent or some other favourite place of resort ; but he always found time to tour the country, to make house-to-house visits, and to plan schemes for brightening the lives of, and providing better dwellings for, the labouring classes.

At night, when his parliamentary duties permitted, he addressed meetings for working-men and others, taught in the evening schools, went in search of the homeless waifs and brought them in to a good meal and a warm bed. His kind heart led him to grasp the grimy hand of the toiler as brother that of brother ; he yearned to speak to every child he met ; his goodness shone from his eyes, rang in his voice, prompted the tactful word of advice to the one, the cheery, loving word to the other. He counted no day well spent unless some life had been rendered a trifle happier by his aid.

His untiring efforts for the factory children made life so much easier and happier for all *that the working men declared they would rather*

lose their last shilling than go back to the bad old system.

About this time it was proposed to make him Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in order to get rid of him and his schemes, but he felt obliged to decline the honour. He had determined to get a *Ten Hours' Bill* passed for the good of the men workers, in spite of the opposition of Sir James Graham, then Home Secretary, and the influence brought to bear against it by the masters.

"We ask," he said, in a stirring and powerful speech—"we ask but a slight relaxation of toil, a time to live, and a time to die; a time for those comforts that sweeten life, and a time for those duties that adorn it; and, therefore, with a fervent prayer to Almighty God that it may please Him to turn the hearts of all who hear me to thoughts of justice and of mercy, I now finally commit the issue to the judgment and humanity of Parliament."

The Bill was not passed; but the press, and several well-known men took up the cause with great warmth; while others, notably John Bright, not only opposed the Bill, but went so far as to doubt the truth of the statements made.

Lord Ashley, justly indignant, demanded a full explanation of the insinuations. "I am alone," he said, "but I commit all to God, Who will maintain His own work."

John Bright afterwards apologised for the words he had used, as, on examination, every statement made was found absolutely correct.

Hitherto, Lord Ashley had been a warm

supporter of Protection, but his genuine desire for the welfare of the working classes led him to change his views, and, being thoroughly straightforward in all his dealings, he felt his electors should know that he now favoured Free Trade. For this reason he resigned his seat, leaving Mr. Fielden to take up the *Ten Hours' Bill*. It was passed in 1847, and even the most active opponents of the measure were obliged to admit that the benefits to the people were well worth the fourteen years of hard work Lord Ashley had devoted to it.

At a meeting of the British Association in Manchester, Professor Newmarch said it "had bound the people of Lancashire together, had done away with the growing discontent of the operatives, had placed the prosperity of the district on a good basis, and that the resulting order, education, and contentment of the people, were a security against foreign competition, a guarantee of power, and a fund of undivided profits."

The Act provided that all machinery should be fenced; that children and young persons must not clean it while in motion; continuous employment must be limited to a certain number of hours specified for each trade; children *must* attend school, and the employer must have a weekly certificate to that effect.

It also provided that surgeons and others must be appointed to see that these clauses were observed; all accidents must be reported to the proper authorities; certain holidays must be allowed; all workers, either at home or in

workshops, must be properly supervised, and all such workshops suitably ventilated.

There were also certain clauses included, ensuring greater protection to sailors at sea.

Though Lord Ashley was out of the House for a little time, he worked hard to aid Mr. Fielden's efforts, and the passing of the Bill filled him with intense happiness.

"God in His mercy prosper the work," he wrote, "and grant that these operatives may receive the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord! Praised be the Lord, praised be the Lord, in Christ Jesus!"

Finding that the employers soon discovered ways of evading the new Act, Lord Ashley re-entered Parliament as member for Bath, with the fixed determination of outwitting them. It was not until the year 1878, however, that his work was crowned with success. During the forty-nine years he laboured in this cause, forty-five different Acts were passed, all of which were at last summed up in what has been proved an efficient and beneficial *Ten Hours' Bill*.

It was a great triumph—a triumph on which Lord Ashley was congratulated by members of both Houses, as well as by many well-known public men of the time, and it won for him the lasting gratitude and affection of the people who particularly benefited by it.

CHAPTER V.

CARE OF THE INSANE, AND NATIONAL EDUCATION.

IN June 1851, Lord Ashley succeeded his father as seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, a position that brought him new and grave responsibilities, but little financial benefit.

St. Giles, the family seat, is situated near Wimborne, Dorsetshire. For many years it had been sadly neglected. The new earl decided to alter this. Though the estate was heavily in debt, he hoped by judicious management to carry out certain schemes for its improvement. The whole management of these was left to a steward, as Lord Shaftesbury found it too expensive to reside at St. Giles. Many years later, he discovered that this man had been systematically defrauding him the whole time.

Almost from the beginning of his career Lord Shaftesbury, as we must now call him, had taken an interest in the question of better conditions of life for the insane. These unfortunate people were often chained to the walls of dark cells, with only a little dirty straw upon which to rest their weary bodies. Their outbreaks of insanity were subdued by the most cruel devices ; their obstinacy was broken by brutal violence.

The *rotatory chair*, in which patients were placed and whirled round and round at a frightful speed ; the *trap-door* ; which suddenly gave way beneath the weight of a passing unfortunate,

precipitating the poor creature into a bath of ice-cold water; the *iron bars*, to which both men and women were fastened and flogged; the *iron cages*, in which they were confined for long periods, were instruments in constant use; while it was a common custom to leave the hapless patients alone from Saturday afternoon till Monday, chained to their beds, with nothing within reach but a little bread and water.

The kind-hearted philanthropist, having visited the asylums and assured himself of the true state of affairs, resolved, with God's help, never to rest until the wrongs of these helpless sufferers had been righted.

A Commission in Lunacy had been appointed, and a substantial advance made in the conduct of the asylums; but many evils remained, especially in those houses where a single patient, taken in for private profit, was detained years after recovery, and in small private asylums where several *pauper* patients were received for profit. These places were subject to no supervision, and many deplorable customs prevailed in them.

Lord Shaftesbury argued that it was the duty of the State to provide for lunatics without means, and that county asylums, properly fitted and supervised, in which such persons could be tended by efficient but kindly keepers, should be erected and maintained at the cost of the State. Such a course would lead to cases of insanity being notified, and the patients would stand a better chance of recovery.

An Act to this effect passed, while later, another,

providing for the separation of criminal lunatics, led to the building of the Criminal Lunatic Asylum at Dartmoor.

There was still another class of these unfortunate people whom Lord Shaftesbury sought to help. This included persons of small means, who, not having sufficient money to pay the price demanded in good private institutions, were yet not eligible for the county asylums.

In the year 1861, he made an eloquent appeal on behalf of such persons, suggesting that a *Benevolent Asylum* should be built for their accommodation.

Among his hearers was one who vowed, should his business prosper, to help so good a cause. On 25th June 1885, King Edward, then Prince of Wales, opened the *Holloway Sanatorium*, built and furnished at a cost of £30,000 by Mr. Thomas Holloway, the man who had made the vow.

From the time of the institution of the Permanent Commission in Lunacy until his death, Lord Shaftesbury was its chairman. He worked as hard in this as in every scheme with which he was associated, and one of the last acts of his life was to vote against any amendment of the Lunacy Bill. He had watched its working carefully, had noted the benefits derived from it by the patients, and he feared that, if tampered with, clauses might be introduced that would not be to the good of this unfortunate class of the community.

Of the many efforts with which he was connected, it might perhaps be fair to say that the education of the children of the working-classes had his greatest sympathy. It was felt in all his

work for the factory operatives, for the chimney-sweeps, for the pit children, for the young workers in the brick-fields—in which he took a keen interest—but most of all in his unceasing labours in connection with the Ragged School Union.

“Who is sufficient for these things?” he asked himself. “Not I alone, but any one, if God be with him!” And his prayer, “Strengthen me in the work that I have undertaken; give me counsel and wisdom, perseverance, faith, and zeal, and in Thine own good time, and according to Thy pleasure, prosper the issue,” was, in time, fully answered.

His interest in the poor children attending the ragged schools led to his taking part in a scheme for their emigration to South Australia. A grant of £1500 from the Government, supplemented by voluntary contributions, enabled him to send out a large number of boys and girls from the London schools, as a reward for good conduct. They were carefully chosen and specially trained; being made to feel that the credit of the old country would depend upon their conduct in the new.

In his farewell address to them, Lord Ashley as he then was said, “Whatever success you may meet with in this world—and we heartily wish you may meet with great success—still, my lads, never forget the greatest ambition of a Christian is to be a citizen of that city whose builder and maker is God.”

The experiment turned out remarkably well. Many of the boys and girls prospered exceedingly in their adopted country, and very few proved failures. A gentleman travelling in Australia could not but admire the good behaviour of a

number of youths whom he met. Upon asking who they were, one of them replied, "We are Lord Ashley's boys, from the London Ragged School." On his return to England, this gentleman, Major E. J. Robinson, became one of the earl's most liberal helpers.

Requests from Australia for more boys were gladly received by their noble-hearted friend, who, though eager to send them, was in despair because the necessary money for their expenses was not in hand. Learning his trouble, a few generous friends subscribed the desired amount, and he had the happiness of giving a further number of lads a chance to forget the past, and to start afresh in a new land.

His prayer after parting with them provides a good insight into the heart of the worthy philanthropist. "I commit them, O Lord, to the word of Thy grace. Prosper the work! Bear them safely, happily, joyously to their journey's end! Watch over them in body and soul; make them Thy servants in this life, and Thy saints in the next, in the mediation and everlasting love of Christ, our only Saviour and Redeemer."

But these were only a few of the thousands of children he wished to help, yet lacked the means. In after years his wish was granted. Many rich and generous persons entrusted him with large sums of money for the furtherance of his kindly schemes. One lady alone, Mrs. Douglas, left him, only a year or two before his death, £60,000 to distribute in this way.

On the night of St. Valentine's Day, 1866,

Lord Shaftesbury gave a supper to one hundred and fifty homeless boys. During the evening he went among them, asking questions in the hope of discovering their means of living. His gentle tact and loving sympathy soon won their confidence, and he learned with satisfaction that the majority were only too anxious to leave off their dishonest ways and to start life anew.

So many showed a desire to enter the navy or the merchant service that he obtained the grant of an obsolete warship, the *Chichester*, from the Government, as a training-ship for these boys. By the kindness of friends he was enabled to fit her up, and in a short time she was ready to receive the lads.

In his speech on the opening day, Lord Shaftesbury said it was nothing less than a scandal for a nation so dependent on her ships to man them largely with foreign sailors when there were plenty of her own men available, could means but be found for their training. If the *Chichester* met with proper support, he hoped to keep four hundred lads aboard, and to have two hundred annually fit for service.

Happily, "the rich poured of their bounty into the treasury," as he had prayed, and soon a second ship, the *Arethusa*, was granted for the same purpose.

A farm and training-homes for intended emigrants were afterwards opened at Twickenham and Bisley, with schools named after their noble founder; refuges for girls were established at Sudbury and Ealing, and among

the other institutions with which Lord Shaftesbury became intimately connected was "The National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children."

In all these schemes he had made a strong point of the fact that religious instruction must be regarded as compulsory. Education without religion he could not tolerate, and when by the Education Act of 1870 Board-schools were established in which religious instruction was optional, he protested vehemently.

"By all that is holy and all that is true, by everything in time and everything in eternity, the children of Great Britain *shall* be brought up in the faith and fear and nurture of the Lord!" he said; but, much to his lasting sorrow, the Act was passed in spite of all he could do to prevent it.

CHAPTER VI.

STREET HAWKERS AND FINAL EFFORTS.

NO part of Lord Shaftesbury's work showed the true tenderness of his heart more than the care lavished by him upon all classes of street traders.

By the passing of the *Youthful Offenders' Bill* in 1854, he had secured the protection of those children, who from stress of circumstances had drifted into various crimes. Sometimes they were homeless orphans, trying to obtain a bare

living by the sale of matches or other small wares in the streets ; or by thieving, pocket-picking, and aiding in greater crimes ; but more often they were the children of dissolute parents sent out to obtain money anyhow as long as they got it.

The new Act gave the police power to apprehend all such children as vagrants, and to maintain and educate them, at the cost of the parents when possible, or of the State.

The interest he had always taken in the watercress and flower girls of London led to the founding of a mission for their benefit. After the death of Lady Shaftesbury, in October 1872, he established a fund in connection with this mission, called the *Emily Loan Fund*, by which these girls were to be helped to get an honest living, and to keep free from debt.

Lady Shaftesbury had always shown keen pleasure in aiding her husband's numerous kindly schemes, and this fund, he felt, would be a fitting tribute to her memory.

Not only the vendors of flowers and fruits and watercress were benefited by it, but hawkers of anything saleable in the streets. Persons wishing to set up a coffee-stall, or a mangle, or a baked-potato oven, could borrow the necessary money for the outfit from the committee of the mission, on condition that security for the full value of the article purchased was found by the borrower. This being considered sufficient testimonial as to character, no questions were asked, and, as a consequence, many poor people were able to earn an honest living, who otherwise

would most certainly have continued living in crime or have drifted into it.

Shoe-black and other brigades were also started to provide lads with honest employment.

The sums borrowed, varying from a few shillings to a couple of pounds, were repaid by instalments of sixpence or a shilling weekly with great punctuality. Only a very small amount of the money thus lent was lost, and that owing to the death or continued illness of the borrowers, and never once to fraud. Lord Shaftesbury regarded this mission as the most successful movement with which he had been connected.

As president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, he was led to take notice of the costermongers' donkeys. He later became president of the Costermongers' Union, a position of which he was very proud. These rough but kindly people grew to look upon him as their friend, and, as a mark of their esteem, they presented him with a handsome, well-groomed donkey gaily decorated with ribbons.

Touched by their kindness, the earl graciously accepted the gift, and sent the fine animal down to St. Giles, where it soon became a favourite with his grandchildren.

One day, when galloping madly through the meadows, "Coster" fell and broke his thigh. As it was found impossible to cure him the poor creature was shot, and afterwards buried, with great honour, in the *Pets' Cemetery*, a tree-clad spot in a quiet part of the grounds. His place was filled by another donkey sent by the same

good-hearted people. The friendship between the earl and the costermongers was greatly strengthened by their sympathy with him on the death of his beloved wife.

As will have been seen in one of the early chapters, Lord Shaftesbury's introduction to London slum-life was largely due to a good city missionary with whom he worked in the ragged schools. This man had so endeared himself to the vicious people, among whom the police could only venture in companies, that he had actually become a welcome visitor.

One day he told some of the men of Lord Shaftesbury's scheme for the emigration of persons willing to work honestly.

"Will he come and tell us about it himself?" they asked.

"I am sure he will, if you ask him," the missionary replied, and straightway forty of the most desperate characters in London signed a petition, begging him to meet them on a given night at a given place. Upon receiving his reply, they at once arranged a meeting to which none but known thieves, burglars, and swindlers were to be admitted.

They knew the missionary, would not "give them away," and they knew his friend would not; but, to make sure that no one who would should enter, the doors were guarded by some of the "old hands," to whom every member of the fraternity was known.

It has fallen to the lot of few men to look upon such a gathering as Lord Shaftesbury beheld on

his arrival. Four hundred acknowledged criminals of the worst type sat in perfect order awaiting the message of hope he had come to bring them.

According to his custom, he opened the meeting with prayer, the men all listening in respectful silence, as they did during the whole time he was addressing them.

At the close of the meeting they asked him to come again. To this he agreed, and, as a result of these two meetings, the greater number of the men either emigrated, or obtained honest employment in which they did well.

For many years Lord Shaftesbury had devoted much time and thought to the better housing of the poor. This led at last to the establishment of model lodging-houses, and the founding of the workman's city, Shaftesbury Park, Lavender Hill, the memorial stone of which was laid by him in the year 1872. This model city contains snug dwellings fitted with all modern conveniences and sanitary arrangements, clubs, schools, library, baths, and recreation grounds, but no public-houses.

By the efforts of Lord Shaftesbury milliners, dressmakers, and other workers in small work-rooms have benefited greatly, not only in the provision of well-ventilated rooms, but also in the fixing of their hours of labour.

For fifty years he was president of the "Indigent Blind Visiting Society," a work in which he was greatly aided by Mr. Harman. The object of this society is to educate the blind, to teach them a trade, and to provide guides to conduct them

to their places of worship, visit them in their homes, and relieve them in times of necessity.

His work against vivisection, the opium trade, the slave trade, and the oppression of the Jews, made his name famous at home and abroad. By the passing of the *Religious Worship Bill* he succeeded in giving us freedom to worship God when and how we please. Indeed, it is impossible in this short sketch to enumerate all the good work he did during a long life spent wholly for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

The poor idolised him ; the girls of his various missions kept him supplied with bed linen, slippers, shoes, socks, stockings, waistcoats ; "everything but a coat," he said one day when he laughingly declared he was clothed by his poor children.

The clock on his dining-room mantel-piece was a gift from the flower and watercress girls. He had desks, arm-chairs, and nicely-stamped note-paper, enough to last for six months even at the rate he used it ; all given him by those who loved him because he first loved them.

Several times during his long career suffering and death had visited his home, leaving him chastened, but never once causing his faith to waver. Remembering the words of our blessed Lord, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," he bowed his head in meek obedience to his Master's will.

The double sorrow caused by the loss of his wife and his daughter Constance was almost more than he could bear ; but, within three

months, he was again toiling among his beloved people, and for the next few years he seemed endued with new strength to do and to suffer.

Constant in his attendance at the House, he yet managed to keep in touch with the numerous schemes he had aided in promoting, and to labour in a new and precious cause, the passing of a law for the protection of young girls.

The eightieth birthday of the venerable earl was regarded as a national event. A notable meeting, held in the Guildhall, was attended by a vast and brilliant assembly—all with one common object in view—to do honour to the man who had proved himself the greatest benefactor of his generation.

As he entered the building, costermongers, flower-girls, working men of all classes, thronged round him, pouring blessings on his head, while the children from the ragged schools strewed flowers in his path.

Letters of congratulation from rich and poor alike had reached him by post, and pleasing speeches were made in recognition of the benefits derived by the workers, and the poor and helpless, from his unceasing labours.

For over four more years he continued in good work; then his labours were brought to an end. While at Folkestone he caught a chill, from which he never recovered. With all his remaining family around him, he passed away on 1st October 1885.

Some days later the body was borne in a plain hearse, followed by five mourning-coaches and some private carriages, to Westminster Abbey.

Blinds were lowered in every window along the route; the streets were lined by thousands of persons, all wearing some semblance of mourning, weeping the loss of the truest friend they had ever known. Every mission with which he had been connected was represented; children from the Homes, boys from the training-ships, costermongers and other street hawkers, all bound together in one common sorrow.

"Our earl's gone," said a tattered man with a piece of crape sewed to his sleeve; "God a'mighty knows he loved us and we loved him. We shan't see his likes again!"

A solemn funeral service was held within the abbey, but, by his own request, the earl was laid to rest beside his wife and daughters in the family vault at St. Giles.

"My lords," said the Duke of Argyll, in a memorable speech, shortly after the death of Lord Shaftesbury, "the social reforms of the last century have been mainly due to the influence, character, and perseverance of one man—Lord Shaftesbury."

"His whole life," says one of his biographers, "was a call to others to stand fast, to quit themselves like men, and be strong. He laid his hand on the heart of his country, and caused it to beat with reviving life. . . . The blessing of Him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. He was a father to the poor."

"To him shall be given the victor's crown of glory."

GEORGE MÜLLER,
FOUNDER OF THE ORPHANAGES, BRISTOL.

CHAPTER I.

“THY FAITH HATH MADE THEE WHOLE.”

IN the beginning of the nineteenth century there lived at Kroppenstaedt, in Prussia, a collector of excise named Müller, whose chief desire in life was that his son George should become a clergyman in the Protestant Church.

To this end he spent a great deal of money he could ill spare, in educating him, and a goodly amount of patience and earnest endeavour in trying to wean him from the sinful course he seemed bent on following. George took one false step, then another, until sin appeared so much a part of him that he could not live without it.

The death of his mother, when he was but fourteen, deprived him of an influence that might have kept him from some of the evil courses into which he plunged, not recklessly, but fully understanding what he did, and all the while conscious of a desire to do better.

After leaving the Cathedral School at Halberstadt he contracted a number of debts, for which he was imprisoned until they were fully paid by his father. Then, for two and a half years he studied at Nordhausen, conducting himself, to all appearance, very well, and making good progress in his education ; but really at heart, he tells us, he was no better than before.

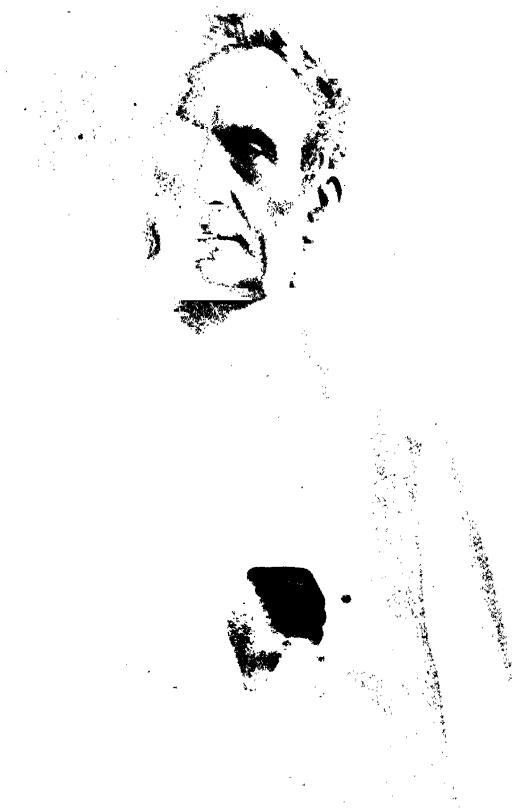


Photo. Text by the Director of St. Stephen Houses

c w

George Müller.

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As a member of Halle University, he continued his studies with zeal, until, filled with a keen desire to travel, he set out with some companions on a tour through Switzerland. On his return to the university he was induced to visit the house of an earnest Christian, named Wagner, where, for the first time, he heard the Gospel preached so simply and touchingly that he immediately felt a desire to give up his wicked ways.

The wish to do so had never left him, and would no doubt have led to an earlier resolve to forsake his evil ways, had he but asked help from his heavenly Father. He had trusted too much to his own strength, and had thus fallen an easy prey to the tempter.

Now, at the age of twenty-one, he boldly declared himself on God's side, and from that time forward never again joined in the riotous games of his companions. Though falling away from this new life for a time, by earnest endeavour and prayer for help he made a fresh start, and, by God's grace, gradually gained sufficient strength to resist the world and the devil manfully.

Müller now began to study the Bible in the hope of becoming a missionary, and, as a further help toward this end, he began to preach in August 1826. At first he was very nervous, and not at all sure of himself; but soon he spoke to his few hearers in simple and fervent language, with as much freedom as if he were speaking to friends on some topic of absorbing interest.

But Satan, hating to lose a victim, made another effort to lure him back to his old ways, and all

Müller's new-found faith was needed to keep him from yielding once and for all to his enemy.

"I have only to believe in the Lord Jesus," he reminded himself; "no matter whether I have done so before or not, if now I trust in, and depend upon, the Lord Jesus for salvation, I shall be saved; I shall have everlasting life."

Faith was his support then, as it continued to be all through his long life. He believed that if we refrain from those things we know to be contrary to the will of God, if we try to bear each other's burdens and to bring others into the light of the Gospel, and truly believe that Jesus is our Saviour, we shall never be forsaken by our heavenly Father.

In all his trials and difficulties he sought the Lord in prayer, in the certain hope that He would aid him. How great was his faith and how greatly it was justified will be seen from the story of his life from this time forward.

Having spent some time in the study of Hebrew, he volunteered for service among the Jews, and in June 1828 was invited to London to meet the Committee of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.

Being unable to accept this invitation until he had obtained exemption from military service, he spent a little time in Berlin, where he preached on several occasions in the poor-house, and paid frequent visits to the prison.

His health being very unsatisfactory he was not thought fit to enter the army, and this, together with his stated wish to become a missionary, led

to his being exempted for life from all military engagements.

He was now free to proceed to London, where he became a student in the seminary of the society. But again his health broke down, and, after a serious illness, he was sent to Teignmouth to recruit his strength. Here he met Henry Craik, who became a life-long friend. On returning to the seminary his influence for good among his fellow-students became very noticeable.

His longing to be at work was now so ardent that he felt compelled to go into the Jewish quarter, to discover if the Lord was willing for him to begin. He became a teacher in the Sunday school, and read the Scriptures frequently with a class of fifty Jewish boys; a success which led him to reconsider his position.

The society was still hesitating as to sending him abroad; here, in London, he had gained a certain amount of ground; should he break off all connection with the society and continue the work he had begun, untrammelled by the rules and doctrines of any particular sect?

This would mean losing all hope of a salary—how, then, should he live? “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee!” The Lord had answered; his way was clear; henceforth he would be led when and where and how his Master willed.

Journeying to Exmouth, and thence to Teignmouth, he became pastor of the Ebenezer Chapel here at a salary of £55 per annum. Even this modest sum he afterwards gave up, feeling that a

fixed salary, even though small, would interfere with his faith in God's promise. He would work for the Lord, and the Lord would provide for his needs as seemed good to Him.

On 7th October 1830, Müller married Miss Mary Groves, a lady whose help was invaluable to him in the work of his life.

Some time later, he and his friend Craik agreed to work among the brethren in Bristol as free ministers, not fixed pastors. On taking charge of the chapels, Müller at once did away with pew rents, and trusted to the Lord for his living. As long as the working expenses of the meeting-houses were sure, he took no heed as to his personal wants.

The work of the two brethren was greatly blessed; their fame spread far and wide; they received numerous invitations to preach in other parts of the country, and were even invited to Bagdad.

This was a matter needing serious consideration, and as no sign of approval came from God, the work of the evangelists was for some years confined to England; but, in order that the good news might be spread by other means, they established an institution for Promoting Scriptural Knowledge at Home and Abroad, to be entirely supported by free-will offerings.

In connection with this institution, schools, conducted by tried and true believers, were opened; aid was given to any missionary effort based upon purely Scriptural teachings; and Bibles were sold or supplied to all who needed them.

Though unable to go himself, Müller was

successful in inducing several persons to volunteer for the Lord's service in the East Indies, where missionaries were badly needed. Shortly afterwards he and Brother Groves visited Germany, and found many believers carrying on a good and blessed work there.

CHAPTER II.

"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."

DURING his journeys through the city of Bristol, Müller was always struck by the numbers of children of whom no one seemed to take any care. They appeared to be growing up in entire ignorance of anything save the sounds and sights of the streets—at all times, but particularly in those old days, the very worst things children could learn.

He had provided for some in his day and Sabbath schools; he now longed to take these others, and train them up in the fear of the Lord. By diligent inquiries he found that many of the children were destitute orphans. It would be useless to feed their souls and do nothing for their bodies. Could he not open an Orphan House, in which both soul and body might receive proper care?

The question of cost was the most pressing matter to be considered. Why not make such a house a very present instance of God's goodness to His faithful people? For himself, he had no doubt of the success of such an undertaking; but would

others regard it in the same light? Certainly they would when they understood, and what a glorious number of souls would be saved by so great an act of faith.

However, he always talked these matters over with God, so to speak, before putting them to his fellows. Having prayed long and earnestly to his heavenly Father, and being convinced that he might proceed with the work, he spoke to Brother Craik about founding a Home for Orphans as early as possible.

In a short time offers of furniture, free service, and money, began to flow in ; and, on 21st April 1836, the first Orphan House was opened at No. 6, Wilson Street, St. Paul's, Bristol, for the reception of twenty-six children.

It was decided that only those between seven and twelve years of age should be admitted ; but the applications for the admission of younger children becoming numerous, a second house was taken and furnished for their use.

The funds were often so low that no salaries could be paid, and the helpers were obliged to part with some of their own property to provide the next meal for the orphans and themselves ; yet "they trusted in God that He would deliver them," and He surely did. As the faith of Abraham was tried, even so was the faith of the brethren, not only in the beginning, but right through the long years that followed.

When the need for a Home for the orphan boys reaching seven years of age was found to be a pressing one, Müller, with sublime faith, took a

third house in the same street and fitted it up to accommodate forty boys. The necessary sums for rent and furnishing were always in hand by the time they were really needed, as it was against the good man's conscience, to run into debt even in so righteous a cause.

He knew that, "Except the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it"; so he waited his Master's time, and moved not until His will was made known.

There were now eighty-one children in the Homes, and nine persons in charge of them; three hundred and twenty children in the Sunday schools, and three hundred and fifty in the day schools, all provided for by God in answer to the prayers of a few righteous brethren.

Soon the Infant Home became so crowded that a fourth house was necessary. Happily, one was available close at hand. This was secured, and fifteen girls over the age of seven removed to it, although the question of ways and means continued to be a troubled one.

"We wait upon the Lord and He always helps us," Müller wrote in his journal; adding that these trials were easily borne, "if but those who do not know God, and may read or hear of His dealings with us, should be led thereby to see that faith in God is more than a mere notion, and that there is indeed reality in Christianity."

Several years passed, during which Müller was actively engaged both in Bristol and Germany. The Bethesda Chapel, taken almost as an experiment, was a great spiritual success, while the

Gideon Chapel continued to be a true House of God to the many brethren who worshipped within its walls. At Stuttgart, a church had been established, on the same principles, by Müller; and, altogether, the earnest evangelist had great reason to thank God for the evident prosperity of the work he had undertaken.

The custom of printing in the annual reports the actual hardships with which the brethren and their large family of children were often brought face to face, had not, been followed for some years, lest they should appear to be appealing to man's charity rather than trusting to God's mercy.

"It is worth being poor and greatly tried in faith," Müller remarked in his narrative, "if but thereby the hearts of the children of God may be comforted and their faith strengthened."

So, steadfastly following his first idea in the founding of the Homes, he told their needs only to the Good Shepherd, who, he was assured, would never suffer His children to want.

The houses in which the orphans lived were only dwelling-houses, built to accommodate ordinary families, and not well suited to the convenience of such numbers as now used them. The small gardens at the back, alas! afforded no proper playgrounds for the children, who, though orderly and well-behaved, were certainly a nuisance to the neighbours from the amount of noise they made in playing.

Complaints of scarcity of water and choked drains began to be heard, and property-owners

in the street, fearing for their own interests, urged that it was time some more suitable place for the Orphanages should be found.

As usual, Mr. Müller took his trouble to his Master, asking that means should be given him for the building of a new Home. "The more I prayed," he said, "the more assured I was that the Lord would give the means . . . and thus my assurance arose from this, that, having strictly examined my heart as to the motives for doing so, I found that, as before God, I could say that my only motives were His honour and glory, and the welfare of the Church of Christ at large."

After thirty-five days of continual prayer he received a donation of £1000 toward the building, and, three days later, an unsolicited offer from a London architect to draw the plans free of charge. It was found that the total cost of building and furnishing a house to accommodate four hundred inmates would be about £4000. A pleasantly situated site on Ashley Down was purchased for £840, and everything arranged for the commencement of the building as soon as sufficient funds were in hand.

A subscription of £2050, followed at intervals by others of varying amounts, soon made this possible, and by March 1849, after all expenses had been met, there remained a balance in hand of £776, 14s. 3½d.

From this time forward Müller devoted more and more personal attention to the orphans, spending much thought in planning their present good and their future welfare, and setting apart

special times for solemn communion with God on their behalf.

To know His will, to be more and more privileged to work for Him, was his one desire. Child life grew very dear to him; to bring comfort and joy and spiritual blessing into the lives of the little ones became his chief pleasure. The knowledge that large numbers were daily sent to prison because they had no one to guide them aright was really torture to him.

Could he do nothing towards rescuing more of them? Surely the Father who cared for his present family would also provide for a larger one! He would ask Him.

The answer came, unailing as before. Large sums of money sent during the next five years enabled him to build two more houses; the first being opened in November 1858, for the reception of four hundred children, the second in March 1862, for four hundred and fifty. There were now eleven hundred and fifty orphans under his care, and yet he was not satisfied.

The fame of the Christian philanthropist spread far and wide. The story of the wonderful examples of the power of faith became known in almost every part of the country, and contributions toward the work of mercy were freely sent by the kind-hearted and generous of all classes.

Old scholars, who had benefited by the early effort, working-men and women, persons of limited and persons of large income, all gave of their store without grudging, so that at the end of

eight years more land had been bought, two more houses had been built, and a balance of several thousand pounds remained.

Two thousand children were now provided for ; the day, Sunday, and adult schools in connection with the Institute were doing good work ; the spread of the Gospel by means of religious tracts and Bibles was most satisfactory ; contributions towards missions at home and abroad were regularly sent from the general fund ; and, altogether, a noble monument, needing no inscription, had been raised to the power of faith and prayer and the loving mercy of the Father whose children's cry had come unto Him.

CHAPTER III.

"WATCH AND PRAY."

SO great was the influence of the work upon the believers that even the poorest felt commanded by God to do something toward its support. Mr. Müller was frequently the recipient of the widow's mite and the orphan's savings. Messages seemed to reach those who knew of their existence, just when the next meal could not be procured for the orphans, until another sixpence, or even another penny, could be obtained. Often the gift of some small article—a book, or a broken silver pencil-case, or a brooch—was sold for just the amount needed.

No gift, however small and insignificant, was

ever refused, and no deprivation, however great and harassing, was ever mourned by the pious men and women who, with their beloved leader, had put their whole trust in the Lord.

Yet they were not persons of independent means; they were mostly quite as dependent upon the funds as were the orphans themselves. What little property they possessed was given freely in times of stress, and many a cherished treasure and needful comfort were sold in order that the children might be fed.

Often, when Saturday came, the question had to be faced as to how the necessary food supplies to last until Monday could be procured. Nothing was bought until it could be paid for; if there was but a little food it must be eked out till some God-sent gift arrived; they must wait and hope; and wait and hope they did till faith was sometimes well-nigh lost. Then, just at the last moment, a sack of potatoes, or meal, or flour, or a letter inclosing a cheque, was received, and their immediate wants were satisfied.

And thus it ever proved; for never once, in the long history of this Christian endeavour, were the inmates of the Orphanages or their pastors ever really deprived of a meal or any other necessary, though they were often very near it.

Contributions from brethren all over the world reached the faithful few in Bristol, and these so often took the form of saleable articles that a room for their disposal was set apart in the Bible and Tract Warehouse connected with the Institution. Among the gifts thus sent was a

Coverdale Bible (1535 A.D.), which was sold for a considerable sum, a contribution of three hundred windows to be used in the erection of the new Orphan Houses, and a half-sovereign, saved at the rate of twopence a week, from a very poor woman.

It now became necessary to make provision for staffing the schools in the future, and it was decided to train such of their own boys as showed promise of being suitable both in morals and special ability. The lads were apprenticed as pupil teachers, thoroughly trained, and given every opportunity of becoming efficient masters.

This movement was greatly appreciated by the orphan lads, and, as the exchange of courtesies and confidences between Mr. Müller and the children was always warmly encouraged, they expressed their thanks to their benefactor in a letter, from which the following is an extract:—

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—

Please to accept our warmest thanks for your kindness in placing us in the position of pupil teachers. We hope, by the help of God, to be able to maintain our position, and also, by steady perseverance, to rise in our calling. . . . The Lord has indeed taken us up, and placed us under your fatherly care and protection. . . . In one sense we are not orphans, for we have a Father in heaven. . . . Please accept our kindest wishes that God will yet spare your life many years to carry on His own work.

We remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

The Pupils of No. 4 (House).

In the year 1866, Henry Craik, Müller's old and tried brother in the Lord, passed away after a long and serious illness; and four years later he was further tried by the death of his wife. Shortly afterwards his daughter became the wife of Mr. James Wright, who for some years had been a devoted labourer in the management of the Orphanages. and Müller, feeling the need of a capable woman to superintend the clothing of his large family of orphans, married Miss S. G. Sangar, a Christian lady, who fulfilled her onerous duties with great ability and kindness of heart.

The little fortune remaining to her she gave to the common fund, as well as several legacies to which she afterwards became entitled. In like manner, all moneys sent to Müller for his personal needs were used for the furtherance of some of his *objects*, as he usually named his good works; so that each year he started afresh, sometimes with a small balance to the good, but more often with absolutely nothing.

For the future of his dear ones or himself he never would provide, as this would have implied a want of faith. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart!" "Commit thy works unto the Lord!" were the commands he strove to instil into the hearts of his hearers. Faith and prayer were their chief means of reaching heaven, he insisted; how, then, could he dare do anything that would imply doubt on his own part?

"God will take us at our word," he argued. "If we say we trust in Him, He will try whether we *really* do so, or only *profess* to do so. The

individual who desires to go this way must be willing to be rich or poor, as the Lord pleases.

The simple story, told in his "Narrative of Facts," of the growth of the work, was the means of founding a Christian Church in Ireland through the devotion of James M'Quilkin and one or two other faithful brethren. The movement, of which the Church was the practical result, began in a village named Connor, Co. Antrim, and slowly but surely grew until it reached Belfast, when a mighty revival began, not only in Great Britain but in numerous places on the continent.

A Christian worker in Holland, following Müller's example, started an institution there for orphans, and in a very short time five hundred children were being cared for.

This wide spread of the Gospel gave Mr. Müller great joy. His was the true missionary spirit, and he could find no comfort in keeping the good tidings among a few.

"Remember, dear reader," he says in his narrative, "there are about a thousand million souls who have not yet had the Gospel preached to them; therefore be henceforth in earnest, if this has not been the case hitherto, to do what you can to send the Gospel to them."

He believed that we should at all times so conduct ourselves, and use our abilities and our means to such good purpose that on the second coming of our Lord we should be found ready. To Müller this second advent was as certain as his hope of heaven.

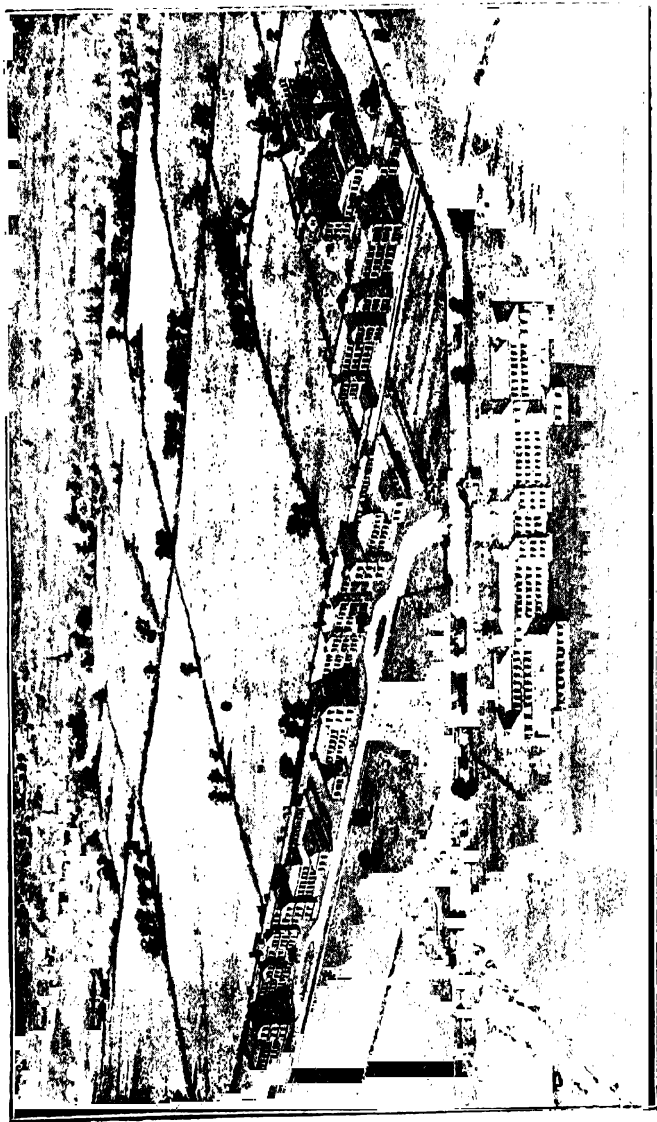
He impressed upon his hearers the words of

St. John in his Revelation: "Behold, I come quickly. And my reward is with Me, to give to every man according as his work shall be"; and this work, in his eyes, was to give freely, according to our means, towards the furthering of Christ's work here on earth.

How deeply his words sank into the minds of the faithful was shown by the liberal way in which they contributed to his schemes. Occasionally, however, there came seasons of scarcity, when the brethren were troubled as to the support of the Orphanages and undertakings connected with the institution. During one of these times of stress it was decided to close twenty-three of the day schools, as an undue proportion of the funds was needed for the maintenance of the seventy-two that had been established.

This would perhaps mean a loss of education in Scriptural knowledge to the children; for, though they were now compelled to attend school, the teaching of the Scriptures was only accepted by the will of the parents. As may be supposed, the step was only taken after careful consideration, and would not have been taken at all had sufficient funds been forthcoming.

Soon the cloud lifted again, for, as though in direct answer to his prayers, a legacy of £11,034, that had lain in Chancery for six years, was paid to Mr. Müller. Of this large sum he devoted £2000 to some sanitary improvements badly needed in the Orphan Houses. Then, having all care for the immediate wants of his dependents thus happily removed, he prepared to go forth on



Phot. taken by the Bristol and Gloucester Orphan House.

A Bird's-eye View of the Five New Orphan Houses, Bristol.

one of the "preaching tours" he had taken from time to time since the year 1875.

The duties he undertook during these journeys were very arduous. He visited all the large towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland, holding special mission services and revival meetings, and generally winning many souls to God ere his pilgrimage ceased.

The Church in Germany had been strengthened by his aid ; many brethren had been sustained and comforted in Holland ; and now he hoped to go still farther afield, so that no souls should be lost for lack of seeking.

CHAPTER IV.

"THEY KNOW THY NAME THAT PUT THEIR
TRUST IN THEE."

THE work of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution was far-reaching. The *Word* was grafted in the hearts of the growing children ; Bibles and tracts were distributed among tens of thousands of persons who hitherto had lived in darkness, or but dimly discerned the light ; missionaries gathered in many seekers, formed them into Churches, and held them safe by the loving mercy of God.

Often in the early days the existence of these works of grace seemed threatened, but, in His own good time, the Judge of all the earth kept His promise. The Institution prospered ; and

other men, witnessing its influence for good, established similar societies in their own districts.

This imitation of his efforts gave Mr. Müller much joy, for, as we have seen, he was a true evangelist at heart. His tours through almost every part of the known world brought him into touch with all these movements.

While journeying through India on one of his Apostolic missions, he was specially delighted with an institution established at Colar by Miss Anstey, an earnest Christian lady whose life was devoted to the work of bringing the joy of the Gospel into the lives of the benighted Hindus.

In connection with this institution was an Orphanage, opened during the great famine in 1877, when hundreds of starving children were tenderly cared for. At the time of Mr. Müller's visit there were three hundred and fifty girls, boys, young men, young women, and teachers, all of whom listened eagerly to the three sermons preached by him during his short stay of thirty hours.

Wherever he went it was always the same; he was besought by all classes to preach to them; pulpits were placed at his disposal; numbers of persons thronged to hear the words of this man who professed no particular creed, who only implored them to believe in the love and mercy of their heavenly Father, to trust Him wholly, taking no thought for themselves save to obey His commands, and to believe with all their hearts that by untiring prayer they could attain to that state of faith and holiness without which no man can be saved.

“Cast your burden upon the Lord. Take God at His word. Rely on what He has said. Be satisfied with the bare, naked statement.”

This was his way of teaching *faith*; if we have ever so small a portion of it we *must* use it; by exercise it will grow. God delights to try us, that He may afterwards prove His love for us.

“If things were always smooth and pleasant, there would be no need of patience and faith. Trials and afflictions are allowed in order that God may deliver us out of them, and so our faith be increased. Those who are really acquainted with God trust Him, because they know how kind and gracious He is. There is not a single position in life, in which the child of God may be placed, but should be committed to God. Prayer and faith are the universal remedy for all the difficulties of life.”

In seventeen years the aged evangelist made as many tours, journeying north, south, east, and west, confirming the churches and encouraging the faithful. Yet all the while he kept in constant touch with his work in Bristol, grieving occasionally at the trials still deemed a necessary part of the lot of his devoted labourers, but more often rejoicing at the evidence of Divine love.

The donations fell very low during 1881-2, and again during 1891-2, when the Orphanage account at the bank was much overdrawn, although £3435 was likely to be paid at any moment. Other legacies, amounting to over £20,000 had also been left for the support of the children, but were not yet due.

The following year was very little better, yet Müller says in his narrative: "Mr. Wright and I, and our many helpers, looked with unshaken confidence to the Lord, fully assured that, in His own time, He would again more abundantly help, and deliver us out of our difficulties."

Three years of freedom from financial worry were followed by a period of depression, and before the burden was again lifted the aged philanthropist was called to his rest.

His mission tours finished, he had, at the age of eighty-seven, once more resumed his labours in Bristol. Though sorely tried by the death of his daughter, Mrs. James Wright, and next of the devoted wife who had accompanied him in his long and continued journeyings, the aged believer accepted the decree of the beloved Master with such humility that he could say from his heart, "I praise God every day for what He has done; I would not have it otherwise."

This implicit confidence in the wisdom, the mercy, the love of God, remained unshaken to the day of his death. "Since July 1829," he says in his narrative: "I have been a lover of the Word of God, and that uninterruptedly."

Four days before his death Mr. Müller spoke these words from the pulpit of Alma Road Chapel, Clifton: "Whatever work the Lord may call us to, whatever business the Lord would have us do, whatever service the Lord may wish us to be engaged in, our hearts should at once respond to His desire, and we should offer ourselves to the Lord, like the prophet."

The next two days he continued his duties at the Orphan Houses, but on Wednesday morning he complained of feeling unwell, and on Thursday morning he was found dead by an attendant, on the floor of his bedroom.

Although so well known by his works, he was not personally known to the majority of the citizens of Bristol, yet tens of thousands met to pay him their last tribute of respect. Black shutters were placed in the windows of the shops in the leading thoroughfares, flags flew half-mast high from the cathedral and other churches, muffled peals were heard in almost every parish.

After a last look by the elder children on the face of their earthly "father," a short service was held in No. 3 House, during which Mr. James Wright addressed the children, bidding them remember that those who die in the Lord are blessed, and that a glorified resurrection awaits those who are believers in Christ.

About a thousand of the elder children followed the funeral as far as Park Street, where they fell out of the procession and returned to Ashley Down; the remaining mourners proceeded to Bethesda Chapel, where Mr. Wright preached from the 13th chapter of Hebrews to a large congregation.

The mourners then proceeded in eighty coaches to Arno's Vale Cemetery, where many thousands of persons waited to take part in the simple burial-service. In the churches and newspapers, and at meetings of public bodies, numerous kindly references were made to the departed philanthropist and his work of mercy.

By Mr. Müller's express wish the Orphan Houses were placed under the direction of his son-in-law, Mr. James Wright, to whom he also left all his effects, and the management of the various objects of the Institute. His personal estate, including the estimated value of his books and furniture, amounted to only a trifle over £100.

The Daily Telegraph said of him: "The far-reaching effects of his labours can never be approximately gauged or estimated. He robbed the cruel streets of thousands of victims, the gaols of thousands of felons, the workhouse of thousands of helpless waifs. And he did it all—to use his own words—'with the sword of the Spirit.' Mr. Müller's life and example, by their eloquent and touching beauty, cannot fail to impress even a sceptical and utilitarian age. It may be truly said that 'his works live after him.'"

The Western Daily Press said: "Mr. Müller's personality, his work, his philosophy of life, have presented to the world an object-lesson of which the most unsympathetic could not think without respect. . . . The sound of Mr. Müller's work has gone out into all lands, and it is simply impossible to try to estimate the extent of the influence, directly and indirectly, which he has exerted in the course of his long life."

Mr. Müller's relations with his orphan children had always been of the happiest kind. He constantly received loving letters and contributions from many who had left the Homes in the earliest days of their existence, and, profiting by

the education and training received in them, had risen to positions of honour and trust.

The girls were chiefly sent to service, and of these, one, quite an old lady herself, called to look upon the face of her early benefactor as he lay sleeping his last sleep in the Orphanages he had laboured to establish.

After his death a number of the orphans subscribed the sum of £20 to erect a simple but durable monument to his memory. It stands at the head of the grave in which he rests with his two wives, and bears the following inscription :—

In Loving Memory of

George Müller,

Founder of the Ashley Down Orphanage.

Born 27th September 1805.

Fell asleep 10th March 1898.

He trusted in God with whom

“ Nothing shall be impossible.”

And in His beloved Son Jesus Christ our Lord,

Who said, “ I go unto My Father,

And whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name

That will I do, that the Father

May be glorified in the Son.”

And in His inspired Word which declares that

“ All things are possible to him that believeth,”

And God fulfilled these declarations in

The experience of His servant by enabling

Him to provide and care for about

Ten thousand orphans.

This memorial was erected by the
spontaneous and loving gifts
of many of these orphans.

Since 25th April 1898, Mr. G. F. Bergin has been associated with Mr. Wright in the administration of the affairs of the Orphan Houses, the work having become too onerous for one person since the year 1872, when Mr. Müller appointed his son-in-law co-director, and manager in the event of his death.

The whole of the work is conducted on the same principles as when its venerable founder was still living. It is in good hands, and continues to hold out the hand of mercy to the destitute orphan children of our country, and to send forth the Gospel of peace to the uttermost ends of the earth.

We cannot do better than close this sketch of George Müller and his work than by using the words of Mr. James Wright in his funeral sermon—

“He has been called to a reward that has long been awaiting him.”

“So run, that ye may obtain.”

DR. BARNARDO,
THE FATHER OF NOBODY'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER I.

“TO UNDO THE HEAVY BURDENS.”

“ I WISH we all realised our kinship with each other, our kinship with the poor and needy. . . . Many of us do not understand the poverty of the poor. We have not seen it. We do not understand what rescue work is. We have not joined in it; but when it comes before us, our sympathies are moved, and we feel we will do the best we can.”

These words, spoken by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon in what was, perhaps, his last public speech, refer to the great and blessed work founded and carried on with conspicuous success by the late Dr. Barnardo. This work, which has become a national movement for the rescue of the waifs and strays with which our cities abound, began in a very small and humble way, but, because the heart of the man was in it, and because it was the Saviour's work, it grew with amazing rapidity.

John M. Barnardo was born in Germany, of Spanish parents; his wife, the child of English parents, was born in Ireland, and it is perhaps due to this very mixed blood that their son Thomas possessed the remarkable characteristics that have made his name famous in all parts of the Christian world.

Thomas J. Barnardo, having been privately

educated in Ireland, came over to England to study medicine, with a view to fitting himself further for the life of a missionary in China. His means being limited, he was obliged to take rooms near one of the wretched slums in the East End of London.

As a student in one of the large hospitals his time was well occupied; but in his journeyings backward and forward he grew to "understand the poverty of the poor," he "realised his kinship" with them; his sympathy was moved, he felt he must do something for their relief.

Although but twenty-one years of age, he had already shown great firmness of purpose, and attention to the smallest detail of whatever he took in hand. Always of a grave turn of mind, he early sought to live a godly life. Thus it was he so earnestly desired to labour for Christ in that most difficult of all human vineyards—China.

Shortly after his arrival in England, London was attacked by an epidemic of cholera, and Thomas Barnardo offered his services in battling with the dread disease. This brought him face to face with the poverty and distress that had previously made so deep an impression upon him.

What leisure he had from active duties as a medical student he had devoted to private study; but now he resolved to spare a little of it in an effort to lift the cloud of misery resting upon the neglected children of the slums near by. By diligent search he found an old stable which would enable him to begin the work he had set his heart upon—the opening of a school for the boys and girls of the neighbourhood.

The stable was in a terribly dirty, broken-down state, but the young student did not mind this. With the help of a couple of lads he cleaned and whitewashed it, laid down a rough floor, put in a large grate, lit a cheery fire, and then invited the children to come in. With the help of a few of his fellow-students he at length established a successful ragged school, which was open two evenings in the week and the whole of every Sunday. The warmth and comfort of the place, the cheery words and smiles of the young students, soon drew the street children in, and the success of the effort was assured.

But, for two or three years, Thomas John Barnardo was not brought into touch with the true homeless waif. "I have, therefore, to admit," he says, "that at that time I knew really nothing of that hapless class of young children, who, in the fierce struggle for existence, suffer more keenly than any other, chiefly because, being children, they are less able to resist the pressure of cold, hunger, nakedness, friendlessness, and fierce temptation."

He had given them many a thought, it is true, but was in no way troubled, knowing that the parish and workhouse authorities were supposed to care for them. In this, however, he was wrong. Some of the children were cared for in a measure, certainly, but no attempt was made to get hold of the great mass of orphans wandering the streets by day, sleeping anywhere at night; stealing, pocket-picking, helping burglars, picking up the garbage from the streets, doing anything, in fact, that would provide them with enough food to keep

body and soul together, and a ragged garment to protect them, in a degree, from the weather.

Barnardo had read accounts of these children, but, never having met one, he was inclined to think the stories not altogether true, till one night, after his scholars had been dismissed, a small but sharp-looking boy asked to be allowed to stay by the fire all night.

The young doctor, astonished at such a request, said, "I cannot let you stop, my boy. Why do you want to stop? You ought to go home at once. Your mother will know the other boys have gone, and will wonder what keeps you so late."

"I ain't got no mother," replied the boy.

Upon questioning him further, Barnardo found he was indeed in a sad case. Without father, mother, home, or friends, this little fellow, only ten years old, had long been fighting the stern battle of life.

The kind doctor says, "He had a small, spare, stunted frame, and he was clad in miserable rags — loathsome from their dirt — without either shirt, shoes, or stockings. . . . It was a raw winter night, and the sharp and bitter east wind seemed to pierce to the very bone, no matter how snugly one was wrapped up. I looked at the little lad, whom I now know the Lord had sent me, and could not but see how ill-prepared he was to resist the inclement weather. My heart sank, as I reflected, 'If all that this poor boy says is true, how much he must have suffered!'"

Although questioned strictly the child adhered to his story, and the kindly young doctor was obliged to believe him.

"Tell me, my lad," he said, after thinking a while, "are there any other poor boys like you in London without home or friends?"

"Oh, yes, sir; lots—'eaps on 'em; more'n I could count," the child answered.

This, Barnardo was unwilling to believe, so he challenged the boy to show him some of them. After a good hot cup of coffee and some food, the child led his friend to a shed in Houndsditch, on to the iron roof of which they climbed. A high stone wall stood beside the shed, and it was very difficult to get up; but when they did, a dreadful sight met the doctor's eyes.

By the light of the moon he saw eleven lads, from nine to eighteen years of age, lying uncovered, save by their own wretched rags of clothing, fast asleep in the gutter of the iron roof! And as he gazed, he "realised the terrible fact that they were all *absolutely homeless and destitute.*"

"God Himself had suddenly pulled aside the curtain which concealed from my view the untold miseries of forlorn child-life upon the streets of London," he said, and, sorrow-stricken and sick at heart at the sight, he decided that the rescue of the poor unfortunate waifs, of whom these were but a small sample, should henceforth be his chief care.

His little guide had told him not only the sad story of his own life, but that of hundreds of

others in equally bad case; but seeing their miseries for himself was more powerful in bringing them home to him than any words. He could not rid himself of that picture of forlorn helplessness. In the hospital, in the ragged school, on the pages of his text-books, it obtruded itself. Help must be given; most assuredly he must do something, and that quickly; but how should he set about it?

Alone in London, with but a small income, what could he hope to do towards so great an end? In his perplexity he resolved to put his trust in the Lord, to seek His guidance. "I asked Him," said the doctor many years later, "if it was His holy will to permit me to provide a shelter for such poor children, to give me the wisdom needed to seek them out, and to bring them in to learn of God, of Christ, of heaven. How that prayer was heard . . . is now a well-known story."

Not long after this Dr. Barnardo happened to be present at a missionary meeting where one of the speakers had failed to keep his appointment. His ragged school work was now known among a few of those interested in the poor, and he was at once recognised by one of the gentlemen on the platform. The chairman, hearing of his presence, invited him to fill the place of the absent speaker by telling the meeting of his own experiences.

This was an opportunity not to be lost. Though rather nervous at the idea of addressing so large a gathering, the thought of the good he might

do for the homeless children helped him to tell the story of that never-to-be-forgotten night, in words that made his audience see it in all its horror for themselves.

Next day a full account of what he had said appeared in the daily papers, and Lord Shaftesbury, seeing it, invited the young doctor to dine with him that evening, in order that he might question him as to its truth. Barnardo found several other gentlemen present, all of whom he afterwards learned were deeply interested in the same question as himself and his kindly host.

After hearing his story, they proposed to go to see for themselves the sad picture he had painted, if the doctor would agree to guide them. This he readily consented to do, but, on reaching the usual refuges of the waifs, he was surprised that all were unoccupied.

Feeling that his honour was at stake, he racked his brains to think of some other spot where he might surely find them, when, to his intense relief, a warm-hearted policeman gave him the needed information.

"You'll find plenty there, sir, if you offer them a ha'penny each to come out. You can't see them, because they're away behind the carts and things."

His advice was quickly acted upon, and, in a short time, seventy-three lads of all ages came out, blinking their eyes in the light of the lanterns!

It was a truly pitiable sight. "I pray God," said Dr. Barnardo, "that I may never again

behold such a one." Without loss of time they were taken to an All-Night Coffee Shop and well fed. Then, each holding fast the promised ha'penny, they thanked their friends and passed away into the darkness of the night.

Tears ran down Lord Shaftesbury's face as he watched them; even those of the party who had been inclined to doubt were visibly touched. From that night Dr. Barnardo felt he was no longer alone in London. His prayer had been heard; visions of bright, happy homes for the poor lads rose before him, and, before going to his bed that night, he humbly thanked the Lord for His goodness.

CHAPTER II.

"I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME IN."

THE founding of such a home as was in Dr. Barnardo's mind meant a fair amount of expense, and toward this he had already a subscription in hand. A kind-hearted young servant-girl, hearing his story at the missionary meeting, had pressed him to accept a small packet containing money.

He hardly liked to do so, seeing that she was but a poor girl with not much to spare, yet, unwilling to hurt her feelings, he took the packet, and gladdened her by saying it was the first gift toward relieving the homeless waifs. Though the packet contained but twenty-seven farthings,



Opportunities for Children's Services
C. W.

Dr. Barnardo.

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it was as great in God's eyes and in the estimation of the young doctor as a cheque for a large amount from a wealthy person.

This small gift was regarded as a sign that he should go forward with the work, but consideration was necessary before so grave a step could be taken. It was clear he could not give proper attention both to his studies and to the rescue of the children. One must be dropped. Lord Shaftesbury had said, "Devote your life to rescue."

In addition to his first arab, little Jim Jarvis, he had several others being cared for. If he gave up his profession where would he obtain the means of carrying on even this small effort. It was his desire not only to educate and provide for their present needs, but to give them a chance of a respectable and comfortable future.

The influence he had obtained over all the children in his ragged schools seemed to show clearly that he was the right man for the work. His heart told him so every time he met them. "I could not conceal from myself," he says, "that to many of these children, neglected as they had once been and forlorn as was their lot, God had apparently blessed the Old, Old, Story of Jesus and his love, told out in such simple language at my meetings with them. Nor could I deny that I never felt more at home, or more singularly happy than when working among these rough lads, and on their behalf."

Despite this, however, Barnardo was determined to be fully assured of God's will in the matter

before finally deciding to give up his idea of going to China as a medical missionary. Day after day he knelt in prayer, and at length the words, "I will guide thee with Mine eye," came as a guarantee that if he would decide to work for the waifs his way would be made plain.

"At last my fears were quieted," he says, "and I was at peace and rest, for had not God spoken?"

The doctor was far too thoughtful a man not to realise all that this meant. Such a movement would be good not only for the waifs but for the nation; for, by rescuing the children, educating, training, and, above all, nourishing their bodies, he would be adding to the prosperity of the country and the physical well-being of the race. Surely prevention is always better than cure, and to give toward the maintenance of the young and helpless would be far preferable to paying rates toward the support of criminals.

These children, born in vicious and depraved surroundings, were not necessarily vicious and depraved themselves, though the chances were they would become so unless quickly rescued. Many of them had nice, open faces, and seemed singularly free from the low cunning one would have thought a necessary part of their young lives. Though wild and turbulent they were not exceedingly difficult to manage, and as Barnardo started upon the theory that every child has a *right* to be *loved*, he won them by a love which they were not slow to return.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon said of Dr. Barnardo's

- children many years later, at a large public meeting, "I do not say to any mother here that they are as handsome as her children—but I really think so! The girls have sweet young faces. When I think of what they would have been, I can but praise the grace of God which has already made a manifest change in their outward appearance."

The decision made, Dr. Barnardo lost no time in beginning. His idea was to build a small cottage home, but he also favoured the placing of children in the country with respectable working people, who would care for and love them as their own, and teach them to become useful, God-fearing, self-respecting men and women.

This boarding-out system would not only fit the boys and girls for colonial life, but would also benefit the rural districts by adding to the income of the people, and so keeping them from drifting to the overcrowded towns. Thus it will be seen that from the beginning Dr. Barnardo's work was really a national one.

And though the waifs of London kept at least one earnest worker from going to China, they, in the future, provided from among their own number about twenty missionaries to carry on the battle against heathenism in that far-off land. A few of them have finished their labours, but the majority are still in the field, endeavouring "to give light to them that sit in darkness."

Dr. Barnardo's desire was to win the children, then to teach them to love their heavenly Father, and the rest would follow. "Seek ye the

kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you," he told them in his own earnest way, for he felt certain that no true reformation could be effected unless they did seek God.

The first Home was a small house in one of the poorest parts of Stepney. Twenty-five boys, obtained by two nights of diligent search among the haunts of the destitute, were taken in and provided for. The house was but a mean one, yet to those poor lads it was indeed a palace, and right well did they aid their loving friend in keeping it spotlessly clean; for funds were low, and the doctor wished to train the lads to be industrious, as well as honest and good.

Of this Home, Dr. Barnardo says, "I can hardly picture a happier scene than that on the first evening in the old ramshackle house, when, kneeling down ere they retired to rest, my first family of twenty-five poor boys acknowledged with me our Father's kindness, and besought the continued care of Him Who feeds the very sparrows."

From this small beginning 'grew the noble institutions, comprising, amongst others, a Home for Destitute Boys; Open-All-Night Refuges for homeless boys and girls; Her Majesty's Hospital for the relief of suffering waif children; and a Crèche, founded by the late Mrs. Hilton, and afterwards placed under Dr. Barnardo's care.

The Boys' Home remains a *home* to them all their lives. The place is dear to them because there they first learned the true meaning of the word *home*; it is associated in their minds with smiles of welcome, and words of

love and encouragement, with cheeriness and comfort.

There, too, they first realised that some one expected well of them, hoped for their success; and they were assured of the fact that their failures and griefs would meet with genuine sympathy and renewed aid.

In that home they knew they were wanted, would be missed if they failed to return, would be sought and brought back without censure or reproach, if some weakness or shame had caused them to wander.

Its well-stocked library had given them their first insight into the delights of reading; its recreation-room had provided them with more active pleasures; its swimming bath and generous allowance of clean clothing had taught them the delights of physical cleanliness; and last, and most important of all, its snug little chapel lived in their hearts as the scene of some of the very happiest hours of their lives.

They had not been subjected to any unpleasantness when seeking admission. They had been helped at once, and, on their stories of destitution being proved true, they had been placed for a time on probation. On being found obedient and teachable, they were placed in the Home according to their condition and age. But each one had been photographed and his history recorded, lest, in after days, such should be necessary for identification or personal benefit.

Their downcast looks and slouching walk had soon been changed, by good treatment and

cleanliness and systematic drilling to bright smiles, and upright, manly bearing. No longer obliged by the pangs of hunger to rob and steal, all desire to do so had ceased ; no longer compelled to seek some dark corner under a railway arch, or under the embankment of the river, or among the lumber on the wharves and similar places, all that had been regarded as a "love of vagrancy" had vanished ; no longer haunted by a future in which the struggle for life would be to the wildest, and the sharpest, the mean craft and low cunning of their old life had been forgotten.

Is it any wonder, then, that these boys never cease to love that home? Is it matter for surprise that the man who obtained and provided all these comforts for them—nobody's children—occupies the warmest places in their hearts?

Instead of gaining a wretched livelihood by trickery and crime, hunted from place to place by the ever watchful eye of the law, now in prison, now in the workhouse, now tramping the country in idleness and vice, they had grown into honest men, maintaining comfortable homes by means of the trade given them in that early one.

Hundreds of lads have been sent year by year, since Dr. Barnardo began this noble work, to the colonies, to sea, to fill the ranks of prosperous home workers. The habits of law, order, obedience to rule, industry, and kindness, taught them under his fatherly care, remain with them, for it has been proved that not more than two out of every hundred turn out badly.

Every boy is apprenticed to the trade, or placed

in the situation for which he is naturally best fitted. The large, airy workshops are filled with strong young workers learning to be saddlers, tin-smiths, carpenters, shoemakers—thirteen trades in all being carried on with great success.

The whole of the repairs needed in the buildings are done by the lads themselves. They bake the bread for all the London Homes, they make their own boots and shoes, they weave the mats needed in the various Homes; indeed, by their skill and industry, they add to the general income.

In addition to the Stepney Causeway Home, there is a Labour House for Destitute Youths, an Industrial Home it might more fittingly be called, situated in the Commercial Road, E. Here any lad, from sixteen to twenty years of age, can obtain work at box-making, wood-chopping, and the making of aerated waters. At the end of six months, if they stay as long, situations are obtained for them at home, or in Canada, or on board ship.

Many youths are thus saved from becoming a misery to themselves and a pest to society. They are not compelled to stay, but if they do, six months' hard work is considered a good guarantee of what they mean to continue to do. As a rule, they turn out remarkably well, and this, considering their hitherto wasted lives—for they are mostly from the lowest ranks—is proof of the blessing this one institution has been to the youth of our great metropolis.

There are other Homes for boys, in the Burdett Road, at Epsom, Norwood, and Gorey,

in the island of Jersey. These are chiefly for little ones, ranging in age from six to ten years. Of these, Leopold House, Burdett Road, is considered the homeliest, and Teighmore, Gorey, the healthiest.

Dr. Barnardo has always fostered a love of music in his big family. The boys may all learn to play some musical instrument, if they wish; and the little ones in the Leopold House are now famous for their playing of hand-bells, for their bagpipe-playing, and for their skill in performing on several less-known instruments.

CHAPTER III.

THE BARKINGSIDE VILLAGE HOMES.

THE rescue of boys and lads was, as we have seen, attended by success beyond the most hopeful dreams of the kind-hearted young doctor; and now he felt himself perfectly justified in endeavouring to do something more for girls. The idea of the Cottage Homes must, he considered, be put into practice in the establishment of any such refuges. It had not been possible to do so for the boys, and when it became known that he wished to build cottages for the cultivation of the ideal home-life among waif girls, the notion met with many rebuffs.

In the year 1873, Dr. Barnardo sent an appeal to *The Christian* for subscriptions toward the erection of Village Homes for girls. Shortly

afterwards, while on the way to Oxford with a friend, he remarked, "If the Lord is pleased with the scheme, I feel I shall receive some token of His pleasure during our stay at Oxford."

Not many days afterward a gentleman called upon him, and, having discussed the matter seriously, offered to build the first cottage in memory of a beloved daughter. Thus his prayer was answered, and permission to proceed with the work granted.

Like George Müller, Dr. Barnardo had abounding faith in the Lord. He believed in taking every question to his Master, seeking His pleasure and guidance, and awaiting the result, firmly convinced that if He approved, nothing could hinder it from prospering; if He disapproved, nothing could make it succeed.

The question of a site for the Village Homes was easily settled. On his marriage, a wealthy city merchant presented Dr. Barnardo with a lovely country residence. It was named Mossford Lodge, and was amply supplied with coach-houses and stabling, which the earnest Christian doctor soon converted into living-rooms and sleeping accommodation for waif girls, of whom he admitted sixty.

But all the loving devotion of himself and his wife could not prevent much harm resulting, morally, among so many children reared as they had been. To succeed at all in winning them to habits of neatness, order, and obedience, they must be separated into small families; and the gift of the first cottage was the first step toward this end.

The Lord prospered the work exceedingly. One cottage after another was built, until now the Village Homes at Ilford, Essex, number sixty-six. Thirteen hundred girls now live in them, in addition to those who live in the Lodge itself, now the residence of the lady workers in the Homes.

Each home is arranged on the family plan. It is "mothered" by a pious woman, specially appointed by the doctor, who was very difficult to please in this matter, and contains a family of from sixteen to twenty-five children, according to the number and size of the rooms.

The bedrooms are light and airy, contain no superfluous furniture, and are fitted with single beds for each member of the family. There is also a dining-room, sitting-room, and kitchen, all spotlessly clean and cheery. The children are allowed to have their own little family pleasures and to keep a few pets. To complete the idea of the family, their ages vary from tiny infants a few months old to girls of fifteen and sixteen—the older ones always being given charge of the younger ones.

The older girls, if strong and healthy, are trained as laundry-maids or sent to domestic service. If not strong enough for this they are taught dress-making, and sit in airy workrooms making garments for the doctor's large family. Those fit for service easily obtain the best situations, as their training is very thorough, and their "father" will not allow them to take any but a place in which they are not likely to be neglected or to be

drawn away from the paths in which they have been taught to walk.

The laundry is fitted with every appliance for the lightening of labour, and here many girls go through such a course that even the finest garments are safe in their hands. To cleanse thoroughly, to damp, to fold, to starch and iron every kind of article, from the garments of the "family" to the dressing of shirts, collars, and dainty laces, is their daily duty, and admirably they fulfil it.

When it is considered that all the soiled linen for most of the London Homes, as well as for the Village Homes, passes through their hands, it will be readily seen that they can have few idle hours. Yet, in common with every other inmate of the Homes, they have their time for mental improvement, for recreation, and for rest.

On leaving for situations, the girls keep in constant touch with the Homes, and with the kindly ladies who have devoted so much care and thought and labour to their welfare, often without any recompense whatever; for it was Dr. Barnardo's aim to accept only such paid help as was absolutely necessary,

But, go where they will, these girls can never find a lovelier or more truly artistic spot than their Ilford Home. The village is beautifully planned, the cottages standing amid trees and shrubs and flowers, all arranged with artistic effect. The roads, avenues, open spaces, and recreation grounds, are a picture of neatness, and speak much for the care bestowed on them.

Yet it is not only for the strong and healthy

that Dr. Barnardo has provided, as, in addition to plain sewing for those not robust enough for heavy work, art needlework is being successfully taught by an Irish lady. The smart girls are mostly becoming quite adept at it, and even the duller ones are making satisfactory progress.

The ready sales of work put on the market will, it is hoped, lead to the founding of a school of art needlework in the village, and the permanent employment of many of the girls who would otherwise be handicapped in the matter of supporting themselves; for the funds will only allow of those absolutely unfit for work being kept in the Homes free of charge.

As a rule, no girl is admitted to the Barkingside Homes after reaching seventeen years of age. They are sent to the "Beehive" in Mare Street, Hackney, the special training-home for domestic servants. Close to the "Beehive" is another Home, in which these older girls—who are deaf, dumb, or otherwise afflicted—are taught weaving and art needlework, at which some of them are particularly clever, using their needles to far better effect than many of their more fortunate sisters, and even drawing their own designs.

There is also a Home for Girl Waifs at Exeter, and another at Epsom, and any girl admitted to either the Village Homes or the branches, who is found to be suffering from any incurable disease, is sent to "The Palace of Pain," Her Majesty's Hospital for Sick Waifs at Stepney. There is also a Home for Incurables at Birkdale,

and Convalescent Homes at Felixstowe and other places.

The rescue of many young girls from the streets is also successfully carried on, a Home being provided for them in the city. Its situation is, however, known only to those interested in the work, as it is frequently necessary to keep the whereabouts of the girls unknown, lest they be forcibly taken out of the hands of those who would save them.

The Village Homes at Ilford increased so rapidly that Dr. Barnardo was obliged to purchase adjoining land, to the extent of fifty acres, for building sites. The very fine church was the gift of a loving daughter in memory of her parents. It was built in 1892, and its pulpit is occupied by any Christian, either a layman or a minister, without regard to creed, under the supervision of a resident chaplain.

Of course Dr. Barnardo had the usual amount of adverse criticism to contend with, both as regards his schemes for the children's physical good and their spiritual welfare. But his one aim being to bring the children to Christ, he decided it mattered not that any particular means to that end should be used; and, as he desired his work to be regarded as a Christian effort for the good of the nation, he further decided to divide the children into two sections—those whose parents belonged to the Church of England, and those whose parents were Nonconformists.

In this way he satisfied all parties, and obviated any fear of danger to his schemes by the idea that

he wished to convert the children from the faith of their fathers. A number of ministers of all denominations take the duty of preaching and of instructing the children in religious knowledge.

The day 'school, which is under government inspection, and which is providing the girls with a good, useful education, is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. J. Newberry, in memory of their little son, John Edgar, who died when only nine years of age.

The "Queen Victoria Memorial House" has now been added to the Village Homes; and there are besides a Home for Crippled Young Women, a good School of Cookery, and a Home known as "The Edmund Hannay Watts Sanatorium," for young consumptives, to which purpose the "John Sands" House is also devoted.

CHAPTER IV.

"BABIES' CASTLE" AND WATTS' NAVAL TRAINING-SCHOOL.

DR. BARNARDO'S idea from the first had been never to refuse admission to any child, yet he was often obliged to do this in the case of very young children for whom he had no accommodation. This was particularly sad when the babies were orphans. Many an older brother or sister applying for admission carried a helpless infant, whose wan little face and famished body made an irresistible appeal to the doctor's heart. He must provide a Home for them too.

Experience had taught him he had but to trust in the Lord, and means for this new plan would be forthcoming. His faith was rewarded; his prayer answered. Mr. Theodore Moilliet, an admirer of the doctor's work, offered to give him a fine villa at Hawkhurst, Kent, with the land near it, as a free gift. This was, of course, gratefully accepted, and the necessary fitting-up at once put in hand.

At last he had a Home for his babies, but soon he had more babies than it would hold; some extensive alterations must, therefore, be made; but, in the end, it was decided to let the villa remain as it was, for use as an infirmary, and build a large and commodious Home on the adjacent land.

This building was opened in the year 1886 by her Royal Highness, Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, mother of the Princess of Wales. It was furnished and equipped for the reception of at least one hundred babies, and was managed by a matron, staff of nurses, and resident lady-doctor.

After a time, however, Dr. Barnardo decided that the boarding-out system, already referred to, was much more satisfactory for very young babies. This plan was, therefore, adopted, and the "Babies' Castle" is now devoted to the use of children between the ages of two and six, though no hard-and-fast rule is followed in placing the children, each boy or girl being sent to the Home thought by those in authority to be the most suitable.

The Children's Fold, in Grove Road, was at

first the Home set apart for crippled and deformed young children ; but, with great wisdom, the doctor decided that this isolation was not good for the poor, afflicted little creatures, so he made new rules by which they were placed among the strong and healthy of their own age.

The Queen Victoria Memorial House, at Ilford, is also given up to the young children ; and a very happy family of tiny tots they appear to be. No children, no matter how happily born and placed in life, receive more loving care and affection than they. The rescue of these babies is, perhaps, the most interesting of all the good doctor's schemes. Many are but a few weeks old when admitted, and, therefore, grow up entirely ignorant of the sad circumstances of their birth, or the viciousness and degradation of their parents and their surroundings.

The Crèche, at Stepney, also carries on a good work among young children.

But, it may be asked, what becomes of all these children? It has been shown that many take situations at home, or join the ranks of skilled workmen, or go to the colonies as agricultural labourers and domestic helps. Of these last it will now be well to give a short account.

All lads and girls chosen for emigration are strong in body and mind, and well able to lead the life of solid hard work, which is the necessary lot of the colonist. This must be so now, for the Canadian Government will not admit into the country any children or young people likely to become a burden upon the country.



A Bird's-eye View of the Girls' Village Homes, Barking-side.

London School of Architecture, 1930.

By Dr. Barnardo's scheme, every batch of young emigrants is sent to one or more of the four Receiving Homes in Canada, the managers of which guarantee to supervise constantly and carefully all children placed in situations, or in homes, where they are treated as children of the family, until they are eighteen years of age.

Each child must write to the Homes regularly, giving a full account of his progress and health; and occasionally officials from the Homes visit the young people quite unexpectedly, in order to assure the authorities in London that all is well with them.

There is thus no losing sight of them, which, in Dr. Barnardo's eyes, would be to destroy, in great measure, the *family* feeling he had endeavoured to instil into them. In times of sickness, or temporary loss of employment, or any other troubles, they have always a home awaiting them, where loving friends will nurse them back to health, or aid them in obtaining a fresh situation.

Any young emigrant not proving altogether satisfactory is strictly watched and helped, and, if found to be a moral failure, is sent back to England. Many a lad and girl, thus emigrated, have done exceedingly well, some of them occupying positions of great trust and dignity. The majority of the lads, of course, are sent into the country to work on the farms, and, in order to fit them for the life, they receive a sound training at the Industrial Farm, which covers an area of some nine thousand acres in Russel,

Manitoba. This was acquired during the years 1884-8, partly by free grants from the Canadian Government, partly by purchase.

Only thoroughly reliable lads are sent there. They must be over seventeen years of age, and are obliged to serve one year free, in order to cover the expenses incurred for them. After this, they are at liberty to avail themselves of the advantages of the country like other lads. They can hire themselves to farmers at a decent wage, and on feeling competent to manage a place for themselves, they can obtain a grant of land from the Government, with the additional advantage of receiving help from the Barnardo Farm in the shape of capital, stock, and implements.

In connection with the Industrial Farm there is a creamery and cheese factory, but the chief produce is wheat.

The girls go chiefly to "Hazelbrae," in Peterborough, Ontario, where more applications for them are received than can always be met—a fact which speaks volumes for the way in which the children conduct themselves. A silver medal is given to every boy or girl on the completion of a certain time in one situation, and for good conduct; and medals to the number of four hundred were given at the annual distribution of 1904.

Over eighteen thousand children altogether have been sent to Canada alone, and many others to Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, the great majority reflecting high credit on their early training.

Yet the work of placing the children at home

and in the colonies, vast though it was, did not exhaust Dr. Barnardo's efforts on behalf of his large family. He was ever alert and watchful for their future interests, and anxious that all should be given some congenial way of supporting themselves as soon as their age would permit ; his chief aim being to keep his Homes open for the support of the young and helpless.

He, like many other thinking persons, regretted the fact that more of our own men are not encouraged to enter the merchant shipping service. So many of our boys love the sea, yet are not able to obtain the necessary training. To supply this want was, therefore, Dr. Barnardo's next step.

In June 1901, Mr. E. H. Watts, partner in a well-known London shipping firm, presented to the Council of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, to which the further title of National Waifs' Association is now added, a splendid block of buildings, originally intended for a county school, and erected at a cost of £30,000, situated on a fine estate at North Elmham, near Norwich.

The doctor's attention had been directed to this place, but he had not the large sum necessary for its purchase. As usual, he laid the project before the Lord, and the offer of Mr. Watts was the very tangible answer to his prayer. Never once had his faith failed of confirmation, nor his prayers for the children remained unanswered.

The possession of the building was one step ; but, owing to long disuse, it had fallen sadly out of repair. This would take a small fortune

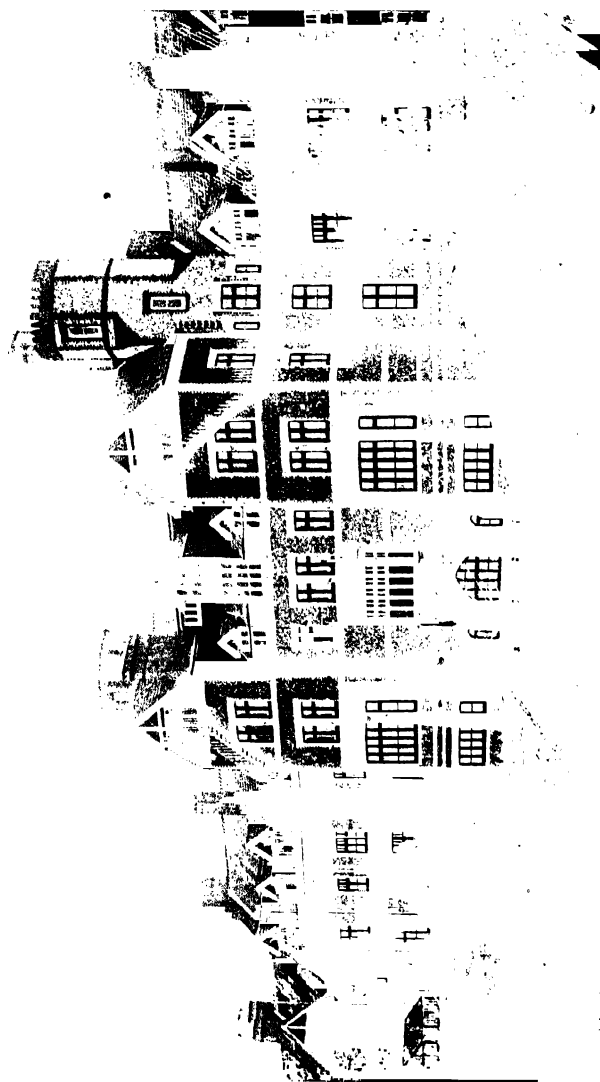
in itself to set right, without counting the alterations necessary for the particular work for which it was intended. Again his faith sustained him, for in the end the Lord put it into the mind of Mr. Watts to complete the gift by paying £11,000, the entire cost of alterations and repairs! The furnishings and fittings were afterwards given by his son, Mr. F. S. Watts.

The building is now known as the Watts Naval Training-School. It is devoted to the training of lads for the sea, but more especially for the merchant service. They are sent chiefly from the Leopold House Home, and are instructed in every subject necessary to make them capable sailors.

Drill and the discipline observed in the routine on shipboard are taught and strictly enforced. The day is begun and ended by family worship; opportunities for friendly intercourse are allowed, and sports of all kinds encouraged. The school is under the control of an old commander of the Royal Navy, a man of great experience as a sailor, and well versed in the methods common on our naval training-ships.

Although Mr. Watts passed away almost immediately after making this generous gift to his country, his memory will live in the hearts of the thousands who have, by his kindness, been enabled to obtain an honourable calling, and, in many cases, proud positions of trust.

Three hundred and fifty lads, from ten years of age upward, live thoroughly happy, useful lives



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The Watts Naval Training School, North Elmham.

under the best conditions, and, on being considered old and capable enough, are sent out through the medium of shipping agencies established at Cardiff and Yarmouth.

CHAPTER V.

“BEHOLD, THE LORD’S HAND IS NOT SHORTENED,
THAT IT CANNOT SAVE.”

ALTHOUGH by the establishment of Free Lodging-Houses Dr. Barnardo had endeavoured to aid the numbers of children he could not take into the Homes, there were still thousands in need.

The “Ever-Open-Door” was, therefore, founded in the Stepney Causeway, and the reassuring words over the door drew many a weary and starving child within its welcome shelter. Free lodging for the night is given, and free meals are also provided.

The work proved so beneficial to the poor children that Dr. Barnardo afterwards opened fourteen similar shelters in England and one in Ireland. The managers of these “Ever-Open-Doors” are earnest and devoted workers, who go into the vilest haunts and compel the children to accompany them to the shelters. By this means many are rescued from misery and vice, and are in time passed on from the provincial branches to the London and Ilford Homes.

The sad fate of a little waif boy called “Carrots”

led to the opening of these "Ever-Open-Doors." He applied for admission one wintry night, but was told to come again in ten days, as there was no room. He never came again, however, for, a little time later, he was found dead under an empty sugar-cask. A verdict of death from starvation and exposure was returned at the inquest, and Dr. Barnardo felt sick at heart at the thought of the child's misery.

"I think I see him on that sad, sad evening," he said, "creeping supperless under the empty sugar-cask, his heart crushed with its sense of loneliness and dire need."

When speaking to one of the poor boy's little chums shortly afterwards, the doctor asked, "Did poor 'Carrots' love Jesus?"

"Law, sir," replied the child, "we never hears of *Him*, nor of nuffin' good—nuffin' 'cept cussin' and swearin' down here!"

This brought vividly back to his mind the story told him by little Jim Jarvis, his first arab and his first emigrant, on the night of their first meeting.

"Have you ever heard of Jesus, Jim?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sir, I knows about Him," replied the boy, with a nod of his unkempt little head.

"Well, who is He? What do you know about Him?"

"Oh, sir," replied Jim, glancing round as if in terror, and speaking in a whisper, "*He's the Pope o' Rome!*"

This utter ignorance of religion was as appalling

to Dr. Barnardo as the destitution and vice with which he became familiar. Again he felt that here was work to do, and he must do it. One would suppose this marvellous man fain to take all the sorrows in the world upon his own shoulders.

Of course he did not pretend to do it of himself; he was but his Lord's steward, and, even so, a steward who never made a move without consulting his Master.

With all the work of the Homes to supervise, letters to write, visitors to receive, and endless details of management to arrange, Dr. Barnardo yet found time to carry out that other wish of his kindly heart, the bringing of the Gospel of Christ into the waste places by means of mission churches.

The chief of these is "Edinburgh Castle," which holds a congregation of three thousand, and is situated in the densely-populated district of Limehouse. The residents are now poor but decent-living people, and many thousands of them have been brought under sound Christian influences by the earnest workers invited to fill the pulpit by Dr. Barnardo.

The "People's Mission Church," as it is called, is now dear to the hearts of the very class whom he wished to reach. Its numerous agencies "tell out the good news" where it never was heard before, and men and women gather in large numbers, of their own free will, to listen to the message of peace.

An old gin-palace, once the scene of debauchery

and vice, has been converted into a coffee-palace ; free meals, the teaching of habits of cleanliness, and the institution of sewing meetings have changed starving children and drink-sodden women into well-fed happy youngsters and decent-living, industrious wives. This neighbourhood, once the vilest in the East End of London, is now, as has been said, the home of decent, respectable men and women.

In addition to the house-to-house visitation, to which he devoted a great deal of time in his younger days, the doctor also successfully conducted missions in various parts of the country. He also edited three magazines—*Night and Day*, the official organ of his institutions ; *The Young Helpers' League Magazine* ; and *Bubbles*.

And through all his long years of labour he was always accessible to any one needing help. By his nightly raids on the haunts of the depraved and destitute he became personally known to the police, who never failed to give him and his fellow-workers all the help in their power. By his obstinate refusal to yield up, to those who would ruin their young lives, many girls in moral peril, he brought an infamy, that others like himself were working to suppress, into greater public notice.

Sometimes he found himself within the power of the law, sometimes he was mobbed, and frequently his actions and motives were brought into question ; yet, as long as the children benefited, he minded nothing.

With such evidence before him of the Lord's

pleasure in his work he felt himself amply rewarded for any personal sacrifice or pain. "My first Home," he says in the story of his life's work, "was opened in defiance of all the rules of worldly prudence. It had no capital; not a penny in the bank; not the promise of a shilling. . . . But the prayers of Christian friends were around it like an atmosphere. I think I may claim for our Homes a high place on the list of Christian evidences, as I am sure it is unto the *answered prayer of faith* that all their real progress is to be ascribed."

Still it pleased the Lord to put his faith to many severe tests. Often and often the funds were so low that how the Homes could be kept going would have been matter for serious consideration with any other man. And even Dr. Barnardo was almost driven to doubt on one or two occasions.

Several years have passed since the following incident occurred, but, as it is a sure evidence of answer to prayer, some good may result from describing it.

It was June, and Dr. Barnardo had to raise a sum of £500 by the 24th of the month, or submit to the foreclosure of a mortgage on some of the property. Day succeeded day, and no money beyond what was necessary for the maintenance of the Homes was received.

The doctor wrote on the 15th to two gentlemen who had promised help whenever he was in need; but one was away from home, and the other too ill to attend to business matters. Meanwhile, a demand for the payment of another £50 was

received. At last the 24th arrived and Dr. Barnardo, penniless and almost hopeless, set off to implore the lawyer to grant him a few days' grace.

In passing down Pall Mall, he gave a casual glance at a military man standing on the steps of an hotel. Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder. "I beg your pardon," said the stranger; "are you Dr. Barnardo?"

"Yes," replied the doctor; "but you have the advantage of me."

The gentleman, having introduced himself, told him that, when leaving India for England some three months before, he had been intrusted with a packet containing money for Dr. Barnardo. It had been collected after a bazaar by the wife of an officer who appreciated his work. In a few minutes the precious packet was in the doctor's hands. Opening it quickly he found it contained a draft for £650!—enough to pay his debts and leave a balance of £100!

Such evidences could be multiplied did space permit, but enough has been said to show that whosoever putteth his trust in the Lord shall neither hunger nor want. Our heavenly Father is indeed a very present help in time of trouble, and the examples of such men as Barnardo, Müller, and Quarrier, should help us all to a greater degree of faith.

But no man could sustain such prodigious labours for a very great length of time, and Dr. Barnardo had for some years been suffering from heart failure. Unwilling to cease work altogether,

he occasionally took brief rests; but all to no purpose. For six years he was in failing health; *angina pectoris*, added to his heart trouble, caused him frequent attacks of pain, for which he was more or less successfully treated at Bad Nauheim, whither he was journeying when attacked by the spasm which caused his death.

Though very weak, he was able to return to London in an ambulance-carriage; but, on Tuesday evening, 19th September 1905, he passed quietly away while in the act of taking the tea his devoted wife had just brought to him.

At the doctor's own request his body was carried to the grave by volunteers from the Edinburgh Castle and the Stepney Causeway. After an impressive service in the "People's Mission Church," where the remains had rested for some days, the long funeral procession, consisting of children from most of the London and provincial Homes, personal relatives, officials, and many distinguished supporters of the National Waifs' Society, wended its way, through dense crowds to Liverpool Street Station.

Upon arriving at Ilford, a funeral service, conducted by the Bishop of Barking and several well-known clergymen, was held in a large marquee, on a spot in front of the Cairns' House, chosen by Dr. Barnardo some time before. In a short address, delivered by the Rev. Canon Fleming, D.D., the story of the first arab was retold, and, said the canon, "He went up to God, bearing in his hands the broken fetters of

eight hundred thousand slaves. Yet, we all know, Barnardo has gone up to God, saying, in the words of Toplady—

‘ Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.’ ”

Messages of sympathy and regret were received by Mrs. Barnardo from the king and queen and various distinguished persons, as well as from many of his old “children” and others whom he had so nobly aided. The press notices were full of praise for one who was rightly regarded as a national benefactor; and, as a National Memorial, it is proposed to raise a fund of £250,000 to make the future of his Homes secure.

Though only sixty years of age, Dr. Barnardo left behind him a record of work unsurpassed in history, yet, in his life, his great humility was ever an outstanding characteristic.

Like the Master he served so faithfully, he cared neither for the blame nor the praise of men.

“ The Master’s word sufficed.
‘ Suffer the little children ’— So He spake,
And in His steps that true disciple trod,
Lifting the helpless ones, for love’s pure sake,
Up to the arms of God.”

O. S. (in *Punch*.)

“ He being dead, yet speaketh.”

“ If thou draw out thy soul unto the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon-day.”



Photo by Annan, Glasgow, kindly lent by Orphan House's Trustees

(P. 1A)

William Quarrier.

WILLIAM QUARRIER,
GOD'S MINISTER TO THE WAIFS AND
STRAYS OF GLASGOW

CHAPTER I.

"GOD SETTETH THE SOLITARY IN FAMILIES."

STRONG-WILLED, shrewd, tenacious, persevering, hopeful, large-hearted and kindly toward the helpless, the destitute, the suffering; of an abounding faith in God's loving mercy for His children, such was William Quarrier, the Glasgow shoemaker, a true disciple of the great Friend of little children.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," seemed to this believer a sure promise on which all God's faithful people might firmly rely. From early youth he had trusted, putting himself fearlessly under the care of the Father to the fatherless; for William Quarrier knew from sad experience how vain is the help of man.

Born at Greenock on 29th September 1829, he was left an orphan by the death of his father, a ship's carpenter, at Quebec, in the year 1833. His mother endeavoured to obtain a living for herself and three children by opening a small shop; but, as this was not a success, she removed to Glasgow in the hope of earning enough by sewing for one of the local warehouses.

For a short time things seemed to promise better; then the warehouse being temporarily closed, the family was reduced to the brink of

starvation. The miserable room in which they dwelt, the sufferings of himself, his sisters, and his mother, his utter powerlessness to help, preyed upon the boy, when, too hungry and forlorn to gambol with his companions any longer, he leaned his weary little back against some wall or lamp-post, and wondered how the well-clad, happy-looking people, on their way to comfortable homes, bright fires, good meals, could pass him by with such utter indifference.

"Oh," said the child to himself, "can they not see how cold and hungry and miserable I am? If ever I grow to be a man I will do everything I can for poor children like my sisters and myself!"

Not far from his home in the High Street was a Sunday school conducted by earnest Christian workers, intent on teaching the little waifs and strays of the neighbourhood that some one loved them, that they had a Father in heaven, who knew their trials and temptations, who would surely help them if they asked Him; and here it was that Willie Quarrier learned for the first time of the God who careth for, and "shall save the children of, the needy."

"I have no doubt now," he wrote many years later, "although I did not then know His voice, that God spoke by His spirit to my heart in those early days." Though but six years old, Willie had begun to add a trifle toward the household expenses by making pins for one shilling a week; but a year later he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, from whom he was afterwards transferred to a new master at Paisley.

Here the boy worked diligently, with an already firmly-fixed resolve that by means of his trade he would, after a while, enable his mother and sisters to live once more in decency and modest comfort.

On the last day of the year 1838, when but nine years old, Willie determined to spend the following day, the first of the new year, and a national holiday, in Glasgow with his mother. There were no railways in those days, only a stage coach plying between the two towns at stated times; but stage coaches meant money, which the boy lacked, so he set out afoot. Thinking that to keep pace with the coach, which overtook him, would enable him not only to follow the right road but would shorten the time considerably, the plucky child actually did so until the Half-Way House was reached.

At first the passengers thought it a joke; but, when they found the boy continued to follow, mile after mile, they were filled with admiration for his great tenacity of purpose and power of endurance. One after another threw coppers to him, which he promptly secured, and, when the stage was reached, they took him into the inn, fed him well, and insisted on his riding the second half of the journey in the coach.

He was made a great deal of during the time, for he now commanded their respect as well as their admiration. They felt that the lad who could run three and a half miles, and then refuse, sturdily and firmly, the proffered tankard of ale, was no ordinary type—and they were right.

The holiday over, Willie returned to Paisley, finished his apprenticeship, and at twelve years old proved himself master of his trade, by pitting himself against an expert workman, to make a pair of boots of equal workmanship, in the same time. This indomitable pluck was his chief stock-in-trade; but he was rapidly learning self-control, and deliberately refraining from following the bad example of the people among whom he lived.

At fourteen he was earning fair wages as a journeyman shoemaker, had taken and furnished a small home for his mother and younger sister, had helped his elder sister to obtain a situation, and had established for himself the character of a steady and reliable workman.

An invitation by his employer, Mrs. Hunter, to make use of her seat at church, gave him the very opportunity he needed; he accepted the offer thankfully, became a regular, attentive worshipper, and at last one of the most earnest of church workers. He was admitted as a member, appointed beadle, made the filling of the erstwhile empty pews his personal charge, and would have entered the ministry, had the means but been forthcoming.

That he was thus hindered, seemed afterward a sign from the Lord that He had reserved him for other things for which he was perhaps better suited and of greater service. To some is given the power to heal the sick, to others the power to save the sinful, to others to feed the hungry; to William Quarrier, as will be seen in the following chapters, was given the power to do all.

WILLIAM QUARRIER

CHAPTER II.

“HEAR ME, O LORD, FOR THY LOVING-KINDNESS
IS GOOD.”

THE great desire of Quarrier's life was a beacon ever drawing him forward. He could do nothing, however, without money, so, having obtained financial aid from a friend, he opened a modest business in Jamaica Street. This prospered beyond his hopes, and enabled him to marry Isabella Hunter, his employer's daughter, who proved, what God intends every wife to be, a helpmeet in the truest sense of the word.

To her he confided his hope of gaining the means to help the poor neglected children with which the city streets abounded, and one night on returning from business, he told her how his heart had been wrung anew by their sufferings, how the struggle of his own youth against poverty and neglect had been once more brought vividly back to him.

“I saw,” said he, “a small laddie crying bitterly, and, on asking the reason, found that his scanty stock of matches had been stolen from him. I gave him enough money to buy more, but, oh, my heart aches for the pitiful lives of these poor mites.”

To act upon a good thought immediately was ever William Quarrier's way, hence the next day saw a letter from him in the *Glasgow Herald*,

calling attention to the miserable state of the lads thronging the streets; and suggesting the formation of a "Shoe-black Brigade," such as was already doing good work among similar lads in London.

The usual objections were raised, the usual hurried attention was given to the subject by business men, who reluctantly allowed themselves to form a committee, but, by the aid of a few generous helpers, £100 was at length collected. Having obtained this money Quarrier, with one or two volunteers, sought out the waifs, invited them to his home, entertained them with tea and supper, and then explained his proposal.

Each boy was to be provided with a uniform and a shoeblack's outfit; fourpence out of every shilling earned was to be given to the committee to meet the expenses, the remaining eightpence to be retained by the lads as wages. Lads joining the Brigade would be expected to attend a Sabbath school, and evening classes provided by the committee, with a view to bettering their positions in the future; also, every lad would be asked to keep himself as neat and clean as possible for the credit of the Brigade.

Of the fifty lads present on that occasion, only sixteen or seventeen actually presented themselves for enrolment at first; but soon the Brigade numbered two hundred, and the temporary premises, near to Quarrier's business, being given up, the Home removed to Bath Street, and two years later to the Trongate. Here it was found expedient to provide lodgings for at

least thirty boys, and here, too, was laid the foundation, so to speak, of the greater effort, resulting in the City Orphan Homes, of which mention will be made hereafter.

Two other brigades, one of news-vendors, one of parcel-carriers were afterwards formed, and carried on with more or less success for some time, being finally merged in the Trongate House under the name of "The Industrial Brigade Home."

The fear that had at first deterred the lads from joining the new movement, had now entirely disappeared. Instead of his seeking them, they came to William Quarrier, begging admission to an institution which they knew to be for their present and future benefit, and founded by a man who had proved himself their friend.

By his help they left behind the dark and troublous times of their childhood, and became members of a self-supporting, self-respecting, cheerful household, where God's name was spoken in love and reverence, and his will regarded as the only true guide to permanent well-doing and happiness.

Quarrier was well pleased with what, by God's will and the aid of generous friends, he had thus far been enabled to do; but his tender heart yearned to bring some measure of brightness into the lives of the children too young to come within the scope of his present efforts.

He seemed to hear the cry "I am poor and needy; make haste unto me, O God!" coming from every forlorn little creature he met; so,

trusting in the loving-kindness of the Lord, he determined to establish a home for all who wished to escape from the squalor and vice that had hemmed them in from the moment of birth.

Like Mary Carpenter, he believed that the best way of lessening the rapidly-growing number of criminals was to rescue the children *in time*, and, by precept and example, give them the chance every child has a right to claim. Having met Miss Macpherson, and talked over the subject of child emigration to Canada, Quarrier was struck by the lady's account of the good homes and kindly treatment awaiting any young people sent there. She urged him to found a Home immediately ; but no sign from the Master whom he served had as yet been vouchsafed ; so he continued his present service and waited patiently for the word of command.

This at length came in the form of a cheque for £2000 from a well-known philanthropist of the time, the late Thomas Corbett. Doubts and fears vanished ; God had sent a direct answer to his prayers, and henceforward he walked in faith, having no further care for the wherewithal to maintain the large families he hoped to take under his care.

The beginning was a very modest one. An old workshop in Renfrew Lane was taken, altered, and made into a comfortable and cheery home for any hapless waif needing one. This was in November 1871, but very soon a second Home for girls was opened in Renfield Street, near by.

Later, more commodious premises, Cessnock,

House and Elmpark, both on the Govan Road, were leased from the Clyde Trust's Committee, and here for thirteen years the orphans had homes equipped with all that makes home dear to the childish heart.

The expenses were met always by unsolicited subscriptions, and, though sometimes the supply fell very low, it was invariably replenished before actual need was felt. Quarrier taught the children that the Lord remembereth His children ; so, when they were faced by any lack of money or goods, supplications were made to Him who will "deliver the needy when he crieth ; the poor also, and him that hath no helper."

Many willing helpers came forward to assist in the education of the children, to make and to mend for them, to supply them with all things needful for their souls and bodies, and to prepare them for fighting the battle of life for themselves.

CHAPTER III.

"IN THE DAY OF MY TROUBLE I SOUGHT THE LORD."

THOUGH the power to help had now been granted, Quarrier was brought more and more to recognise how feeble that help was compared with the pressing needs of the children. Day after day pitiful applications for admission were made, and, in spite of the fact that in the spring of the year 1872 a batch of thirty-five children

of all ages had been placed in good homes or situations in Canada, and the vacancies here immediately filled by others, there yet remained hundreds whom it was impossible to aid.

In searching out the most desperate cases at night, Quarrier had been appalled by the amount of misery he met. Pitiful little waifs, ragged and forlorn, huddled together on some stone staircase, or under the friendly shelter of a few packing-cases on the wharves, pinched and blue with cold and hunger; girls and lads at their most impressionable period of life; women, of all ages, lost in sin and degradation; men, steeped in vice and brutality, wandering through the streets: all this and more—far more than it is possible to tell in so brief a story, Quarrier and his helpers saw. Little wonder then that he vowed anew, with God's help, to try to save some, at least, from destruction.

Having sought the Lord's will in the matter, he proceeded, with his usual faith, to secure the upper flat of an old church in the Gallowgate, right in the midst of the people he wished to help. The necessary alterations having been made, a Night Refuge, containing a kitchen and dormitory, together with a large Mission Hall, was opened in December 1872.

The object of this new effort was to provide food for all who could pay a small sum towards the expenses, and free lodgings for twenty homeless boys and girls. A clothing club was formed, too, so that any small sum the young wage-earners could spare was put toward buying some necessary garment.

When not needed for Gospel Meetings the hall was used as a night-school for working-men; a boon of which they quickly availed themselves. For women, whose support solely depended on their own effort, a work-room was provided, clean and bright and comfortable, where they were supplied with the work to which they were accustomed, and paid a living wage.

This was managed by a committee of women, who gave time and money and advice and kindly words of hope to these poor, toiling sisters, who never before had tasted even the simplest of life's comforts and pleasures.

This *Dovehill Mission*, as it was called, continued to do much good work until the building was needed by the School Board, and Quarrier was obliged to appeal once more to the public to enable him to erect a building large enough to include his already existing Homes, and to widen their scope according to need.

Just as he had trusted that God would provide the money for the Mission, so now Quarrier waited till He had put His seal upon the effort by opening the hearts of two kind women, Mrs. Smith and her daughter, Mrs. Allan, to send the £3000 for the estimated cost.

The site chosen in James Morrison Street proving more expensive than Quarrier had anticipated, and labour being dearer, a further sum was needed. This, together with the furnishing and purchase of ground-rent, was also freely given by the same two generous friends. £12,000 was the actual sum they

contributed, as a memorial to a dear one recently called home, and surely no more goodly memorial was ever erected as a proof of human love.

This noble building, now known as the City Orphan Home, still fulfils the great work for which it was intended. It is, in a large measure, the preparatory school, or feeder, to the New Orphan Homes of which we shall hear later. It contains a hall with seating accommodation for five hundred persons, dining-room, doctor's room, consulting-room and office, dormitories for two hundred boys and girls, bath-rooms, lavatories, and kitchens.

It provides a home for one hundred boys earning their own living, for forty young girls ranging in age from fourteen to twenty-five, and a Night Refuge for sixty homeless little ones.

The first series of mission services held in its hall was successful beyond the highest hopes of its earnest founder. Night after night, for a whole fortnight, every corner was filled by people whom no church had reached or could ever reach. Truly it was a great work, and greatly blessed !

This, however, was not William Quarrier's first essay at reaching the people. In the days of the Dovehill Mission he had instituted free teas in the hall, followed by gospel meetings, house-to-house visiting, meetings in the common lodging-houses, and open-air gatherings during the summer months.

This had met with such astonishing success, that the worthy man was induced to invite two well-known missionaries—Joshua Poole and his wife—to hold a month's service. This meant

more outlay, but a Paisley gentleman generously supplied the means, and the work proceeded.

Soon the Dovehill Hall was found too small, and a month all too short a time for so great a work; larger premises were taken, and the time was extended considerably, but still the people flocked in ever-increasing numbers.

The necessary funds grew with the growth of the movement; other evangelists followed the Pooles; revival meetings were held in the most densely-populated parts of the city; men and women, who had never spoken of their God or their Saviour but in blasphemy, came forward and cried for mercy and forgiveness, proving their earnestness by trying to live henceforward according to His blessed will and commandments.

Yet, engrossing as this work undoubtedly was, William Quarrier never allowed it to interfere with his special mission—the care of the children. His original ideas, as to street-work for boys banded in brigades, had always the underlying hope of being able to set them up in some permanent way of earning a living.

The streets, had many attractions for the true children of the slums; to wean them from these, with their temptations to evil-doing, was his chief care. As the voluntary subscriptions in donations of money, large and small, and of goods of every conceivable kind, could now be regarded as forming a fairly reliable annual income, Quarrier felt quite justified in apprenticing his lads to various trades.

As many as possible were lodged and boarded

in the City Orphan Home ; a penny out of every shilling earned was given them for pocket-money, the remainder being retained for their expenses and clothing, until they were earning sufficient to keep themselves. Then respectable lodgings outside were found for them, and other and younger lads taken in to fill their places.

A loving, watchful care continued to guide them, however, and it is not surprising to know that many carried through life the habits of neatness, cleanliness, and order ; a proper regard for the right, the good, the true, taught them in the Home ; and an ever-abiding love for the Saviour, who, an apprentice as they had been, had passed through and triumphed over the temptations to which they themselves were exposed.

CHAPTER IV.

“BLESSED BE THE LORD GOD . . . WHO ONLY
DOETH WONDROUS THINGS.”

HAVING provided for the well-being of these older lads and girls, Quarrier now longed to carry out what was, perhaps, the dearest wish of his heart. Often and often as he passed the numbers of poor, shivering, forlorn-looking little boys and girls—starvation and even vice written plainly on their small faces—he felt he *must* do something for them also.

He well knew their misery. A room bare of all but a bundle of rags for bed, and, perhaps, a

packing-box or two for table and chair ; a mother too wretched or too vicious to care whether they lived or died ; a father too brutal to do more than satisfy his own depraved desires, and who, while frequently raining blows and curses upon their heads, had never given them a kind word or a decent meal in their lives ; sent out to sell small wares in the streets, or to beg, or steal—this was the miserable lot of hundreds of the young children thronging the streets of Glasgow.

Rescue some of them, at least, he must and would ; but how ? “ Take your trouble to the Lord again ! ” whispered the small voice that had ever been his guide ; and the Lord heard him.

Having made public his wish to build some cottage homes for destitute orphans, Quarrier straightway sought a piece of land suitable to his purpose. This he found at Bridge of Weir, not far from Glasgow, where a farm of forty acres was bought for £3560. In a short time he had enough money in hand to warrant his making a start with the building.

He had decided to accompany the children proceeding to Canada that year himself, hoping that on his return the central building, containing a large hall for meetings and school purposes, workshops in which the boys could be taught useful trades, and accommodation for two families, as well as two cottage homes, would be finished, so that he could at once throw open the doors to one hundred and twenty little orphans.

Most of the necessary money had been received ; £1300 only was needed ; the time approached

when the good man would have to set out on his long journey, but his faith wavered not ; in His own good time the Lord would open the heart of some friend, and the work could be carried to a successful conclusion.

Truly "He is faithful that promised." Almost at the last moment a generous Glasgow merchant sent the required sum, and Quarrier was able to begin his journey in peace. Before his return a further sum of £1300 enabled those in charge to build a third cottage ; so that on the 17th September 1878, the new Orphan Homes at Bridge of Weir were ready to receive one hundred and fifty of the waifs roaming the streets of Glasgow—*nobody's children*, whose inevitable destiny, but for their timely rescue, was the reformatory, the workhouse, the gaol, and, in some cases at least, the gallows.

Christ Himself told us of the wonders we can do with the very smallest amount of faith, and surely William Quarrier's work is a practical illustration—if we need one—of the truth of His Word.⁴

By faith he started his various brigades, by faith he opened a Home for the destitute youth of Glasgow, by faith he continued in good works until the crowning effort of his life was accomplished ; an effort that will keep his memory green when, perhaps, even the solid stone structures shall have crumbled to decay.

And the hand of God was seen over all : as He had provided the man to plan, organise, and carry on so great a work, so He raised up generous friends to make that work possible. The names of Thomson, Coats, Corbett, Houldsworth,

Bryden, are but a few of those inseparably bound up with the existence of the "Children's City," and the adjacent and newer buildings of which in due course mention will be made.

It was not the work of a year, or even two; for, while he lived, Quarrier was ever seeking to satisfy the intensely sympathetic yearnings of his heart, to comfort some soul in distress, to bring peace and rest to the sick and sorrowful, to draw into his fatherly care all who were unable to fight the battle of life for themselves.

The founding of these Orphan Homes was indeed a great scheme. To house, feed, clothe, educate, and give a good start in life to the large number of children for whom Quarrier hoped to provide, would mean a vast expenditure and a large annual income. Would these be forthcoming? He believed so. He felt certain that if God approved his plans he would be enabled to carry them out.

No recklessness, however, marked the course of Quarrier's career. He never started a new scheme until, the whole of the estimated cost was in hand or promised. As time went on, he conceived and carried through plans involving the outlay of tens of thousands of pounds, vesting them all in trustees, men well-known and respected in the city of Glasgow.

Had he but given to his own business the ability, the concentration of purpose, the wondrous power of administration, the unwearied energy, and the whole-hearted zeal he devoted to these various efforts for the good of others, he might

have risen to a position of dignity and wealth among his fellow-citizens. He had, however, resolved, when poor and wretched, hungry, ragged, and forlorn himself, to help those in like misery, as soon as the way was opened for him.

Knowing this, we are not surprised that, when asked to do so, he readily gave up the last of his three businesses, the only means of support for himself and family, to work wholly among the orphans at Bridge of Weir.

Again his faith was justified. The Children's Village grew steadily larger under his personal management; donations, from rich and poor, were daily received, often including, as surely was but right, certain sums for the support of the philanthropist, his gracious, tender-hearted helpmeet, and their family. One generous contributor built and furnished a handsome dwelling for them, in recognition of their ungrudging and kindness to their suffering brethren.

CHAPTER V.

"BLESSED BE THE LORD, WHO DAILY LOADETH US WITH BENEFITS."

OWING to the lands on which the Homes in Govan stood being needed for dock extension purposes, it was now necessary to build sufficient houses at Bridge of Weir to accommodate the boys and girls from the Cessnock and Newstead Homes. A gatehouse was also needed,

together with new roads and workshops. Mr. Quarrier had, too, a new scheme in his mind. It was but natural that many boys in a seaport town would choose to be sailors. If he could only purchase a frigate, it could be firmly embedded in concrete, in the grounds, and thus form as good a training-ship as one anchored always to one spot in the water.

He advertised first for £12,000, then for a further sum of £22,000; for day by day the applications for admission were so numerous, and so really destitute were the poor applicants, that a harder heart than his was needed to turn them away.

As was his wont he laid the matter before the Lord and awaited the reply; nor was he disappointed. The cry of the children had again touched the hearts of the people. Donations simply poured in; amounting in one year to the noble sum of £89,029, for building purposes alone, in addition to £5000 from one donor for the erection of a church, and the gift of the frigate, as asked, from a gentleman at Paisley.

The church, built to seat one thousand worshippers, was afterwards enlarged, and a magnificent pipe organ added. It is a truly lovely building, a veritable "Children's Cathedral," complete with tower and clock and chiming bells—the latter being another gift specially sent for the purpose by one of the Master's faithful stewards. Fifteen hundred voices are there frequently raised in prayer and

praise and thanksgiving. No cold touch of charity is seen either in the building or in the happy faces of the little worshippers.

The heart that prompted the whole scheme rebelled against any but the happiest home feelings finding room within the breasts of the children. He surrounded them with loving influences, and beauty in its simplest form; he set over them men and women, who, relinquishing sure salaries and possible advancement, volunteered to help in the work, trusting in the Lord to send them "all things that were needful both for their souls and bodies."

The ministry of the church is wholly dependent upon voluntary helpers of all denominations, and from all quarters of the globe; most of whom find unwonted inspiration from the eager, attentive faces of the large congregation, and leave the Children's Cathedral in closer communion with God than they have ever before felt.

The introduction of the "ship on land" gave many of the lads just the opportunity they desired. It was named the "James Arthur," in honour of the donor, a very fair likeness of whom is to be found in the figure-head. She is a full-rigged brig, of yacht-like lines, one hundred and twenty feet long, twenty-three feet wide, and nine feet between decks. Her lower masts are of iron, her top-gallant and top-mast of wood, with double topsail yards. She is kept equipped in gear and stores, as though ready to weigh anchor and sail for some distant port.

In addition to the quarters for captain and mate,



Photo. by Anson, Glasgow, kindly lent by Orphan House Trustees.
Consumption Sanatorium, Bridge-of-Weir.

both of whom work on the same principle as the other helpers, there is a large dining-room, and sleeping accommodation for the "crew" of thirty boys, for whom there are also two well-fitted schools of navigation. A boat is also provided for use in the teaching of rowing on one of the rivers bounding the colony.

The boys are thoroughly trained in every branch of knowledge necessary to the making of good sailors, and on reaching the age of fifteen are supposed to be ready to begin life for themselves. A kindly and fatherly eye follows them, however, notes their special aptitude, and gives them the further advantage of studying for the certificates necessary to officers. Of those sent out some have been conspicuously successful, while the majority reflect the highest credit upon the manly and efficient training of Captain Blanche, and his worthy successor Captain Aikenhead.

This great work of love and mercy was not conducted without much captious and adverse criticism by those who should have hesitated long ere they tried to bring any of its devoted founder's motives into question.

Calm, however, in the knowledge that the Lord was on his side, William Quarrier continued planning, organising, ruling, spending to the best advantage the vast sums of money committed to his care, taking thought not only for the present well-being of his children, but deciding how best to place them in such positions as would enable them to become independent, self-respecting men

and women, and to prevent, as far as humanly possible, any reversion to the type from which they had chiefly sprung.

Owing largely to an appeal by the Labour Party in Canada, an Act was passed excluding all child-emigrants, under the age of eighteen, from that country, except under certain conditions. These conditions appearing to Mr. Quarrier likely to hinder the end he had in view in rescuing the children, he decided not to send any more until the working of the Act could be proved of benefit to all concerned.

About a year after his death, Mr. and Mrs. Findlay visited Canada on behalf of the Executive of the Homes, and upon their report it was thought wise to resume the emigration work. The worthy pastor and his wife found exactly what every other visitor had found, that the number of children who had not done credit to their training was almost too small to be considered. They paid unexpected visits to many who had been sent out years before, with all of whom Mr. Quarrier had kept in touch, and found them the loved and honoured children and helpers of persons who had come to regard them as their own.

CHAPTER VI.

"UNTO THEE, O LORD, DO WE GIVE THANKS."

WORK in the little model village went on with accustomed regularity, subscriptions continued to flow in, and the worthy founder, strong of will, firm of purpose, beholding the Lord in everything, feared naught that man could do unto him.

Forty-three homes, church, schools, fire-station, store, farm, and workshops, with water supply, electric power house, homes for consumptive patients, and training-ship, all well arranged in roads and avenues bearing the appropriate names of Faith, Hope and Love Avenues, Church, Praise and Ebenezer Roads form a very-present witness to what one God-directed servant can perform.

Never once during the thirty-nine years of his ministry among the fatherless, the sick, the suffering, had his faith faltered or his prayers on their behalf ceased. Never once had it occurred to him that the God who had commanded his strength would allow his servant to fail.

No children in the happy, well-managed, well-to-do homes of their own parents are more carefully tended and trained. Even the holidays so dear to the childish heart are not forgotten. Happy days at the sea, excursions into the country, May-day, Hallow-e'en, Christmas, and New Year festivals are looked forward to with as much eagerness in the Homes at Bridge of

Weir as in those of children born under happier circumstances.

To make the poor waifs forget their early misery, or, in the case of the very young, to keep all knowledge of it from them was an important item in William Quarrier's scheme. It was his aim to give them a fair chance in life by surrounding them with godly foster-parents, by giving them clean, wholesome dwellings, clothing, and food ; by educating, and training them in true Christian principles, and by sending them out well fitted to earn and maintain a decent position.

No one, who once saw him watching his children at play in their spacious, recreation-ground, could ever doubt how wholly his heart was filled by their happiness. Yet he had a corner left for some others whom he long yearned to help.

To be destitute and helpless was the "open sesame" to this man's innermost heart. The small and helpless, the sick and poor, he had planned and provided for to a great extent ; now the cry of the destitute epileptic sounded within him and he decided to try to make it reach the hearts of God's faithful people as well. The ready response to his appeal was God's signal of approval. A farm of 213 acres adjoining the Homes and Sanatoria was purchased and a balance of £900 left towards the building which William Quarrier so earnestly desired to see begun.

But it was not to be. The "Colony of Mercy" was left to other hands to build ; for William Quarrier was suddenly called to give an account of his stewardship. His earthly labours ended,

this father of the fatherless, this friend of the friendless, this succourer of the sick and suffering passed peacefully away on Friday, 16th October 1903, just two weeks before the completion of his 39th year of service.

On 13th September he had addressed the children and workers, choosing as his text verses 13-38 from the 20th chapter of the Acts, and dwelling most especially on Paul's three years' ministry at Ephesus, the humility, honesty, and openness with which it was conducted, his farewell council that they should take heed to themselves and to the flock, and to follow the wish of Jesus that they should support the weak, concluding with Paul's prayer in parting and the sorrow of the brethren.

It would almost seem that the address was prophetic, for though he had lost a little strength his general health was such that he appeared to have renewed his youth, and there was certainly no apprehension in his family or among his fellow-workers that his end was near, until he was stricken with paralysis, following some days of acute pain and giddiness.

For seventy-four years he had lived ; for seventy years he had known the misery that exists among the children of the destitute poor, and for thirty-nine years he had steadily worked to relieve it. From the time when he made the resolve of his boyhood, he had set himself to become a fitting instrument in God's hands for its fulfilment.

The record of his work is indeed a lasting memorial to him, yet it is hoped that the carrying

out of his last cherished scheme will be a further testimony to his memory. The first home in the Colony of Mercy will be ready shortly for the reception of thirty patients, who it is hoped will be saved from lunacy by skilful and kindly treatment, and perhaps fitted for some useful part in life.

Mrs. Quarrier did not long survive the loss of her loved one. She, too, went "to be with Christ," in the happiest of all Homes, and was buried in the grave of her husband, on 25th June 1904.

The cemetery where both rest is a lovely spot in "The Children's City," shaded by trees and remote from the daily noise and bustle; but sufficiently near to catch the eye and arrest the thoughts of some worker, tired and troubled by the day's occupations, and to bid him remember that only he who overcometh shall receive the crown of life.

One stone, erected by the children of the Homes, marks their resting-place on earth; but in the hearts of the thousands of men and women who owe all they have and are in life, under God, to the loving, tender-hearted philanthropist and his faithful helpmeet, William and Isabella Quarrier will live till they shall be called to meet them around the Great White Throne of God in Heaven.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

GENERAL GORDON, THE MARTYR OF KHARTOUM.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS, THE CRIMEA AND CHINA.

WHEN General Gordon was a small boy, living with his parents at Woolwich, the place of his birth, he was promised he should be taken to a circus in London. Some time later he committed a childish fault for which it was necessary to punish him. Accordingly he was told he should not go to the circus. This punishment filled the child with resentment as he felt it did not "fit the crime," and, when it was afterwards decided he should go, he resolutely refused to do so.

This strong feeling of hatred towards authority wrongly used stayed with him always, and formed one of the chief features of his character. Having finished his course as cadet in the Military Academy, Woolwich, he began his life's work as a second lieutenant of engineers.

Though born within earshot of such sounds, the child always started nervously at the noise of a cannon or the report of a gun. His father, William Henry Gordon, had married a lady named Elizabeth Enderby, from whom Gordon inherited a steadfast faith in God, and a heart that could feel for others. His strong will, hatred of injustice, and power to stand firm in all undertakings came from the Scottish clan whose motto

was "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!" and who had made for themselves a name for steady determination hundreds of years before this brave son of the brave race was born.

At the end of two years' service at Chatham he was sent, in charge of some wooden huts for the soldiers, to the Crimea, where England and France were fighting together against Russia. He reached Balaklava on New-year's Day, 1855, and from that date began a career which ended in his becoming known to all the world as a truly great and good man.

Keen of grasp and quick to see the remedy for any evil, he soon made himself master of a situation that older heads failed to understand. Still it was not for the young lieutenant to suggest measures; his but to obey, so he worked hard to do what little he could toward a successful termination of the war.

His sympathy and ready wit soon won the love of the men. Where he dared go, they followed; what he dared do, they did.

One day, when going round the trenches, he noticed a corporal and a sapper disagreeing. Drawing near, to ask the cause of the dispute, he found that the sapper had been ordered to mount a wall, in the teeth of the Russian fire, while the corporal, safe behind the earth-work, handed up some fresh gabions for him to fix. Without more ado, Gordon mounted the wall, ordered the corporal to follow, and when the last gabion had been fixed, "Now," said he, "never again order a man to do what you are afraid to do yourself!"

After the fall of Sebastopol the town was found to have been stripped of everything of value except the pictures in the churches. These were at once seized by our soldiers as the spoils of war ; but Gordon held aloof from what he considered an act of desecration, refusing even to buy one as a memento of the victory.

This action is a convincing proof of the great reverence and respect for religion, in any shape or form, that afterwards entered largely into the chief actions of his life.

For nearly three years he remained abroad, working on the frontier line between Russia and Turkey. While thus engaged he was brought face to face, for the first time in his life, with people very little removed from savages, and was horrified by the kidnapping of Russian peasants to be sold as slaves in the markets of Turkey.

Gordon was never a great reader of books, the Bible being his chief source of relief from worry and care ; but his keen eye and quick brain learned more from the sights he saw, the places he visited, the people with whom he came in contact, than any printed pages could have taught him. The world became his study, to relieve misery his aim, to stand firm for right against might the ruling instinct of his life.

After a short stay in England he returned to his work on the Russian frontiers, and reached home once more, only to be sent almost immediately with his regiment to China, where, partly owing to the ill-feeling still existing over the Opium

Trade, but chiefly to other causes, war with Great Britain had broken out.

The fall of Peking was the signal for looting, and for many deplorable deeds, among which was the destruction of the beautiful White Palace, an action that caused Gordon much grief.

"You can scarcely imagine," he wrote in one of the letters he never omitted to send home, no matter how pressed for time he was, "the beauty and magnificence of the palaces we burned. It made one's heart sore to destroy them. It was wretchedly demoralising work."

This was the authority carried to excess he had always hated; the destruction of the *beautiful* was ever a torture to him, and he longed to get away from it all.

But this was not to be. Our own particular quarrel with the Chinese was over, but the country was not at peace. A horde of rebel Taipings, led by barbarous *wangs*, or chiefs, had terrorised the land for some time. The Imperialists, or loyal Chinese, had tried in vain to crush them. At length, fearful for their own lives and property, the foreign residents of Shanghai joined hands with the Imperial army, and, largely aided by British and French regular troops, soon cleared that district of the hitherto victorious rebels.

Shortly after this the emperor appealed to the officer commanding the British in Shanghai to lend him a man capable of leading his army in pursuit of the Taipings; and this officer, having noticed the ability with which Gordon executed all commands, asked him to undertake the mission.

Though only twenty-nine years of age, Gordon had already reached the rank of major ; now that he was given a chance to prove his military skill, he resolved on doing his best to earn the confidence placed in him.

At the head of a well-disciplined though irregular force he moved out from Too-Shan, where he had been joined by a body of Imperialists. Marching at the head of his army, thinking out routes, devising plans of attack and defence, he at length reached the rebel lines.

An engagement quickly followed. The Taipings, utterly routed, fled before the attacking force, but Gordon, following close, won victory after victory, until his men regarded him with wondering admiration.

With a firm conviction that he was fighting in the cause of Right, he threw all that was best in him into this work. At the head of his "Ever-victorious Army" he marched, waving his men on to the attack with a little bamboo cane, his only weapon, and seeming to bear a charmed life, for no shot reached him, no weapon found lodgment in his body.

Wherever he led, his men followed unhesitatingly ; for all were with their brave leader heart and soul, until he refused to take a large sum of money after the surrender of Soo-chow, when the Imperialists fell away from him.

The Taipings held the town, and Gordon, having been authorised to promise the wangs life and the safety of their property, induced them to surrender it. They were, however, put to death ;

an act of treachery against which Gordon strongly protested.

Though the loyal troops rejoined the "Ever-victorious Army" some time later, the mandarins, or Chinese noblemen, never forgot what they considered Gordon's madness in refusing to accept the reward of his services.

The rebellion, as a result of his untiring energy, being crushed, the army was disbanded in the summer of 1864. The action of the British Government in reference to the Opium Trade and other matters had shaken Chinese confidence in the British character, but Gordon's pluck, energy, and hatred of injustice, restored it.

"Chinese Gordon," as he was afterwards known, had proved himself a true master and leader of men, and the emperor, loth to lose so valuable a man, appointed him a member of his bodyguard. But Gordon, having fulfilled his mission, could remain no longer in the country; so, richer only by the medal bestowed upon him by the emperor, he set out for England, leaving behind him some friends, but also many who still, like the majority of his own countrymen, thought his refusal to accept the money he had earned far too quixotic and altogether blameworthy.

CHAPTER II.

GRAVESEND AND FIRST VISIT TO THE SUDAN.

ON his return to England, Gordon was sent to take command of the Royal Engineers at Gravesend. This period of military inactivity was a sore trial to him in many ways, yet it opened up paths of usefulness that in time became very dear to him.

Strong of will and firm of purpose, the stern soldier yet had in him all the tender pity of a woman. Suffering in any form always appealed to him; but suffering as the lot of women and children, and others equally helpless, he never could see without yearning to alleviate it.

His was the practical Christianity of the Good Samaritan. Picture to yourself this brilliant leader of men, kneeling before the cheerless grate in some dingy cellar or wretched garret, coaxing the fire to burn, and to shed a semblance of comfort and brightness over the bare and dirty dwelling. Then, having procured the necessary articles, watch the care with which he prepares a little food, and, with winning smile and soothing words, tempts the aged sufferer on the miserable bed to take a portion.

Or again, picture him passing through the filthy streets and courts and alleys, a cheery word for every poor child, a kindly smile for every poor woman, until, reaching a small room hired for the purpose, he enters and is welcomed by the

smiles of a group of ragged boys awaiting his arrival.

The voice that, on the field of battle, sounds short and sharp and commanding, here sinks to a soothing calm ; the hand that wields a sword with unerring precision, here becomes soft and gentle of touch as it rests upon each tousled head.

With loving patience he taught these boys to read, to write, to work easy arithmetical problems, and, mindful of their health, fed and sheltered them, and provided for their future by sending them to sea, or placing them in good situations on land.

Those who went to sea he called his "kings," and, on a great chart of the world hung in his room, he followed their course by sticking pins into every port of call, or naval station, to which their vessels were ordered.

For six years he worked with characteristic earnestness and determination of purpose among the poor of Gravesend. Any one in trouble found in him a true friend and helper ; yet all his good deeds were done so simply and tactfully, that none to whom he gave even the very necessities of life ever felt humiliated, but regarded him with grateful and loving respect, and grieved over his departure as depriving them not only of a benefactor but of a friend.

He was always so bright and cheery, too. No one could be dull if Gordon once set his mind on chasing care away. His presence in a sick-room was like a ray of sunshine. Spare of body, but muscular and vigorous, he moved with the smart-

ness and energy typical of a man of active mind and alert brain. His firm mouth and square lower jaw bespoke firmness of purpose and determination; his keen blue-gray eyes seemed to penetrate to the very core of whatever they rested upon, seeing not only the thing present but its effect on those to come.

Kindly and thoughtful, full of faith in God and hope for his fellow-creatures, Charles George Gordon worked faithfully at his almost dreary military duties. He chafed at his enforced inactivity, but comforted himself and the poor of the town by untiring efforts on their behalf, until a man being needed to go as British Commissioner to the Black Sea, an order came for him to start immediately.

Arrived at his journey's end, he at once set to work sketching the military positions, his travels at length bringing him to Constantinople. Here he met Nubar Pacha, who, discovering in him the qualities his own people had failed to see, lost no time in securing him as governor of that portion of the Sudan nearest the Equator.

Gordon was pre-eminently a leader and a ruler, and the task of governing the restless, discontented Sudanese was one after his own heart. In March 1874, he entered Khartoum for the first time. Leaving his staff and baggage to follow, he had pushed on through Suakim and Berber, noting the extravagance and mismanagement everywhere apparent, and assuring himself that such a state of affairs could not long continue.

"If God wills," he said, "I will shake all this

in some way not clear to me now." That he did so to a great extent will be seen as the story unfolds.

The Nile being at this time open to navigation, he resumed his journey to Gondokora, the seat of his government. While slowly steaming along, Gordon was much annoyed by what he thought was the rude laughter of some unmannerly persons on the bank. He was mistaken, however, for the merry sounds came from some storks hidden in a small thicket.

A little time later, when he had discovered the utter desolation of the place, and the uselessness of trying to reach the people, he remarked he supposed the storks laughed at the very idea of any one going to Gondokora in the hope of doing anything!

"No one," he wrote, "can conceive the utter misery of these lands—heat and mosquitoes day and night all the year round!"

Truly, it must have been a wretched existence. Tormented by these tiny pests, unable to go even a short distance alone lest the natives, who had been driven to despair by the rapacity of the soldiers in the garrison, should fall upon and kill him, he in despair started back to meet his followers, who seemed long upon the road.

It was not until May that he was able to settle down to his work. Then posts were formed, the Egyptian soldiers taught to cultivate the soil instead of raiding the villages of the natives, and a keen watch for slave-traders was set.

When fully aware of the miseries of the people,



C.W.

General Gordon.

he could not but feel that their restlessness and discontent were justified.

Ruled by the Khedive of Egypt, whom they hated, forced to pay of their hardly-earned stores towards his extravagance, they lived in a state of seething resentment and semi-starvation.

Gordon's warm heart went out to them; his strong sense of justice rebelled for them; yet he hoped in time to show them a way out of their troubles other than by bloodshed.

"I prefer life amidst these sorrows, if these sorrows are inevitable, to a life spent in inaction," he wrote in his journal; and in his own words we shall see what some, at least, of these sorrows were.

"I took a poor old bag of bones into my camp a month ago, and have been feeding her up, but yesterday she was gently taken off, and now knows all things."

Again: "A wretched *sister* is struggling up the road, but she is such a wisp of bones that the wind threatens to overthrow her, so she has halted, preferring the rain to being cast down. I have sent her some dhoora, and that will produce a spark of joy in her black, withered carcase." But the poor creature died in two days in spite of his best efforts to restore her.

The people were so poor they had nothing with which to trade; so the weak ones, as we have seen, died a lingering death of starvation, and the stronger ones did their best to throw off the yoke of the Egyptian invader.

Though Gordon was there as the representative
c.w.

of the Khedive, he could not shut his eyes to facts, but hoped, by opening up the Nile beyond Gondokora, and establishing a route across the desert, to bind all the tribes inhabiting the Sudan into one peaceful people, under the protection of Egypt, and, in time, teach them to support themselves by making the most of the means at their disposal.

It was a task to frighten most men, and even Gordon, having given it a fair trial, was fain to own himself miserably disappointed at his want of success. Doubtful of his motives, the native chiefs so harassed him and hindered his work that he was obliged to resort to distasteful means in order to make any headway.

Once the river was clear for navigation to the Lakes, he vowed he would wash his hands of the business, unless the Khedive agreed to give him command of the whole province, when he would be able to work with greater freedom.

He felt he could win the people by kindness and sympathy. By a system of strict justice, by personal example of endurance and diligence, he would gain their respect and obedience. The Khedive Ismail, who believed in him, would have granted this request, but certain of his advisers, fearing for their own interests, would not agree; so, having seen the first boat pass from the Nile on to the broad waters of Lake Albert Nyanza and thence to Lake Victoria, Gordon decided to leave the Sudan and return to England.

CHAPTER III.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN.

HE was not allowed to remain at home long, however. The Khedive, realising that if any man could bring matters in the Sudan to a successful issue, that man was the brave English soldier whom he had allowed to leave the country, sent an urgent message to Gordon asking him to return at once.

This he did, and, before leaving Cairo, obtained the command of the whole of the Sudan. As governor-general of the province he once more set out for Khartoum, determined that his new power should be used in setting right the crying wrongs of the people; in teaching them the meaning of honesty and in enforcing its practice; in making laws as binding on the white as on the black man.

"I have set my face to the work," he wrote, "and I will give my life to it. I feel as if I had nought to do with the government. God must undertake the work, and I am for the moment used as His instrument."

Yet ever as his fleet-footed camel carried him swiftly over the sandy wastes, the magnitude of the work and the difficulty of its performance recurred to him, only to leave him more steadfast in his faith, more determined, if humanly possible, to succeed.

Attended only by a Bedouin chief, he visited

post after post in rapid succession, ordering, planning, judging. Neither sun nor storm, daylight nor dark, was heeded. Far ahead of his retinue, his faithful guide beside him, he travelled so rapidly that he seemed to be everywhere at one and the same time.

The Sudanese officials soon discovered they had to deal with a man of firm purpose, and relentless justice where wrong-doers were concerned; one who needed no formal reception, no salaaming, no bribery; but one whose steel-gray eyes looked with pitying tenderness on the poor, the aged, the weak; whose stern commanding tones softened in words of loving sympathy as he spoke to them his hope of better times to come.

Besides the ever-present resistance of the people to the slave-raiders, there was war among the Sudanese themselves. Raid and counter-raid devastated the fertile regions, harassing the movements of the men, and reducing to despair that portion of the population whose chief desire was an opportunity to live in peace.

"I declare solemnly," said Gordon, "that I would give my life to save the sufferings of these people."

From Darfour to Kordofan, from one scene of agitation to another, resting only when the intense heat rendered travel impossible, the noble-minded soldier hurried—now pacifying this chief, now that; now gaining upon a slave-trader's caravan and setting free his captives; but always concentrating his best efforts on the alleviation of the sufferings of the old and feeble, the women and children.

Once he covered eighty-five miles in one day and a half, and then, rising at dawn, and attended only by a body of Bashi Bazouks, robbers, and mercenaries, whom he had made his friends by his daring and endurance, rode boldly into the camp of some powerful slave-kings.

But all his tireless journeyings, ceaseless arguments, the very cream of his endeavours, were of no avail. The wily slave-traders would agree to his proposals with one breath, and with the next order their men out on new raiding expeditions.

It was indeed heartrending work for a man like Gordon—yet perhaps only he could have effected the little that came of it; and even he was fain to think there must be a curse upon the country, for the darkness was lifted in one spot only to be intensified in another.

And in the midst of it all he received an urgent message from the Khedive to go to Cairo in order to advise him as to the financial position of his country. Ismail was, without doubt, a man of extravagant habits. To satisfy his wishes, he had borrowed enormous sums of money, for which, as the security was not very good, heavy interest was charged.

It was the difficulty of paying this interest that led him to seek the advice of the one man whose honesty he could trust; yet, on receiving that advice, he allowed himself to be talked over by interested persons. Gordon returned to the Sudan vexed and anxious, feeling sure that these troubles would lead to the downfall of the Khedive, for whom he had conceived a genuine affection.

Once more in Khartoum he began the task of setting affairs on a sound basis for the proper government of the province. For this, he had hitherto found no leisure, and now he was often far from well. His long journeyings and ceaseless efforts had left their mark upon his constitution ; but, as he never felt the least fear of death, this did not worry him.

His chief anxiety was the fact that he had failed to rouse any interest at home in the cause of the wretched natives, and also, perhaps, his failure to convince the Khedive of the unwisdom of his actions.

Without friends, or books—save the Bible and Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," of which he thought very highly—or anything that makes life bearable, Gordon was alone, and sick, in a strange land, where even the necessities of life were often unobtainable. Yet with a sublime faith that God would put forth His hand to save the unhappy country and its miserable people, in His own good time, he continued the work that would have given most men pause.

Revolt followed revolt ; some the result of the slave raids, others caused by the unjust actions of the Egyptian Government. To quell these, Gordon was compelled to undertake forced marches with his men across the desert, during the hottest season of the year, often reaching an oasis at dusk to find only enough water for one or two camels instead of forty !

Then, afraid to lose the advantage of night

travel, on again to the next, perhaps a day and a half's journey distant.

It was dreary work, yielding only the comfort of ample time for devising and maturing plans. His troops needed clothing badly; so did their wives and families; for the men had not been paid for two years, and Gordon was unable to help all those in misery, even though he borrowed several sums from the British and Egyptian Governments in an effort to do so.

Money was scarce all over the country, a fact that helped largely in the prosperity of the slave-kings. Men and women, the best of their race, represented the only means of obtaining money. A good price could be obtained for them; therefore, though some were loth to resort to such means, the native chiefs made wholesale seizures of their defenceless fellows and sold them to the ever-ready dealers.

The Khedive, once more driven into a corner by his creditors, sent again, asking Gordon to come to his aid, and, though knowing full well the fruitlessness of his errand, the kindly soldier set out for the capital.

On the way, he was horrified by the numbers of dead bodies and skulls he passed, marking too plainly the trail of the slaver, who, intent upon reaching his destination quickly, had no leisure to succour those who fell by the way.

With kindly forethought for those who, like himself, might be troubled by the sight, he ordered the burial of the ghastly relics, and then resumed his journey.

But, before he reached Cairo, Ismail was deposed, and a new Khedive reigned in his stead. This man, Tewfik, thoroughly aware of Gordon's honesty of purpose, intrusted him with a mission to the King of Abyssinia, who was laying claim to certain lands then forming part of the Egyptian kingdom.

After a difficult journey he met the king, who, however, would listen to no suggestion of a peaceful end to the dispute. Gordon was, therefore, obliged to return, bearing only a letter to this effect.

Shortly after leaving the king, a troop of Abyssinians overtook him and his retinue, and conducted them out of the country by way of Massowah, instead of Kassala, which Gordon had hoped to reach.

It was a disappointing mission in every way, for, on reaching Cairo, he was received with marked coldness, and his advice, given with the sole object of benefiting the country, was sent to the London papers, distorted in such a way by the interested parties, as to stir up public feeling at home against him.

Wearied in mind and body, sickened by a strong sense of "man's inhumanity to man," Gordon returned to England in the winter of 1879, intending to enjoy a long and much-needed rest.

CHAPTER IV.

CHINA, PALESTINE, AND THE CAPE.

HAVING a keen desire to visit Switzerland, Gordon decided to spend his holiday in that country, but again his rest was curtailed.

Having at length realised his ability to deal with rebellious natives, the Home Government now offered him the post of Commander-General of the Colonial Troops in Cape Colony. After giving the offer due consideration, Gordon decided not to accept it.

Not long afterwards he was asked to accompany Lord Ripon, the new Viceroy, to India as private secretary. To this he agreed rather hastily, but during the voyage he came to the conclusion that it would be impossible for him ever to regard the teeming population of that vast country from a purely official point of view, and, shortly after landing at Bombay, he resigned the post.

Of course, he was again regarded as a man whose impracticable notions would certainly stand in the way of his advancement; but the last person to whose benefit this truly honest man ever gave a thought was Charles George Gordon. He held certain unalterable opinions respecting the duty of man to man, and no advancement in his own material prospects could have compensated him for going against them.

Just at this time, the summer of 1880, the troubles between China and Russia bade fair to

end in war, and for war, China, at least, was by no means prepared. What was to be done?

"Send for Gordon"—was a suggestion that met with cordial approval. A message, despatched at once, reached him while he was still in India. His old interest in the country, and the confidence in him shown by its ruler, led Gordon to apply to the War Office for six months' leave of absence, without pay.

This being refused, he threw up his commission in the English army and started for China. Here he met his old friend and comrade, Li Hung Chang, who was strongly in favour of peace.

In a very short time he convinced the war party that an open rupture with Russia would be disastrous to the best interests of their country, and then immediately set out for England.

Though the War Office had not accepted his resignation, Gordon was much grieved by the want of confidence in him shown by those who should have known him better. Self-seeking, he felt, should have been the last motive assigned to him by his own countrymen, official or otherwise. He had his faults, like other men, but this at least was not one of them.

Honesty of purpose and purity of motive were ever the guiding principles of his life; to have them questioned was almost more than he could bear, and, for the first time in his career, he wrote to the English press justifying his action.

The land troubles in Ireland had, at this period, reached an acute stage. The country was in a

state of general unrest, and it was evident to all that something must soon be done towards its relief.

Always keenly alive to the sufferings of the poor, Gordon decided to discover for himself the exact state of affairs. Making sport his excuse, he travelled through the country, visiting the most troubled and distressed districts, his keen eye noting the causes, and his active brain working out a remedy.

As usual, however, his views were regarded as those of one whose heart ran away with him at the expense of his head. His ideas were altogether Utopian—quite beyond the bounds of practical politics. Yet the day was not far distant when his advice in this, as in some other matters, was found to have contained much that was not only practicable but really beneficial to all concerned.

Though the condition of our Empire at that time was such that every man of proved ability was of the highest value, Gordon was allowed to remain in England, wasting the talents that could have achieved so much in many a troubled area.

At length, driven—so to speak—to open up a way for himself, he volunteered to act as substitute, without pay, for a brother-officer, who had received orders to proceed to Mauritius. Here he was little happier, for there was really nothing to be done, but relief soon came in the form of an invitation to proceed to South Africa as Commander-General of the Colonial Forces.

Since refusing the first offer of this post, he had volunteered for service at the Cape, and now gladly availed himself of this fresh chance of useful work.

Without entering into the ethics of the question, it is sufficient to say, that, having grasped the situation, he suggested a course of action, which once more roused against him the opposition of those whose interests were at stake.

Notwithstanding this, he secured the agreement of three out of the four rebellious chiefs ; he hoped to gain that of the fourth by personal argument.

On the understanding that no hostile action should be taken by the Cape Government until his mission was concluded, he set out for the kraal of the chief, Mustapha, but while actually in parley with him, was astounded to hear that an armed force was rapidly advancing against him !

Justly indignant, Gordon immediately threw up his office, and returned to England, where another period of inactivity fretted his energetic mind.

The King of the Belgians, long an admirer of Gordon's undoubted diplomatic talent, now renewed an offer made some time previously of service under him ; but, though greatly touched by this evidence of confidence from another foreign ruler, Gordon felt obliged to ask for sufficient time to consider the matter carefully.

Meanwhile, possibly to divert his thoughts from the neglect meted out to him by the officials of his own country, he decided on a visit to the Holy Land.

Throwing his whole energy into this new sphere of interest, with his Bible as guide to each hallowed scene, his busy mind pictured them all anew, and his heart grew fuller of love for his fellows, in contemplating the actual places that witnessed

the sufferings of Him who had laid down His life for them.

Faith and love were the leading principles of his religion, as honesty, justice, and sincerity were of his life, and if such principles, rigidly adhered to, go to the making of a good man, then Gordon was, indeed, one of God's good men.

But now the trouble foretold by him years before had fallen upon the land of Egypt. In the Sudan, one, Mahomet Achmet, son of a Nubian carpenter, and a born leader of men, had united the nations of the Middle Nile into one body, with the object of driving the Egyptians from the province, and of restoring the old rule and religion.

These wild patriots met and routed a large Egyptian force led by Hicks Pacha, and among those who fell were ten English officers, who had volunteered for service under the Khedive.

This disaster decided the British Government to abandon the province, and no time was lost in communicating with Cairo. Much delay, however, occurred before the officials there could be induced to agree, and when Gordon, who was asked to proceed to the scene of the disaster, arrived in the Sudan, the Mahdi, as his followers called him, had strengthened his position considerably.

Gordon, who was in Brussels, conferring with King Leopold about a mission to the Congo, in order to undertake which he had again tendered his resignation to the War Office, was telegraphed for by Lord Wolseley to proceed to London.

Arrived there, he was asked by the Ministers if

he would attempt to bring the Egyptian garrisons out of the Sudan, and, on his promptly agreeing, was instructed to set out for Egypt immediately. Fortunately, Lord Wolseley discovered in time that Gordon had only a pound or two left out of the sum he had been obliged to borrow of the Belgian king before being able to start for London.

Besides this he had absolutely nothing. The banks were closed, the time of departure was drawing near, but Wolseley, by borrowing a few pounds of one man, and a few of another, managed to get together £200 in gold, which he handed in a bag to Gordon as the train was about to start.

He left London on the night of 18th January 1884; on 26th January, Gordon wrote to Lord Wolseley from Cairo: "I leave to-night, *viâ* Korosko, as Governor-General, with the same instructions (*i.e.*, to evacuate the Sudan) as you told me, and H.M.'s Ministers also did. I go with every confidence and trust in God."

Difficult as the task was, Gordon would undoubtedly have successfully accomplished it, had but the very simple course of keeping the route open behind him, been followed by those responsible.

He managed to send two thousand five hundred of the most helpless of the residents in Khartoum safely to Korosko, and, had a few hundred soldiers been despatched to Abu Hamed by the returning camels, Berber would have been safe, and the passage of the remaining refugees ensured.

Unfortunately for Gordon and the garrisons of the Sudan, this was not done; while the arrival

of a British force at Suakim confirmed the fears of the Mahdi, and led to deplorable results.

The fate of the Sudan was sealed, he thought. It would be utterly lost to him, unless he could crush the invaders.

CHAPTER V.

BACK TO KHARTOUM.

STRANGELY enough, in all his plans for the evacuation and future government of the province, Gordon, like the two governments most concerned, had left the Mahdi out of the reckoning. On reaching Khartoum he had explained his mission to the people, pointing out to them that he had come, quite alone, to hold the balance of justice level. There should be no more unjust taxes, as the rule of the Egyptian was over, and no more fighting.

Henceforward he would devote himself to teaching them how to govern and defend and support themselves; meanwhile, as a token of good-will, he would release all prisoners, abolish the stocks and bastinado, and burn all records of unpaid taxes, in order to give them a fresh start.

But, somehow, all did not seem well in Khartoum; there was an air of ill-omen about the place and the people; all too soon he learned its purport. The power of the Mahdi, to whom he had given no thought, was suddenly borne in upon him, and, without delay, he telegraphed to Cairo for one Zebehr Rahama to be sent to

Khartoum, as a counter-balance to the influence of Mahomet Achmet. He also proposed to remove the southern garrisons as well as the northern, and suggested that he would personally interview the Mahdi at Kordofan with a view to coming to terms:

Requests, suggestions, and proposals alike were ignored, and his hope of a peaceful evacuation was frustrated. Berber, the key to the Sudan, being still quite unprotected, fell to the Mahdi; the presence of the British troops at Suakim led to the battle of Tamai, March 1884, and henceforth Gordon's influence was at a discount. Khartoum was besieged by Arabs, and traitors dwelt within its walls.

Gordon was indeed alone, yet he bravely did his duty, throwing up earth-works, digging mines, setting wire entanglements, storing and apportioning food, visiting the weak and helpless, and cheering them with bright smiles and hopeful words, repelling attacks, tending the wounded, burying the dead, and spending what money he could obtain from outside for the benefit of all.

Driven almost to despair by the evident treachery of some of the defending troops, Gordon tried two of the native leaders by martial law, condemned and executed them, an action he never ceased to regret, and one that probably led to the dire trouble which later came upon the doomed town.

After six months' siege, an attempt was made to communicate with the outer world by means of the river, just then at its highest and quite easy of navigation. A small paddle-boat, the *Abbas*,

started from Khartoum on the night of 9th September 1884, carrying with her Gordon's faithful friend, Colonel Stewart, Mr. Power, and M. Herbin, the French Consul, eighteen Greeks, some forty to fifty sailors, and all the official records relating to the city, including its means of defence, and its food supply.

On the same day the Gordon Relief Expedition left England, with numbers of small wooden boats for use upon the Nile; but the *Abbas* never reached Dongola, and the Relief Party reached Khartoum too late. It is thought that the paddle-boat ran aground at Dar Djuma, and that those aboard, seeking refuge on land, fell into the hands of the Mahdi's troops and were killed.

After her departure, Gordon was alone in his great palace. The vigil formerly kept by himself and Stewart and Power, he now maintained alone. Day after day he mounted to the roof, hope springing eternal in his breast, to scan the distant horizon for some sign of approaching help, and day after day he descended, hope almost dead, to resume his fight with sickness, disaffection, despair; to face once more the growing problem of how to feed some tens of thousands of people for an indefinite period upon a very clearly defined stock of provisions.

Fortunately, his fund of ready resource never failed him. Through every difficulty he saw a way. By some wonderful means he managed to obtain supplies of food and money; by the magic of his personal influence he formed an army of defence out of the very small remnant of his

once fine army; where earthworks were needed immediately he fixed lengths of calico dyed earth-colour, to deceive the besiegers till the real ones were ready; he cheered the weary, comforted the sick, fed the hungry, yet never once rested after his hard day's toil till a full record of his doings had been written.

How he managed it all is more than can be told. But we are sure he was sustained, not by the hope of men's praise—this he never prized—but by his unswerving faith in the great Ruler of men, and by his unbounded love for those dependent upon him.

Even when the Mahdi, arriving before the town, sent in to him full particulars of the wreck of the *Abbas*, the murder of the passengers and crew, and the seizure of the records, he controlled the feeling of despair that would have completely broken down a man of little faith. The sad news only nerved him to more vigorous effort in the defence of the town.

At length information of the approach of the Relief Party leaked through. Overjoyed at the good news, Gordon at once sent his armed steamers to await the troops at Metemmah, and contrived to communicate with them despite the watchfulness of the besiegers.

The Mahdi, fearful lest his prey should escape him, now pressed the siege closer, and made the most strenuous effort to enter the town before the arrival of the British force.

Only two boats remained, *Hussineyeh* and the *Ismailia*; these the Mahdi disabled, in the

hope of cutting off all means of communication between Khartoum and the Relief Party. Yet, by a clever ruse, Gordon managed to send verbal messages through, telling those in charge the true state of affairs within the walls, and urging them to push forward.

He had got beyond hope, beyond grief. "I feel quite indifferent," he wrote in his journal, "for if not relieved within a month our food supply fails, and I like to go down with our colours flying."

This entry was made on 12th November 1884; on the 22nd of the same month he drew a sketch of his position, entered the number of persons killed and wounded during the siege, and stated that if the Relief Party brought orders for him to leave Khartoum at once, and do nothing for the safety of Kassala and Senaar, he would refuse to obey; for, he added, "I was not named Governor-General in order to run away from Khartoum, and leave the garrisons elsewhere to their fate."

Three more weary weeks passed in anxious watching, careful apportioning of food, and repelling attacks; but the days brought help no nearer, only the end the gallant soldier had all along tried to ward off; and for that end he now prepared.

Having written letters of farewell to his sister and some other friends, he addressed one to Lord Wolseley, asking him to undertake the discharge of certain debts to the Egyptian and British Governments, and also to the King of the Belgians, out of his arrears of pay, and

to see that his family suffered in no way by his death.

"The almighty God will help me. I have done my best for the honour of our country. Good-bye. You send me no information, though you have lots of money." This is the last entry in the journal of the man whose life was sacrificed because his fellows awoke to his peril *too late*.

Gordon never was a rich man; his military pay was his chief source of income; every gift to orphan, or widow, or the aged, or the sick, was given at personal sacrifice. Of the £200 procured for him by Lord Wolseley, when leaving London, he gave £100 to his aged secretary, whom, on reaching Ismailia, he found in poverty and want. The debts to which he referred were contracted and the money spent in alleviating distress during the siege.

The sum of £570 borrowed from the King of the Belgians was no doubt largely spent in charitable purposes, and would have been repaid by service in the Congo Mission had Gordon not fallen in the siege of Khartoum.

For six weeks after the sending out of Gordon's last letters the garrison managed to repel all attacks. Though he himself would never surrender, he felt there was no reason why all should perish. Lest they should die of the starvation now so near, he quietly opened the gates and sent fifteen thousand of the townspeople to the camp of the Mahdi; but fourteen thousand still remained, and these he guarded and comforted to the end.

At last the food-supply was exhausted, and the people were fain to chew strips of skin cut from the mattresses of the native beds, the leather of their boots, the bark and fibre of trees, rats, mice, anything, in fact, that would keep life within them—with the added misery of knowing that many boats, heavily laden with food, were almost within reach ; with the added misery of knowing that the help that had been coming so long was still *only coming*, and would finally arrive when their miseries had ceased to be.

Who was to blame? Let those in charge of the advance answer the question. Truly, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and one cannot wonder that Gordon had grown indifferent to their movements.

On 26th January 1885, the troops of the Mahdi, maddened by the sight of their wounded comrades brought in from the battle of Abu Klea, demanded to be allowed to attack the city.

Weakened by starvation, hopeless of the aid so long deferred, careless of what might happen, and, perhaps, only too willing to yield, the garrison seems to have made little or no resistance. On the 28th, when the two first boats of the expedition reached Khartoum, the long struggle was over, and the heart of its brave defender was stilled for ever.

General Gordon, the tender, loving friend of the poor and the weak, the stern, implacable enemy of the oppressor, the unjust, the extortioner, marching at break of day at the head of some twenty faithful followers toward the Church of

the Austrian Mission, was ruthlessly shot down almost on its threshold by the invading Arabs.

The war-cry of his clan was never more unfalteringly obeyed than by this loyal son of the House of Gordon.

The Sudan is now the home of a peaceful people. For a time, at least, the old enmity is at rest, and in Khartoum, the scene of the bravest moments of a truly brave man, a fine college, built in his memory, provides for the education of the children of those who, carried away by religious zeal and an utterly mistaken view of his motives, deprived their country of the best friend it had ever possessed.

In his own land, monuments and charitable efforts for the good of the poor keep green the memory of her martyred son.

No stone marks his grave, however, for we know not where it is; but, as Colonel Sir William Butler truly says, though his body rests in "its vast and wandering grave . . . somewhere far out in the immense desert . . . if England, still true to the long line of her martyrs to duty, keep his memory precious in her heart—making of him no false idol of pride or brazen image of glory, but holding him as he was, the mirror and measure of true knighthood—then better than in effigy or epitaph will his life be written, and his nameless tomb become a citadel to the nation."

WILLIAM BOOTH,
FOUNDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

CHAPTER I.

“IN THEE, O LORD, DO I PUT MY TRUST.”

“THE Holy Spirit had continually shown me that my real welfare for time and for eternity depended upon the surrender of myself to the service of God.”

Thus William Booth, after he had made confession of his sins at the altar-rail of Broad Street Wesleyan Church, Nottingham.

Though his parents were both members of the Church of England, he had obtained his father's permission to join the Wesleyans, with whom he had great sympathy. He was an earnest, thoughtful lad, keenly aware of the sufferings of the poor, and eagerly anxious to help them.

For several years he had noticed that a large number of the very poorest never entered a place of worship. Their hardships were many, he knew, yet he could not help thinking their lot might be brightened if only some one would go among them and speak boldly of the loving Saviour who gave His life that they might be saved from their sins.

Lad though he was, he finally set out to do this himself. The place he chose as the scene of his first efforts was one of the worst in the town. It was called the Narrow Marsh, and was inhabited by people who thought it great fun to

pelt the young preacher with all kinds of missiles, and, when these failed to drive him away, to resort to personal violence.

But his patience and forbearance won them in the end. At heart they admired his pluck, and at last could not help believing that he was honestly concerned for their souls, and was trying, with God's help, to do them good.

It was not William Booth's wish, however, that they should be satisfied to hear him ; he wanted to induce them to attend the chapel. A number agreed to go if he would take them ; so, meeting them at an appointed time, he conducted them to the entrance, where they were refused admission simply because they were poorly clothed !

Nothing daunted, however, the young preacher took them in by a back entrance, and sat with them in full view of the whole congregation.

"My call to follow my Saviour, and save as many sinners from the pains of hell as I possibly could, came to me at the beginning of my career," he said afterwards, and surely this act of Christian charity was a proof of his assertion.

William Booth was filled with a longing to gather the neglected into the Fold ; those for whom the recognised ministers seemed chiefly to care never had anything like the same interest for him. The poor, the vicious, the depraved were the ones he sought ; the more lost they were the greater his efforts to reach them ; and he was much encouraged in his work by the Rev. James Caughey, an American evangelist visiting England at the time.

Booth was twenty years of age when he first went to London to reside. This was in the year 1849, and not long afterwards certain Wesleyans, who could not obtain the alterations in the administration of the Church affairs they had asked of the Conference, formed themselves, into a new body, under the name of Reformers.

These Reformers William Booth joined; an act that led to his acquaintance with Catherine Mumford, whom he married on 15th June 1855. She was a quiet, thoughtful lady, possessing a devout and earnest nature, and, by her zeal for the saving of souls, not only encouraged, but actually helped her husband so ably in every way, in spite of the cares of a large family and continued ill-health, that the success of the now famous Salvation Army may fairly be regarded as owing as much to her efforts as to his.

Booth did not remain long with the Reformers however. In May 1858, he was ordained a minister of the Wesleyan New Connexion, yet, from the first, he seemed to be possessed by the idea that mission work was more his sphere than that of any prescribed circuit.

To spread the Gospel was his aim, not by addressing well-dressed, fashionable congregations, or even any congregations that could be found assembled in some place of worship of their own free will. His aim was to influence the sort of people among whom he had laboured as a young lad in the slums of Nottingham. Wherever sin was, wherever the Lord was needed most, there he wanted to be.

It was agreed by the Members in Conference that year to allow him to visit some of the large provincial towns as an evangelist. His efforts were very successful; large numbers of persons, convinced of sin, knelt at the penitent forms and declared themselves ready with God's help to lead new lives. Yet he was not allowed to continue this itinerant preaching, but was sent to Brighthouse, in the Gateshead Circuit, where Mrs. Booth, guided by the Spirit, made her first effort at addressing a public meeting.

It was indeed a fortunate thing that she had done so, for shortly afterwards her husband's health broke down, and, during his absence, she was able to supply his place. The very marked ability shown in her sermons was soon recognised. Invitations from various chapels reached her, and at length she was led to think that this was the work which the Lord wished her to do, since He had made the way so easy.

Therefore she strongly advised her husband not to accept any further circuit work; but, with her, to go from place to place seeking sinners and bringing them to repentance.

As Booth had fully expected, so it happened. The Conference of 1861 refused to allow him to work as an evangelist, and he would not agree to be bound down to any set duties, feeling he could serve his Master best by being free to accept the conduct of mission and revival services in any place to which he was invited.

This was a very serious step. It meant leaving himself, his wife, and his young family with no

certain means of income ; but with the words " In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust," he awaited his Master's will with a clear consciousness of having acted in an honest, straightforward manner.

It was not long before he was asked to hold a series of revival services in Cornwall, whither he at once repaired with his wife, leaving his children in London with Mrs. Mumford.

The evangelists were warmly welcomed by the kindly West Country folk. Meetings were arranged, and a great out-pouring of the Spirit was evident in all the services. People walked miles from the surrounding districts to hear the wonderful and striking preaching of William Booth and his talented helpmeet. Numbers of persons desirous of being saved came forward and cried aloud for mercy. They were an emotional people, given to loud expression of their feelings, and Booth, realising this, wept with those that wept, and rejoiced with those that did rejoice.

What availed decorum in the pulpit if it but led to lethargy of soul? Nothing. Let it go. Make the service suitable to the people, if only thereby souls might be won. Their excitement, their loud hallelujahs, were but expressions of their joy at having found Jesus.

But the test of their true conversion was the readiness with which they left off their old evil ways and became an orderly and Godfearing people. The public-houses were deserted, the police had less work to do, and the men's labour in the pits was marked by more conscientious fulfilment.

The ignorance of the Bible among these people was grievous, and to this fact the earnest revivalist laid the blame of much of their evil doing. If they would but study the truths in the Bible, he said, they would not let sin get such hold of them.

From Cornwall Mr. and Mrs. Booth went to Cardiff, Pontypridd and Newport, where they did much good work, and made friends who remained true to them ever after.

They next commenced a series of services in Walsall. Here they met with much annoyance and ridicule, but the Lord was on their side and they prevailed. It was here that the famous *Hallelujah Band*, comprising some of the most depraved and vicious characters in the town, was formed; and it was here, too, that the first Monster Camp Meeting was held, at which speeches were made by some of the converted persons, who were known to the audience as burglars, thieves, swindlers, anything indeed, but what they now professed themselves hopeful to become — true servants of the Lord.

This converting of sinners by means of those newly converted was a good idea. William Booth early learned that the masses will listen to one of themselves more readily than to an educated person, whose language they cannot always understand. Indeed, to these latter they will hardly listen at all.

Hence in his own efforts, he addressed them in plain, homely words, so that they could not have any excuse for not heeding him. He showed them their weaknesses, their errors, their worse

sins, in direct and simple language; and, by the same means warned them of the punishment that would surely follow, and of the blessed welcome they would receive if they would but seek it.

CHAPTER II.

"THE WORLD FOR JESUS."

IN the year 1865, William Booth set up a tent in an old Quaker burying-ground, situated in the Whitechapel district of London; and, some time later, on a piece of waste ground in Mile End, where he held services calculated to draw the people of the districts.

Of course he was not allowed to do this in peace. His presence was regarded as an intrusion, and his particular motive as a subject of ridicule. It was terribly uphill, dispiriting work for a man; but William Booth was no ordinary man. Persistent, enduring, loving, he continued his services, in spite of half bricks, decaying vegetables, or any other of the offensive missiles hurled at his devoted head by those he had resolved to win.

When his tent was blown to pieces by a furious gale of wind, he hired a dancing-room for Sabbath services, and an old warehouse for those held during the week. Into these all kinds of things were thrown; but even fire-works failed to turn him from his purpose, and in the end he won over some of the most violent.

An old chapel was next hired, and after that a

disused theatre. The Spirit began to be manifested among the poor sinners. Night after night many came forward to encourage others by telling what Christ had done for them. The poor in other quarters, hearing of the wonderful meetings, begged that the preacher would visit their neighbourhoods.

Meetings were arranged in Cubitt Town, North Woolwich, Barking, and other places, the people giving of their little toward the expenses, which were chiefly met, however, by collections taken by Mrs. Booth at meetings of richer people in West London.

Thus a class of persons was won from sin, and the crafts and assaults of the devil, that had been held in terror by the various ministers of the city. And indeed it needed immense pluck to go amongst them at first. A few philanthropists, such as Lord Shaftesbury and Dr. Barnardo, had ventured and been made welcome, but their work had lain more particularly among the children and young people. Certain of the City Missionaries, too, were tolerated, but nothing in the nature of a thorough awakening of the people to their sins had been before attempted.

The work grew amazingly. Help was needed, and that badly. "Where will you get it?" Booth was asked. "From the people themselves," he replied, and even so it proved.

The East End Mission, afterwards called the Christian Mission, was carried on by a band of reclaimed drunkards, thieves, and notorious evil-doers. Their instructions were very simple:

"Take the message of salvation to the people. Attract them. Save them. Get them to work for Christ."

As in Nottingham, so here ; his aim was to get them to become members of the churches. But they felt the churches did not want them ; churches were for well-to-do folk, who would look askance at their poor clothing ; they would feel out of place ; in short, they would not go. So William Booth had to provide for them himself.

Any building in which it was possible to hold a meeting was taken. The movement spread rapidly, not only all over London, but even to the provinces, and Booth became known as the General Superintendent.

At length a wealthy man offered to build a hall in London for the use of Mr. Booth ; but, as the conditions accompanying the offer would have cramped his freedom of action, he was obliged to decline it.

In 1877 he held a conference of evangelists, at which certain rules for the efficient working of the mission were drawn up. These rules gave strong proof of William Booth's wondrous power of organisation and government. The whole of the work was made to progress with ease and regularity, every person being given a duty to perform, and no detail, however small, was overlooked.

Mr. Booth said in the course of the conference that he thought their meeting might well be called a "Council of War," since they were there for the express purpose of discovering the best method of waging war against the devil. Soon after this,

his son Bramwell, in speaking of the Christian Mission, said it was really an army—a volunteer army for the salvation of souls—why not say a *Salvation Army*?

The name, was adopted. Mr. Booth himself had been commonly called the “general”—an abbreviation of General-Superintendent. Having then an army and a general, the next idea was to put the whole organisation on a military basis.

The suggestion was novel and would attract those whom they wished to reach, even if it led to some of their most generous supporters withdrawing their help. The workers were given rank according to degree of service, a uniform was adopted, and a blood-red banner, bearing a flame-coloured star, chosen. This standard is meant to typify the blood of Jesus and the fire of the Holy Ghost—Blood and Fire being the watchwords of the army of salvation. The border of blue round the standard means holiness and consecration.

The mission halls were renamed barracks, and regulations for their conduct, as well as for the army as a whole, were issued.

As Mr. and Mrs. Booth anticipated, many of their friends took exception to the change; but, true to the instinct by which they had been guided on breaking away from the Wesleyan New Connexion, they followed it up, feeling that it would, as it undoubtedly did and still does, draw those upon whose salvation they were bent. Looking back upon their decision after nearly thirty years of endeavour, they realised that their instinct had guided them aright.



Photo, by F. H. Mills.
C.W.

General Booth.

The army prospered exceedingly ; not however by opening barracks and awaiting an audience, but by carrying out the plan adopted from the beginning by the General—as we shall now call him—the plan of walking through the streets, and alleys, attracting the inhabitants by singing, exhortation, and prayer ; and, later, by means of bands.

“A drum can be heard,” said the General, “where a voice will not reach.” Moreover, he knew that anything in the way of music would certainly draw a crowd in those quarters, and the crowd once gathered, he trusted to curiosity to make the people follow into the meeting-houses, and to the personal power of the officers to keep them there.

The early days of the Salvation Army were indeed days of active engagement such as only true soldiers of Christ could have won through. Persecution, assault, prosecution, became a part of their daily existence, but, mindful of their Master’s command, they ever “turned the other cheek.”

Even the most determined foe cannot long continue a one-sided battle.* It takes two to make a quarrel, and the Salvationists would not be driven into retaliation. The long struggle ceased at length, and to-day the Salvation Army is so much a part of our lives that its officers pass through the streets unharmed and almost unnoticed.

“Tell it out !” was the command always sounding in the General’s ears, and he continually sought fresh fields of labour. Having established corps in

all the leading towns at home, he next decided to send his daughter Catherine, with some other equally earnest workers, to conduct a campaign in Paris. From this first effort in a foreign field sprang a movement that now embraces almost every part of the world.

"The world for Jesus!" was the motto of the workers in these far-off and foreign lands; but it was at the cost of ridicule, persecution, and even imprisonment, that they succeeded. Their efforts have been more uniformly successful than those of any Missionary Society, as they have gained a footing where no missionaries had ever attempted to enter, among the great submerged tenth of so-called Christian lands.

And this vast Army is constantly encouraged by the presence of its grand old leader. No place is too remote, no journey too arduous, no difficulty too great to keep him away from the spot where once the standard of his Army has been set up.

His busy mind, like his active body, is ever at work, reviewing past labours, devising amendments, planning fresh schemes of usefulness—no detail too insignificant, no undertaking too tremendous to claim his attention, if any portion of the human race can be benefited thereby.

His presence, heralded in every district, is regarded as something too precious to miss, being even marked by a general stoppage of work in some of the places he visits. It would, perhaps, be safe to say he is personally known to more people in the world than any other man.

Yet he has not done all the organising alone.

His wife, his children, his devoted fellow-workers have all aided by suggestion and co-operation in making the Salvation Army schemes as all-embracing as they are to-day.

Though by the death of his beloved wife in the year 1890 General Booth was deprived of his ablest co-worker, he continued his labours, as he had ever done through the many domestic afflictions with which it pleased the Lord to try him. His faith upheld him and enabled him to keep the promise made to his people at her graveside, the promise never to rest as long as he lived from his efforts to serve the Master, as all true servants should.

CHAPTER III.

“UNTO THEE, O LORD, DO WE GIVE ALL THE
GLORY.”

AT home, the Salvation Army soon became a power to be reckoned with. Its work could no longer be ignored. An influential committee was appointed by the bishops of the Church of England, to visit, inquire into, and report upon the work of this truly wonderful organisation, with the result that an offer of alliance with the Church was made.

But, when every point had been fully considered and discussed, the plan was not found to be workable, and the idea fell through, though the warm feeling that grew out of it between the Church and the Salvationists still exists.

General Booth felt he must be a perfectly free agent, in order to carry out to the full his plans for the salvation of the people ; but, at the same time, he was quite ready to admit his great pleasure that the work had found favour in the eyes of the leading Churchmen.

Mention having been made of the all-embracing scope of the Army schemes, it will now be well to narrate briefly just what they deal with. Penetrating into the lowest haunts of our large cities, the officers are brought into touch with the dwellers therein, win their confidence, and endeavour to aid them.

They lay hold upon and arrest the downward course of young girls and lads, reclaim men and women grown old in sin and vice, save the little ones from evil example and influence, and restore to the drunkard his manhood and self-respect by making him cast off the evil influence of intoxicating liquors. This work is largely done by the Social Wing of the Army.

General Booth's exposure of "Darkest England" and its miseries opened the eyes of his countrymen in horror. The rich gave of their plenty, the poor of their hard-earned pittances ; work was provided in town and country for all who applied ; homes for the rescue of erring girls were established, as well as shelters for the homeless—young and old—and refuges for the prisoner freed from jail with no home, or work, or friendly hand to help him.

Enormous as the good done in London has been, it is, comparatively speaking, less than that done by the same means in the large cities of

our colonies, notably Australia, and in those of many countries on the continent. In London alone four thousand homeless persons find comfort each night in the Salvation Army Shelters. For the small sum of a penny or twopence they can wash themselves and their under-clothing, get a mug of cocoa and a piece of bread, and a warm resting-place, without loss of self-respect by accepting pure charity.

Seven hundred men are beginning life afresh in the Army workshops, bringing back the old cunning to their hands, and winning again by honest toil the manhood their self-indulgence had caused them to forfeit.

Every morning sees an Army officer waiting at the prison gates to give to each discharged prisoner a kindly smile, a word of hope, a warm welcome to a home where hearty encouragement is given to all who will begin again. This work alone has justified every effort made, both at home and abroad.

The Farm Colony at Hadleigh, Essex, where dairy-work, poultry-farming, brick-making, culture of flowers, etc., are taught, is now entirely self-supporting. Here are found men, who, born in the slums and reared in the gutters, and rescued from almost hopeless depravity, were first employed in the workshops, and then drafted to the farm, to build up their shattered constitutions. Many have been thoroughly reclaimed, and are now respectable citizens working diligently in good situations.

Knowing the peculiar temptations to which

soldiers and sailors are open, General Booth has established a naval and military league, in addition to the work among the fishermen round our coasts; and now the possession of a Salvation Army Lifeboat has completed the work. The League, though only formed five years ago, has ten cheery, comfortable institutions at home and abroad, and a large number of devoted workers who did a great deal of good among the soldiers during the recent war.

The work among young girls already victims to the dangers of the streets, or in deadly peril of becoming so, is one that commends itself to every right-minded man and woman. The Army has one hundred and twenty-six rescue-homes altogether, affording shelter to five thousand women annually.

These poor creatures are trained by tender, loving women to earn their living by honourable means. They pass from the homes to good situations, which they frequently retain for long periods. Many of them marry respectable working-men, and obtain comfortable homes of their own, which they manage thoroughly well.

There is also a successful effort to aid young servants in need of a temporary residence while in search of situations, as well as Prison-gate Homes for women, a Maternity Hospital, and pleasant homes for little children.

Women, specially trained for the duty, go into any home, however wretched and depraved, to relieve pain and suffering, and to speak those precious words in season that have been the means of saving many a soul sunk in despair. These

kindly, loving women are really angels of mercy to the poor sufferers to whom they are called.

Often the room is bare of all save a heap of rags on which the patient lies, the cupboard empty, the grate devoid of fire. Soon the room is thoroughly cleaned, coal is fetched and a fire kindled, and the sufferer washed and clothed in clean comfortable garments is gratefully taking a little suitable nourishment from loving hands.

Meanwhile tender words of sympathy are spoken by a capable woman, who, calling her *sister*, has proved to her that there are truly some good people in the world, to whom the sorrows of the poor appeal, even though she, unfortunately, has never before met one.

This rescue work is very dear to the heart of General Booth. As a young lad he began in a simple way to get in touch with the depraved and vicious ; nothing daunted him. The callousness of the people themselves, the languid indifference of the well-to-do, and the lack of any organised effort on the part of the churches to cope with the evil were very patent to the keenly observant young missionary, and he determined to make an alteration in the matter should opportunity ever favour him.

How he has succeeded every one knows ; and this is not surprising when one remembers that his schemes are not, and never were, carried on solely by the contributions of the charitable. To preserve the self-respect of the people has been his aim, and though the public has generously aided in the founding of each, and contributions are

always very much needed, the schemes are, as a rule, self-supporting as far as possible.

Self-help at the cost of self-denial, is part of the creed taught by the Salvation Army: every member, no matter how poor, gives—and gives freely—as a result of this teaching. Self-control is another, and who that knows the vast amount of good the Salvationists have done in the Temperance Cause alone shall dare say this is taught in vain.

“Be watchful, be diligent, above all, be faithful,” they say, “and the Crown of Life shall surely be yours. Bring yourself to God, and you will have nothing more to do but simply to trust Him. He will sanctify you; He will reward your faith.”

General Booth began life with a great love for mankind, with sympathy for our weaknesses, with a living desire to aid us. He has used all for Jesus. His rare fund of humour, his ability to forget himself, to “let himself go,” his knowledge of the special temptations and trials to which his hearers are exposed, his wonderful persuasiveness, his abundant flow of picturesque language, have won for him a unique place in the history of the world—for he, and he alone, has found the way to the hearts of the great submerged tenth.

Though never a strong man physically the aged General keeps himself fit for his multitudinous duties by strict attention to diet. By means of a comfortable motor-car he can still cover long distances, and the perils and discomforts of an ocean voyage have no more power to stay him now than they had twenty years ago.

His vast Army, his capable Staff, himself, are all at one in their desire to spend and be spent in the Master's service.

Armed and provisioned for siege or besieging, for stern attack or determined resistance, the noble band is ever waging war against the arch-enemy of mankind, and no one of them is more impressed by the magnitude of their work than is the General himself.

"I have never said that I want to make so many soldiers," he once remarked; "that I want to get so many officers, and so many flags, in so many countries, and I want to do so many things. I have aimed at making the most I could of the opportunity of to-day, doing the best with the chances that were in my hands."

That is the secret—make the best of the opportunity before you; believe that your Father will help you; success is bound to follow. General Booth's love for mankind has leavened the whole of his vast Army, and by this love, which beams in his eye, tones his voice, and softens his touch on the head of the erring, he has won tens of thousands of those persons no Christian effort had ever before reached. ••

His tender care for the physical good of the people has always a higher and holier end in view. "Surrender yourselves to God," is his advice to all. "I like the experience of a man that includes a conviction that he is wrong, the knowledge of a moment when he crosses the line, when he intelligently decides to serve the living God, and realises the forgiveness of his sin

and his entrance into the family of Almighty God."

William Booth has ever been a keen reader of character. He can see the true man or woman beneath the scars of vice, the soil of labour, the gloss of social position. And thus it is we find that some of his most successful officers are drawn from the lowliest born, while many of the rank and file can lay claim to high birth. Yet all, filled with a genuine love of Christ, work together in harmony and peace.

Though relieved of a great deal of the actual work and responsibility by his capable family, the General still keeps in touch with the working of his numerous schemes. His keen eye is still busy peering into misery, sin, and want; his fertile brain is still planning new means for their alleviation. His last great idea, the emigration of large numbers of the unemployed, is still before us. Much has been done in past years by similar means, but the present movement is to be on a larger scale.

The power of gaining and holding the hearts of those who have gone aside from the paths of virtue, possessed by the officers of the Salvation Army, is now meeting with recognition from the members of our Government. It is said a movement is afoot by which persons sentenced to long imprisonment may be handed over to the care of General Booth before their time has fully expired.

Nothing definite is known of this as yet; but it is sincerely to be hoped, that, should it become an accomplished fact, it will meet with the same

unqualified success that has attended other schemes which owe their origin to General Booth.

“To loose the bands of the wicked, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free,” is indeed an acceptable offering unto the Lord. Truly may it be said of William Booth that he has obeyed the call heard in his youth. “Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet and shew My people their transgression!” And those who would have hindered him in the old far-off days must needs acknowledge now his wisdom in responding to the call.

He has kept the faith, he has given God the glory, his hearers have been sanctified through the truth.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON,

THE POPULAR BAPTIST PREACHER.

CHAPTER I.

“LOOK UNTO ME, AND BE YE SAVED.”

“GRANDPAPA, I’ve killed old Rhodes ! He’ll never give you any more trouble !” cried a small boy of six, running into the Manse at Stambourne, and looking joyfully into the old pastor’s face.

“I’ve not done anything wicked, though !” he continued, seeing his grandfather’s look of mingled astonishment and fear, “I’ve only been doing the Lord’s work ; that’s all !” and he proceeded to explain.

It appears that one of the members of John Spurgeon’s church was often seen sitting in the taproom of the village inn, drinking and smoking with men who were likely to lead him astray. This was a great grief to the pastor, who frequently spoke of it to the members of his family ; and little Charles, who spent more of his time at Stambourne than in his own home, being a keen, observant child, had determined to remove the trouble from the mind of his beloved grandfather.

Running into the inn one day, when he knew Rhodes to be there, he held up an admonishing finger and exclaimed with great gravity, “What doest thou here, Elijah ?” Then, before the astonished man could reply, he said, “Are

you not ashamed to come here so often, when you know you are breaking your pastor's heart by doing so? I am surprised at you!"

His mission ended, he turned and walked away, leaving all in the inn nearly speechless with amazement.

The child's simple action, however, bore good fruit; for, not long afterwards, the old man Rhodes called on his pastor, apologised for the grief he had caused him, and promised to live henceforth, by God's help, as a good member of the Church should.

This killing of old Rhodes, to use his own expression, was Charles Spurgeon's first attempt at convincing a man of sin; how many afterwards owed their conversion to him is known only to the Lord whose work he so early began.

Spurgeon was born at Kelveden, Essex, in the year 1834, of a well known and highly respected Nonconformist family. His mother was firmly convinced that he would become famous; even as he lay in her arms, but a few days old, she remarked that he would one day make a greater noise in the world than the stage-coach then clattering by; and, indeed, from the first, the child took such a keen grasp of men and things, and showed so much convincing common sense when arguing even the smallest matter, that her prophecy bade fair to be fulfilled.

Strong-willed and somewhat passionate, Charles Spurgeon was not an easy child to manage; but

his great love of the truth, his absolute straightforwardness and hatred of concealment, often won for him freedom from punishment for the smaller offences common to children.

Perhaps the greater part of his childhood was spent with his grandfather, and this may, in some measure, account for his early thoughtfulness and love of the Bible. Never very fond of games, he spent his leisure in reading—his favourite books being the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Robinson Crusoe" or in drawing pictures of any object that interested him.

After spending some years at a school in Colchester, he was sent to a Church of England school at Maidstone, and afterwards to a school in Cambridge, in which he became an usher. Though well grounded in Greek and Latin, a fair French scholar, and a good mathematician, Spurgeon could lay claim to no great scholarship.

On one occasion, it was decided that he should be entered at the Stepney College, but, owing to a servant's mistake, the meeting between him and the College tutor, Dr. Angus, was prevented, and Spurgeon missed an opportunity to which he had looked forward with no little pleasure.

However, the hand of the Lord was in this, as in the whole after life of the earnest youth. His desire for a college education seemed to call down upon him his Master's rebuke. "Seekest thou great things for thyself?" asked a voice, as he walked along a country road one Sabbath, not long afterwards. "Seek them not!" it continued,

and, from that time, he determined to be guided wholly by the Lord.

Once, in his childhood's days, he had drawn a sinner to Jesus; later, he had preached an interesting sermon to his brother James and two little sisters, from the hay-rack above a manger in the stable; and, always, he had tried hard to fit himself to follow in his grandfather's footsteps. Yet a sense of unworthiness was ever with him. He felt he could do no really profitable work for his Master until converted from sin. Trained in a godly home, not given to any of the vices of youth, Spurgeon was what the world calls a good lad, but he did not think so himself.

In his very early days, Mr. Knill, a missionary newly returned from Russia, had spoken these remarkable words concerning him: "This child will one day preach the Gospel, and he will preach it to great multitudes. I am persuaded he will preach in the chapel of Rowland Hill." Giving the boy a sixpenny-piece, he made him promise that if his prophecy came true, Spurgeon would ask the congregation to sing the hymn—

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.

How the two prophecies concerning the young child were fulfilled we shall see later; but there is no doubt that, even in his youth, Spurgeon was greatly gifted as a preacher. The time of trial and doubt, through which he himself passed before finding Jesus, was of considerable value to

him in showing others the way. Indeed, he believed that such times were granted only that grace might the more abound when the sinner was truly saved.

"Oh, if I did not know that all the Lord's people had soul contention," he once said, "I should give up all for lost;" and of his own struggles, he further said, the foes in his heart were so strong that they would have killed him and sent him to hell, but the Lord upheld him.

From church to church he went, hoping, yet ever failing, to find a way from the darkness of sin to the blessed light of salvation. At length, quite by accident, he turned into a small Primitive Methodist Chapel in Colchester, and asked God's blessing on what he was about to hear. The weather was so bad that Sabbath morning that the minister was prevented from attending, and, as a last resort, one of the congregation ascended the rostrum.

Choosing as his text, the words, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," the man glanced round the faces of his audience, and, apparently singling young Spurgeon out for special exhortation, he repeated in impressive tones, "Look! Look! Look!"

And the lad did look. He saw his Saviour as he had never before seen him. He could see nothing else but Christ crucified, the Son of God shedding His blood that he might be saved.

"Oh, how I did leap for joy at that moment!"

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he says. "When I heard this word 'Look' . . . I looked until I could almost have looked my eyes away, and in heaven I will look on still, in my joy unutterable."

In the evening of the same day, he attended service with his mother in the Congregational Chapel, of which the family were members. The sermon seemed to complete his experience of the morning. He had looked, and now felt sure of acceptance; and, when the rest of the household were preparing for bed, he asked to have a little private conversation with his father, on the subject nearest his heart.

CHAPTER II.

SPURGEON BECOMES A BAPTIST.

STRANGELY enough, Charles Spurgeon's entry into the Baptist Church was the direct result of his brief stay at the school in Maidstone. Here he had been taught the Church of England catechism, and, while he never could entertain the theory of Infant Baptism, holding that every person should be directly responsible for his own actions, yet he could not but feel assured that the Church was right in demanding repentance and faith from all presenting themselves for baptism.

Reared among Congregationalists, given a first decided view on Church doctrine by an Episcopalian schoolmaster, and converted by the

earnest words of a Methodist layman, Charles Spurgeon felt himself to be a Baptist, even before he had any clear knowledge of the sect and its teachings. As soon as he became really convinced that this was so, he asked the permission of his parents to be baptised.

Of course, he had been baptised in the ordinary way, as an infant, but this he now regarded as altogether futile. After overcoming his parents' opposition, he was publicly baptised in the river, near Isleham Ferry, by the Rev. Cantlow, on the 3rd of May 1850. In after life Spurgeon held that a man's life begins, not on his natal day, but on the day when he gives himself to Christ.

Thus we find that he regarded himself as having been born on 6th January; admitted to Fellowship on 4th April; baptised on 3rd May; communed first on 5th May; and commenced work as Sabbath school teacher on 5th May, all in the year 1850. The initial letters of Sabbath school teacher, he always held, were far more to be desired than those of any degree marking scholarship; and his first efforts in this work were as dear to him as any success he afterward attained; for to him, as to all right-minded persons, the training of the young is important, not only to the individual but to the nation.

The desire of his life to

Tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour he had found,

now seemed about to be fulfilled. For three years he helped his old master, as usher in his school

at Cambridge, but his whole leisure was devoted to the study of theology. His first effort at preaching was in a little old thatched cottage at Feversham, where his delighted hearers consisted of only a few ignorant peasants; but the evident sincerity of his manner and the quaint way he had of giving utterance to his thoughts so charmed them that they made him promise to go again.

Spurgeon had ever a keen sense of humour; and when an old lady, at the close of his sermon, said warmly, "Bless your dear heart, how old are you?" he gravely asked her to wait till the service was over, when, the question being repeated, he answered sedately, but with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye, "Well, something under sixty!"

"Yes," said she, "and under sixteen, too!" And, indeed, he looked it, with his boyish jacket and shock of hair; but we must remember that, like the Master he hoped to follow, Charles Spurgeon had early begun to be about his Father's business.

In a very short time the fame of the boy preacher spread to the surrounding villages, and numerous invitations to preach reached him. Perhaps it was his original manner of expressing his thoughts, perhaps it was the underlying truth of his words; it could not have been his genial presence, or the conviction with which he spoke, for these were wanting with the thousands who afterwards read, and read eagerly (though such things do not commonly appeal to the ordinary

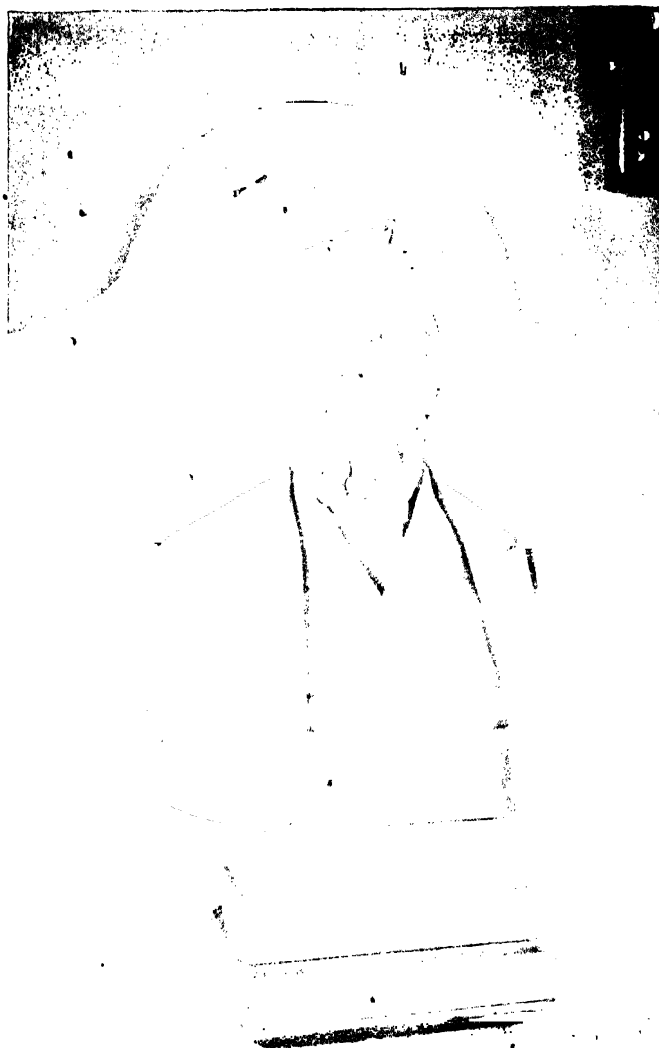
man and woman), his brief Outlines of Sermons; but, whatever it was, there is no doubt that Charles Spurgeon had no sooner begun to preach than he attracted immediate notice.

He joined the Baptist Church as a minister in October 1850, his first pastorate being at the little village of Waterbeach. Profiting by his own experience, he began to preach to *sinners*. In all his early days he had heard sound Gospel preached. Sitting on a little stool in the pulpit, he had listened to scores of good sermons delivered by his grandfather in the old Meeting House at Stambourne; he had heard many others, equally good, from various pulpits, when searching for grace for himself; but always he had been struck by the fact that the preachers omitted to *show sinners the way to Jesus*.

This therefore he made his aim; and his exhortations to them to *believe* were indeed very impressive. As the text of his first sermon he chose the words, "Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious." Believe, only believe! was ever his advice. Believe in God's mercy and justice; believe in the Saviour's sacrifice for you; believe in the power of prayer!

"If you believe in prayer at all, *expect* God to hear you. If you do not *expect*, you will not have. God will not hear you, unless you *believe* He will hear you!"

His salary was but £45 a year at Waterbeach, and had it not been for the generous gifts of food, such as vegetables, bread, or a share of a newly-killed pig, Spurgeon would often have been very



Phot. by V. de la Cruz, 1911

C.W.

Bust of C. H. Spurgeon.

strained, for he wished to be as independent of his parents as possible. His popularity grew rapidly, and a visitor from London, having heard him speak at a meeting in Cambridge, returned with such a glowing account of the young preacher, that shortly afterwards he received an invitation to preach in the New Park Street Chapel, Southwark.

This was indeed an honour. The pulpit of the New Park Street Chapel had been filled by many eminent pastors of the Baptist denomination, and that he, a raw country lad, possessed of no great learning, and unknown beyond his own small sphere, should receive such a call, filled him with no small amount of amazement.

However, the fear of men was never very strong in him, while his wish to serve the Lord wholly had become a part of his being. He set out upon his journeying with the determination to face a critical London audience just as simply as he did those in the villages of his native country.

The result of the visit was so very satisfactory that he was asked, by a majority of the members, to become pastor of the chapel. Spurgeon's observant eye, however, noting that a few were not very cordial, suggested that it might be as well if he filled the vacancy for three months, at the end of which time they could either renew the offer or withdraw it, as seemed best. This was done, and at the end of the time the whole congregation was in accord as to his suitability for the

post. Before long, the numbers who thronged to hear the eloquent lad of nineteen preach could scarcely find room within the once sparsely-filled chapel, and Spurgeon hired the Exeter Hall for their accommodation.

CHAPTER III.

THE TABERNACLE.

HIS name became the talk of London. His quaint expressions and vehement denunciations of sin were repeated, sometimes in admiration, sometimes in ridicule ; but unmoved by either, Charles Spurgeon continued in the way he had begun.

The New Park Street Chapel was enlarged, but still there was too little room. Spurgeon therefore took the Royal Surrey Music Hall, in which a most regrettable incident occurred during the first service. The cry of "Fire!" having been raised, the people, in panic, rushed to the exits, with the result that seven were trampled to death.

With the intention of pacifying the terror-stricken people, Spurgeon continued to exhort them, but all in vain ; he but succeeded in bringing down upon himself a perfect torrent of adverse criticism in the daily papers, and, for a brief period, his enthusiasm was stayed. Persons of all classes, however, still flocked to the Sunday morning services, even though he had hoped

to lessen the numbers by giving up the evening services.

It mattered not where he arranged to speak, in chapel or public hall, theatre or open field, tens of thousands waited hours to hear him. On the 4th September 1855, he addressed a crowd of at least ten thousand, and when, in 1857, the horrors of the Indian Mutiny shocked all England, and a day of National Fast and Humiliation was appointed, the Crystal Palace barely held the masses of people anxious to listen to the burning words of the plain and homely countryman.

At length it was decided to erect a new and commodious chapel for him, a work of which Spurgeon thoroughly approved. The sum needed would be large, but no one seemed to doubt that it would soon be subscribed. Spurgeon himself undertook to collect something toward it by preaching in the provincial towns, and in March 1860, the Metropolitan Tabernacle was an accomplished fact.

The opening services were productive of a substantial sum toward defraying the cost, a fact for which all connected with the undertaking were truly thankful. "We asked in faith," they said, "but our Lord has exceeded our desires, for not only was the whole sum (£31,000) given us, but far sooner than we had looked for it. Truly the Lord is good, and worthy to be praised."

Every event of public interest Spurgeon used as a theme for an eloquent discourse. The cholera scourge, during which he made house to house

visits in order to bring peace to the passing soul and comfort to the bereaved; the cotton famine, which brought destitution and misery on hundreds of the Lancashire operatives; the great colliery disasters, especially the Hartley, found him ready, with voice and with pen to succour the needy and the suffering.

In his touching sermon on this last trouble he took for his text, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and concluded with the following striking words, "As this is true of the sinner, so it is true of the saint; he shall live again! If in this life only we had hope, we were of all men the most miserable. If we knew we must die, and not live for ever, our brightest joys would be quenched, and in proportion to the joy we lost would be the sorrow which followed. *We shall live again!* . . . Brethren, my soul anticipates that day, let yours do the same. . . . Oh, long expected day, begin! When shall it come? Hasten it, Lord."

In the year 1866 a lady, who was a great believer in Spurgeon's powers, asked him to found some Orphan Homes, and promised the noble sum of £20,000 toward the scheme. At first he was amazed at the idea of so much responsibility, but when other offers came to hand, he felt it was the Lord's will, and he must not shrink from the duty.

A piece of land in Stockwell was purchased, and Home after Home was erected, until now the Orphanage covers nearly four acres of land, and provides shelter for over fifteen hundred

children of all classes and denominations. It has an endowment of £1400 per annum, and the remaining sum of about £8000 needed for its support is obtained by voluntary contribution.

Like other founders of orphanages, Spurgeon was often sorely pressed for the means to carry on his work; yet he was never doubtful that actual need would be felt. "I do not know where I shall get it (money) from day to day," he once remarked; "I ask God for it, and He sends it. Mr. Müller, of Bristol, does the same on a far larger scale, and his experience is the same as mine. . . . We ask God for the cash, and He sends it. That is a good, solid, material fact, not to be explained away."

The Homes are built on the same principle as Dr. Barnardo's Homes, but, probably owing to want of space, they are not arranged in the same way. A motherly woman has charge of each house, but every family meets in a common hall for meals. Morning and evening prayer is conducted in each Home, and the children are well educated and trained to earn their own living.

While no particular influence is brought to bear on the religious training of the children, all who desire to join the Baptist Church may do so on reaching an age when they are considered competent to judge for themselves; but the permission of their relatives is always obtained first.

The Orphanage is the charge of Mr. Charlesworth, who frequently receives many touching

tributes to his fatherly care and attention, not only from old scholars, but also from the widowed mothers and relatives of the children who have benefited by the Christian work.

The building of the Metropolitan Tabernacle left the New Park Street Chapel without a purpose in life, so to speak, for though a pastor was appointed, and the work continued, the people preferred to follow Mr. Spurgeon to the Tabernacle. The chapel was therefore sold, and the proceeds, together with certain donations for the purpose, were devoted to the building of an almshouse for the aged poor.

Led by the example of their esteemed pastor, many of the young men in Mr. Spurgeon's congregation desired to devote their lives to the work of the Lord. They were not of the wealthy class, to whom a college education offered no difficulty, but they were young men of ability and evident fitness for the work. Their zeal and earnestness at length touched the heart of their kind-hearted minister, and a few, having been carefully selected, were sent to be trained by men well known for their Christian fervour.

At length the number of such candidates for the ministry increased so rapidly that it was found necessary to build a college in which they might be specially trained.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PASTOR'S COLLEGE.

MR. SPURGEON'S income had, for many years, been largely increased by the sale of his sermons, but, owing to his views on the Slave Question, the amount obtained from America in this way was for a while entirely lost. The worthy pastor had always given liberally to every charitable scheme he had set afoot, in addition to the sums he sent privately to the poor ministers of his denomination, and this loss was particularly trying at this time, seeing that he had intended to help in the building of the new college.

However, "after a season of straitness, never amounting to absolute want," he says, "the Lord has always interposed, and sent me large sums (on one occasion £1000) from unknown donors," and the college was at length ready to receive the students, all of whom bore the stamp, so to speak, of their admirable teacher.

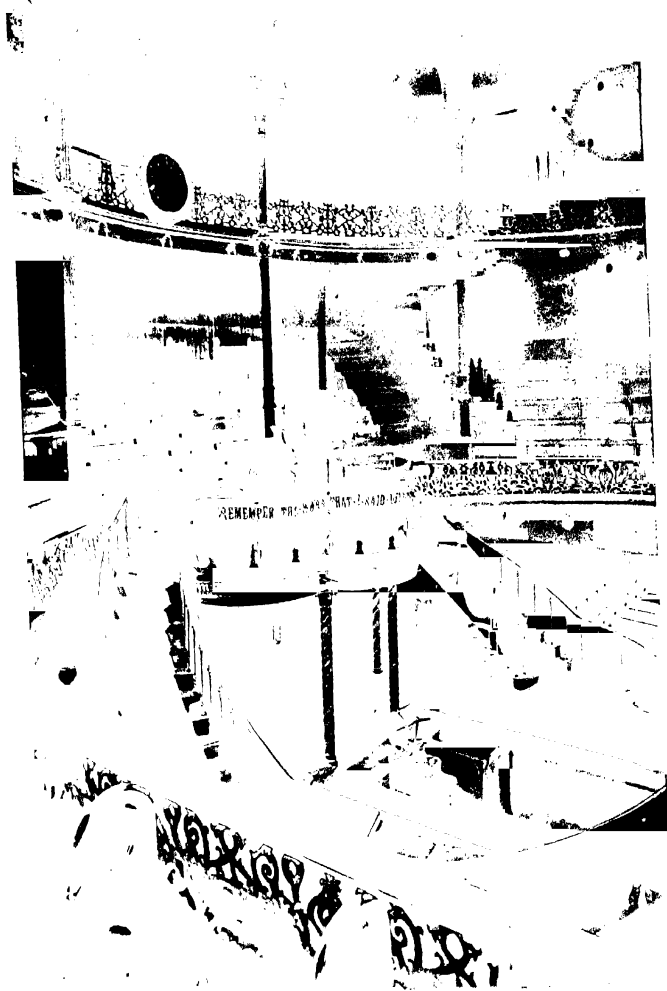
Among them were, to use Mr. Spurgeon's own words, "some of the holiest, soundest, and most self-denying" young men he had ever met, and every one of them tried his utmost to become as like their pastor in life, in aim, and in spiritual power, as possible. About two hundred earnest Christian ministers have now been sent from the college to carry on their Master's work, and to spread the Gospel, not only in our own country,

but in any part of the world, where men are still to be found in the outer darkness of religious ignorance and indifference.

Spurgeon's "Lectures to my Students" gives us a fairly clear ~~idea~~ of how he endeavoured to influence them in preparing for their profession, but he was never stiff and formal in his dealings with them. Always cheery and fond of a joke or a good story, he carried his geniality into every sphere of his work.

"Brethren," said he, one morning, on joining the students in the Lecture Hall, "they call us the *wide-awake* college. Well, anything is better than being *nappy*; let us be careful that where we go we are *felt*." And this, perhaps, was the secret of his own wonderful success, yet he made no evident straining after effect. All his sermons, like his "John Ploughman's Talk," were plain and simple, spoken so as to be understood of the people, but they never failed in their purpose—they made themselves *felt* in the hearts of his hearers.

His actions, like his words, were kind and homely. No one can even guess the vast amount of good he did in a quiet way. The lady whom he had married at the very commencement of his career, too, ably helped in all his charitable deeds. To her belongs the credit of founding the Book Fund, by which hundreds of poor ministers of all denominations are aided in obtaining the books so necessary to success in their work. Many of the comforts and even the necessities of life have been sent by her to the



Pulpit and Baptistry, Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

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Pulpit and Baptistry, Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

sorrow-stricken and needy pastors, who, in return for the devotion of their lives to God's service, are very often left in circumstances worse than those of ordinary labourers.

On the 25th anniversary of his pastorate, the congregation of the Tabernacle had presented him with the goodly sum of £6000, which he immediately devoted to the Orphanage and Book Funds, and to the distribution of God's Word by means of colporteurs.

Though not in good health for some years, Charles Spurgeon managed to get through an astonishing amount of work outside his numerous pastoral duties. His literary efforts, alone, would have been sufficient employment for most men. In addition to his sermons, first published as the "Penny Pulpit," and now known as the "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," he wrote "John Ploughman's Talk," "Lectures to My Students," "The Spare Half Hour," "Morning by Morning," "Evening by Evening," and many other books and booklets, as well as a voluminous story of his life and work.

The organ of the Baptist Union was also edited by him, and so enormous was the amount of correspondence needing attention that he had been obliged to obtain help in coping with it.

Indeed, so intense was the strain, Spurgeon never could have been spared so long to his people but for the share his brother took for many years in the work of the Tabernacle.

He suffered much from gout, which he had undoubtedly inherited. The attacks became more

frequent and painful as he advanced in years, and he was obliged to spend some portion of his time in so-called rest. During a visit of eleven weeks in Scotland, for this purpose, however, he preached no fewer than fifty times; and even when taking refuge on the continent he was literally besieged by invitations to preach and lecture, and as long as he was able by any means to do so, he went, even at the cost of much suffering.

In the year 1891, he was stricken by the illness which eventually caused his death. The news of the sad event caused a great sensation. Messages of sympathy and anxious inquiries were daily and almost hourly received, until the glad news was published that the crisis was past, and that the patient had some chance of recovery.

After staying for a short time at an English health resort, he was removed to Mentone, in the south of France, the air of which had always benefited him. But now the disease had taken too firm a hold to be alleviated. The same symptoms, followed by almost complete prostration, gave warning of another attack, and in January, 1892, he passed peacefully away.

To the very last he had kept in touch with his faithful flock at home, but now his labours were over, and a great sorrow filled their hearts. Instead of welcoming their beloved pastor, restored to health and energy, they waited in reverent grief to receive his mortal remains. Intense sympathy was felt for Mrs. Spurgeon in her bereavement. Messages from all over

the world reached her, and she was sustained in her trial by the kindness of loving friends.

Charles Spurgeon had wished to be laid to rest in the grounds of his Orphanage, but, this was not possible owing to the presence of the underground railway there. He was buried in the cemetery at Norwood, in a spot he had himself once spoken of as a suitable place.

Some years before, when speaking of his death, he desired that everything connected with his funeral should be of the simplest and plainest, and "Remember," he concluded, "a plain slab, with C. H. S. on it; nothing more." The simplicity of the arrangements was added to only by the presence of the orphan children, and the long procession of private carriages containing many of those who sincerely mourned the loss of one whom they considered the most powerful preacher of modern times.

He had fulfilled both the prophecies concerning him. He had indeed made "a noise in the world," and he had filled the pulpit of Rowland Hill, causing the hymn to be sung as he had promised his friend Mr. Knill; now he walked the pathway of which he spoke during his last illness, his Guide was beside him, the all-sufficient God whose overruling power had marked all the way he had trodden; he beheld, face to face, the Maker and Ruler in whom he had trusted.

And we, who can only marvel at the wondrous power over men that Spurgeon acquired

in so short a time, will do well to remember a few words from his last message to his congregation, "We may act as reflectors . . . and reflect His beams, and send them where, without such reflection, they might not have come." When the Lord shines upon us, let us determine, like Spurgeon, to cast that "light upon dark places, and make those who sit in the shadow of death to rejoice in Jesus our Lord."

